HOLLYWOOD JOBS—The Confessions of a Talent Scout by—**I. I. ("AL") ALTMAN**

MAR. 18, 1939

Liberty

5¢

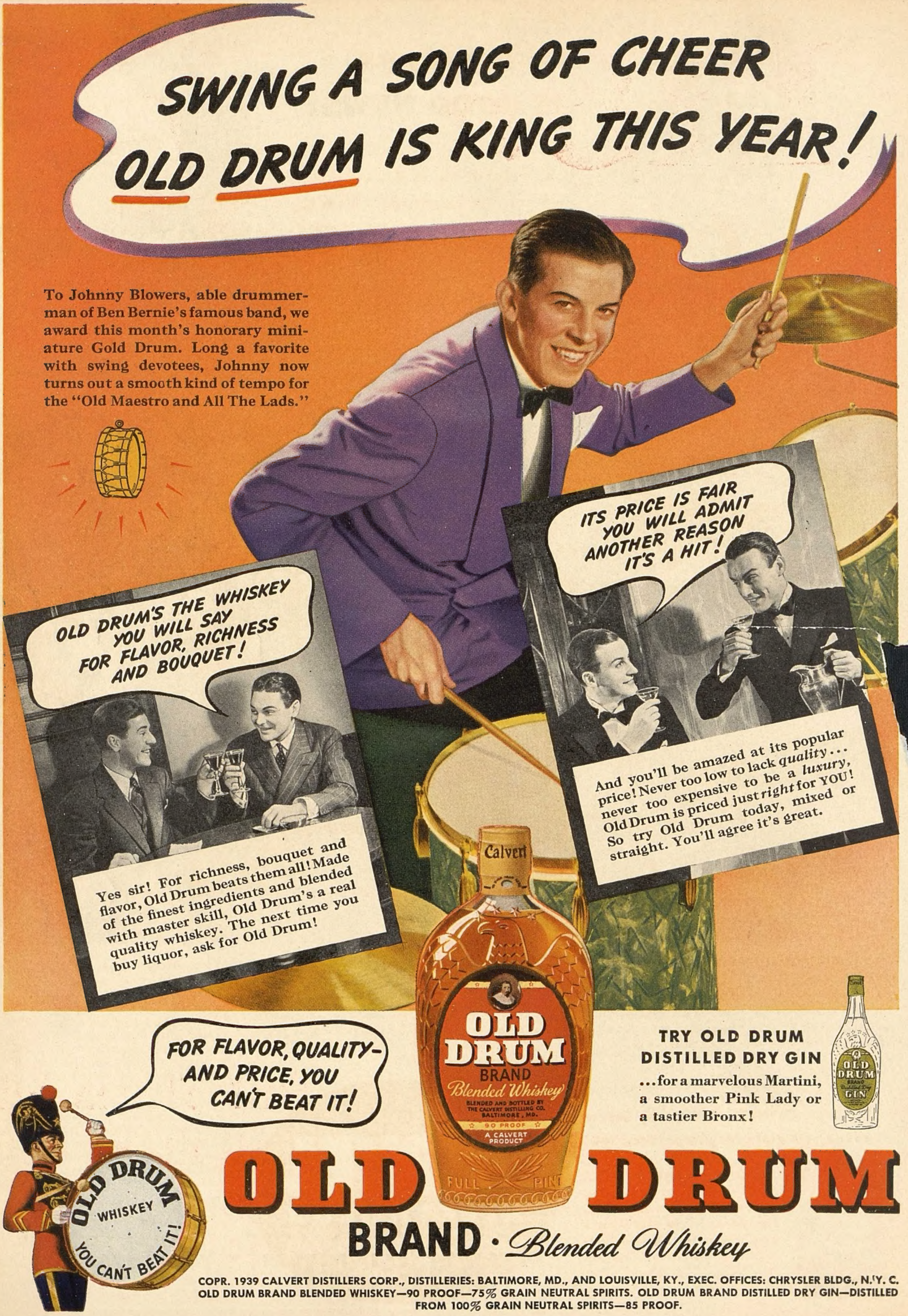
JUNIOR
PROM
Jan H. Hogenbyl

WHY STALIN KILLS AND KEEPS QUIET

HOW AND WHY WE WANT TO CHANGE THE WAGNER ACT

BY WILLIAM GREEN

PRESIDENT OF THE A. F. OF L.



SWING A SONG OF CHEER OLD DRUM IS KING THIS YEAR!

To Johnny Blowers, able drummer-man of Ben Bernie's famous band, we award this month's honorary miniature Gold Drum. Long a favorite with swing devotees, Johnny now turns out a smooth kind of tempo for the "Old Maestro and All The Lads."

OLD DRUM'S THE WHISKEY YOU WILL SAY FOR FLAVOR, RICHNESS AND BOUQUET!

Yes sir! For richness, bouquet and flavor, Old Drum beats them all! Made of the finest ingredients and blended with master skill, Old Drum's a real quality whiskey. The next time you buy liquor, ask for Old Drum!

ITS PRICE IS FAIR YOU WILL ADMIT ANOTHER REASON IT'S A HIT!

And you'll be amazed at its popular price! Never too low to lack *quality*... never too expensive to be a *luxury*, Old Drum is priced just *right* for YOU! So try Old Drum today, mixed or straight. You'll agree it's great.

FOR FLAVOR, QUALITY– AND PRICE, YOU CAN'T BEAT IT!

Calvert
OLD DRUM
BRAND
Blended Whiskey
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY THE CALVERT DISTILLING CO. BALTIMORE, MD.
90 PROOF
A CALVERT PRODUCT
FULL PINT
OLD DRUM WHISKEY YOU CAN'T BEAT IT!
OLD DRUM BRAND Distilled Dry GIN

TRY OLD DRUM DISTILLED DRY GIN

...for a marvelous Martini, a smoother Pink Lady or a tastier Bronx!

OLD DRUM

BRAND · *Blended Whiskey*

COPR. 1939 CALVERT DISTILLERS CORP., DISTILLERIES: BALTIMORE, MD., AND LOUISVILLE, KY., EXEC. OFFICES: CHRYSLER BLDG., N. Y. C.
OLD DRUM BRAND BLENDED WHISKEY—90 PROOF—75% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. OLD DRUM BRAND DISTILLED DRY GIN—DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS—85 PROOF.

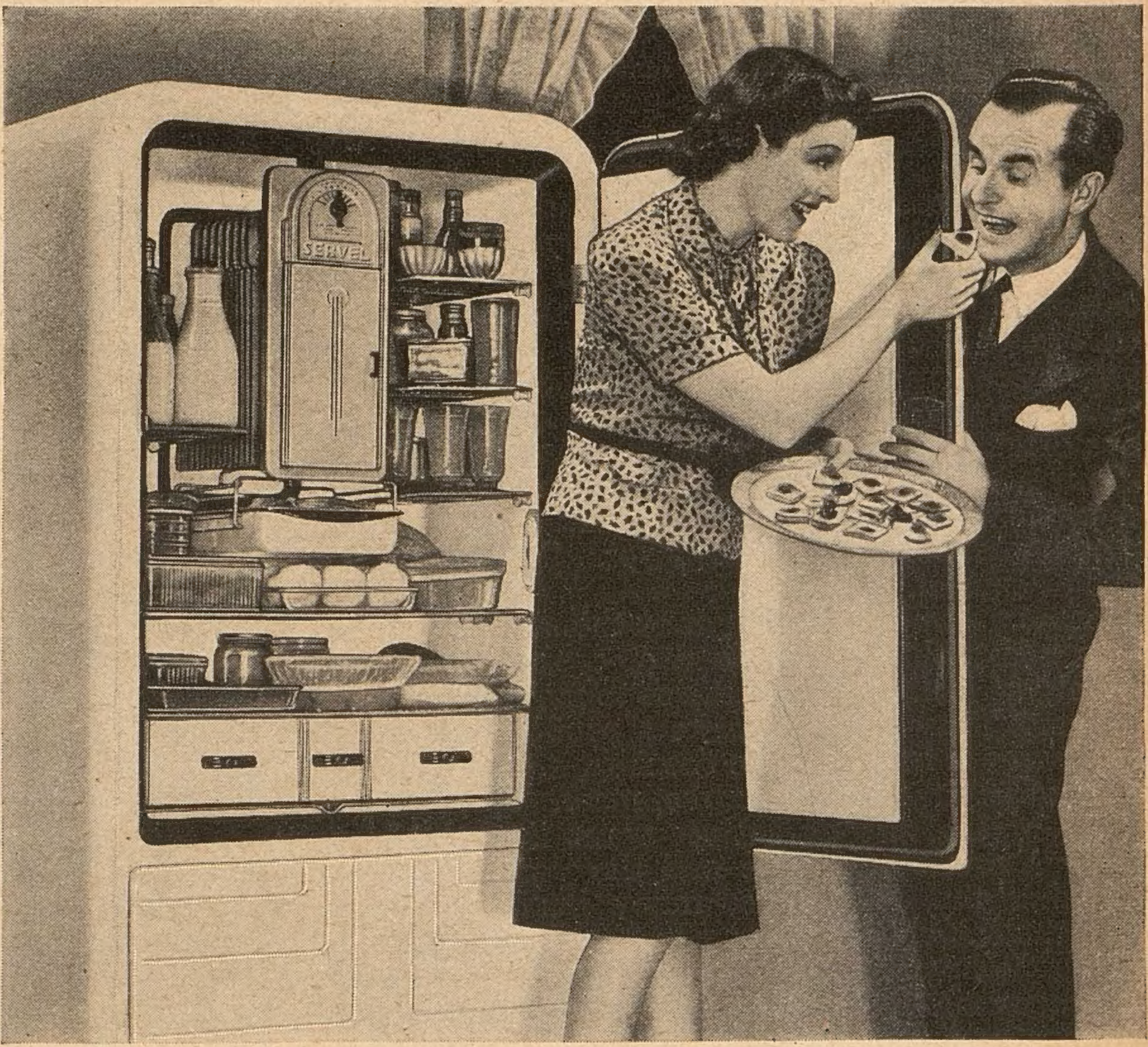
NO NOISE IS GOOD NEWS!

"Babies cry! Refrigerators are noisy!" said Jim. But he changed his mind when we got a son . . . and a Servel!

Servel Electrolux freezes silently with

NO MOVING PARTS

1. "LOOK, nothing here to wear!" Jim shouted the day our new Servel arrived. "It simply can't make noise." "No?" said I. "No!" said Jim, " 'cause this tiny gas flame does the work of moving parts. At last the Dalys have a really *silent* refrigerator!"



2. "JUST A FEW CENTS A DAY," said Jim "... that's all a Servel costs to run. The little flame couldn't use more gas than *that.*" And he was right! We've hardly noticed the increase in our gas bills. And friends who've had their Servel Electrolux for years tell us we never will.

3. ARE WE TICKLED? It's paying for itself! Actually, our Servel saves us enough on food alone each month to pay the installments. Jim said the other night, "To think *I* once had the crazy idea that refrigerators were all alike." And looking at Junior asleep in the high chair, he added proudly, "And I was wrong about babies, too!"

4. IF YOU'RE LIKE JIM and believe that refrigerators should be seen but *not* heard . . . then Servel Electrolux is the one for you!

More than a million families have *proved* that this modern gas refrigerator is permanently silent—saves you money throughout its long life—because there are no moving parts in the freezing system.

So, see the new 1939 models this week at your gas company or neighborhood dealer's showroom. Learn all the facts. And remember, your own gas company offers prompt service facilities for every Servel Electrolux it installs.

P.S. . . . OWNERS FIND that Servel saves you more for more years, too!

"After eight years, our Servel doesn't cost a cent more to run than when it was new. Fact is, I'm money ahead over what I used to pay for refrigeration. And we all appreciate its silence."—*A. J. Duclos, 2740 Costiglione Ave., New Orleans, La.*

The
SERVEL
ELECTROLUX
Gas Refrigerator

For Suburban and Rural Homes, Models Run On

BOTTLED GAS, TANK GAS OR KEROSENE

Write for complete details to

SERVEL, INC., EVANSVILLE, INDIANA

MARCH 18, 1939 **Liberty** VOL. 16, NO. 11

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

HEYWORTH CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

WHO ARE THE REAL FRIENDS OF LABOR?

BERNARR MACFADDEN

Religion and politics are said to be dangerous subjects. At this time we might include labor.

Very few writers are willing truthfully to express their opinions on this subject. And when writers do come out and use plain language, frequently the publishers blue-pencil their opinions.

The true friends of labor are the writers who tell them the truth clearly and sympathetically, and who, first and last, are thinking beyond the weekly pay envelope.

It is an intelligent procedure to consider next year and the years thereafter; and furthermore, in years gone by labor has been used politically under hypocritical pretenses.

The workers have depended on promises that have often proven to be false in every detail.

This administration has divided labor and capital into two separate fighting units; but the real friends of labor are the employers, the representatives of capital.

Some workmen may laugh at this statement, but let us admit that the interest of capital in labor is entirely selfish. Capital desires to make money out of labor. They want to make a profit. But capital in all cases is interested in the future, and when we speak of capital we, of course, mean the employer.

The supervising executives want their business to pay a profit next year and the year after.

During the depression, many businesses were conducted at a heavy loss. In the Department of Commerce investigation, one of its tables indicates that six or seven thousand million dollars was paid by industry out of its capital during the bad years following the depression that began in 1929.

In other words, it lost that much money by continuing in business.

The real friends of labor are the employers, and their friendship may be termed selfish. It pays the employer in dollars and cents to continue peaceable relations with the workers. . . . That accounts for the many costly additional comforts that large organizations have made in recent years to add to the health and happiness of their employees.

Government officials have one thought, and one only, in connection with labor. They want their support. They want their votes. And when they have gained their objectives through this means, they have no special feeling of obligation. They will turn against labor or capital or whatever it may be that supported them in gaining the power they have secured through their official positions.

It is often stated that there are no friends in business . . . that every man looks out for himself; but those who have not learned the lesson should take heed at this time. There are no friends in politics. We have witnessed in the present administration extraordinary examples of repudiated promises made by candidates during an election campaign. What do they care about promises? They are in power and their words are the law.

Some workers may have the opinion that they have been treated unfairly by employers . . . that capital is selfish and greedy, inconsiderate. But intelligent executives in the organizations of today are fully aware of the necessity of treating labor fairly, honestly . . . in giving them the best possible bargain. It is to their business advantage to follow such a policy. They make more money when they have healthy and happy employees, and it is certainly a source of satisfaction to an employer to know that he is at the head of an organization that gives every worker a fair deal.

Don't be fooled by political promises, is a warning that workers everywhere should heed. Jobs are not stabilized by governmental legislation . . . they are made secure by adding to the financial stability of the organization in which the worker is employed; and that cannot be done by demanding salaries beyond the earning capacity of the business, or by picking unnecessary quarrels with the employer. When an employer makes money, the worker nearly always gets his share.

In prosperous times wages soar. There are few if any exceptions.

Doubtless, during the hectic whirl of the chaotic emergencies which we have faced during this combination of depressions, workers have been scared and confused; but when they stabilize their thinking they will have to admit that their best friend is the boss whom they sometimes criticize with caustic severity.

Bernarr Macfadden

TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 66

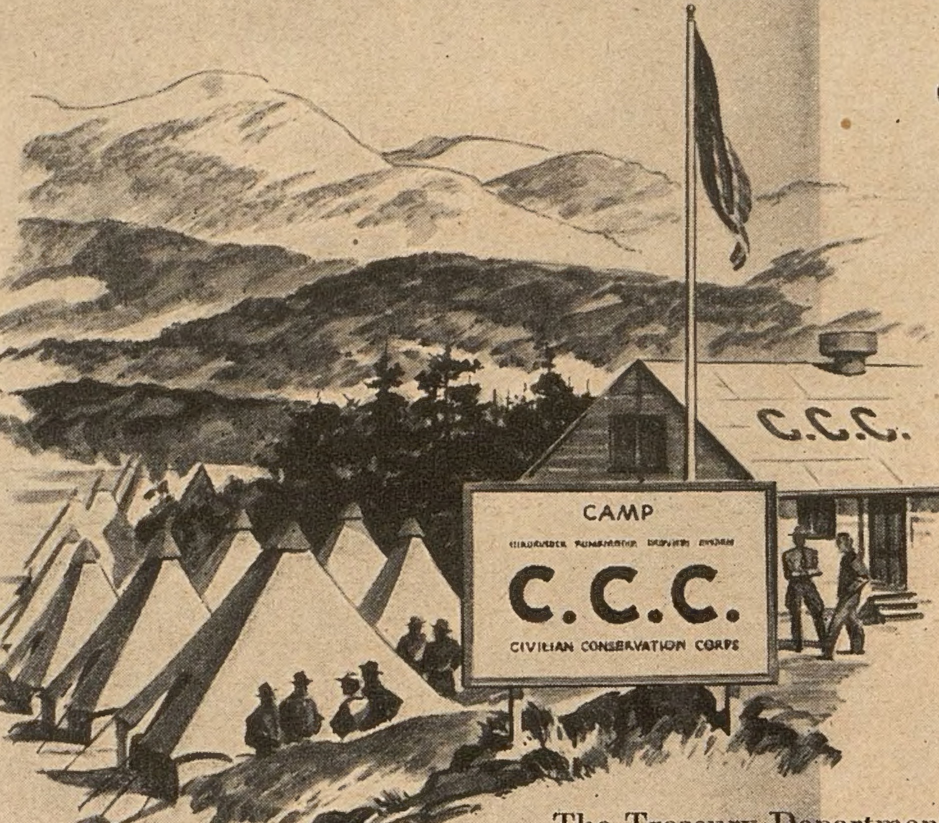
Published weekly by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, 205 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Editorial and Advertising Offices, Chanin Building, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Bernarr Macfadden, President; Wesley F. Pape, Secretary; Irene T. Kennedy, Treasurer. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. In the United States, Canada, Newfoundland, and Labrador, 5c a copy, $2.00 a year. In U. S. territories, possessions, also Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana, $2.50 a year. In all other countries, $4.50 a year. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings (if accompanied by sufficient first-class postage and explicit name and address), but we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed.

Copyright, 1939, by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, in the United States, Great Britain, and Canada. Registro Nacional de la Propiedad Intelectual. All rights reserved.

THE ENTIRE COST OF THE C.C.C.

COULD BE PAID FOR BY

THE TAXES OF THE BREWING INDUSTRY!


C.C.C.
CAMP
C.C.C.
CIVILIAN CONSERVATION CORPS

The Treasury Department shows expenditures of 326 million dollars for the Civilian Conservation Corps for the fiscal year of 1938. The brewing industry pays over a million dollars a day in taxes.

What Beer contributes to the re-building of America would fill a great volume

Over 400 million dollars in taxes every year. Over 1,000,000 jobs. A market for 3,000,000 farm acres of produce.

The brewing industry would like to preserve for itself and the people the many benefits it has created in the past five years.

Brewers everywhere realize that this is a question bound up with the proper distribution of their mild and wholesome beverage through retail outlets whose character will be a credit to the community. Obviously, the brewers can enforce no laws. But they can—and will—cooperate with the law-enforcement authorities.

They will cooperate with every group—friend or critic—to the end that retail beer outlets give no offense to anyone.

Strict local self-regulation

In fact, in the typically American state of Nebraska, they have been trying out a new idea: a program to "clean up or close up" law-violating beer outlets.

The plan is one of strict local self-regulation, carried out in conjunction with local law-enforcement authorities. We believe it holds great promise. We plan to extend it gradually, yet widely; a few states this year, a few more states next year, as our facilities permit.

If you, yourself, enjoy beer . . . a mild, wholesome pleasure, and a privilege for the people . . . then perhaps you'd like to know about this plan.

But if you're a critic—particularly if you're a critic—we'd like you to understand the plan.

SENT FREE ON REQUEST: ***A booklet giving interesting facts about beer, and discussing the brewers' self-regulatory program. Address: United Brewers Industrial Foundation, Dept. C, 21 East 40th St., New York.***

Beer... a Beverage of Moderation

WHY STALIN KILLS AND KEEPS QUIET

What is behind Russia's strange silence in world affairs? . . . Here is a revelation from within

BY BORIS SOUVARINE

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

Editor's Note: Mr. Souvarine, a former member of the Executive Committee of the Communist International, is the author of a major biography of Joseph Stalin.

EUROPE'S September crisis would unquestionably have run another course had there been a Russian Power. Normally Russia, by its size alone, represents a decisive counterweight in the east to Germany; its influence normally would be sensed in the attitude of France, England, and the states allied with and dependent on them.

The shortcomings of the Soviet Union expressed themselves eloquently in the remarkable silence observed by Stalin throughout the dramatic events which were the subject of almost daily comment by Hitler and Mussolini. In France, England, and Czechoslovakia, even in the United States, a cross section of opinion issued from the mouths of responsible statesmen. But, in Russia, Stalin never broke his silence.

True, Litvinov made a few remarks in Geneva. But he spoke empty words. He repeated the Platonic assurance that Russia would remain true to her treaty obligations, which subordinated Russian intervention to French initiative. He wasted no time on the question of ways and means, with the result that one understood at the end of his remarks no more than when he began.

Some try to explain Stalin's muteness by the allegedly reticent nature of his personality. But when Stalin thinks it necessary he takes care to express himself quite freely. Others believe Stalin's silence to be traceable to the alleged fact that his slightest word would have been seized on by Berlin and Rome as an excuse to make a great fuss about Bolshevik provocation. But Stalin's silence is not a matter of today or yesterday. When, in 1937, the twentieth anniversary of the October Revolution presented a unique opportunity to draw a public balance, to speak of achievements realized and to open a perspective toward the future, the oratorical geniuses of Moscow, those specialists in mile-long "reports," were dumb.

What, then, does Stalin's silence mean?

People in Europe and America have a far from sound notion of the labor of destruction which Stalin has carried on in the Soviet Union during the last three years and especially during the past year. We know about the incomprehensible trials which invariably end with the defendants' execution. We have taken note of the disappearance of almost the entire old diplomatic corps personnel. We have read the daily melancholy chronicle of arrests and firing squads. But even when we sum up all this we still have no unified picture.

Day by day, leading personalities disappear—and in the Soviet Union "disappearance" may mean sudden death from a shot in the back, gradual wasting away in a penitentiary, or uneventful waiting for better days in jails, isolation barracks, penal colonies, or arctic exile. When Stalin's regime comes to an end, we will undoubtedly see again some of the missing who have been regarded as dead. Meanwhile the regime continues and the "liquidation" begun by Stalin will be mercilessly carried forward.

At present the bag of huntsman Stalin and his new aides, Yezhov,* Meklis, Beria, Malenkov, is about as follows:

Disappearances: All but three members of the Central Committee of the Communist Party and of the Political Bureau as they were in Lenin's time; five of the seven presidents of the Soviet Executive Committee (Cabinet); the presidents, vice-presidents, and secretaries of the executive committees of the eleven federated republics (nine out of each ten cases); three out of five marshals of the army, eleven active or former Commissars or Assistant Commissars for War, and six out of eight generals of the court-martial which last year condemned to death one marshal and seven other generals; about seventy-five out of eighty members of the Supreme War Council, particularly the commanding officers of *all* military districts and naval squadrons; nine out of ten army Political Commissars and seven or eight out of ten generals.

The list also includes all Commissars for Public Security; almost all members of the Committee for the Soviet Constitution, which, of course, is the "most democratic in the world"; almost all economists, technicians, statis-

---

*Yezhov, who succeeded Yagoda as OGPU chief, has been succeeded in turn by Beria; Yezhov's arrest has not yet been reported, but ex-officials are usually embryo defendants.—Translator.

Terror rules, and men must be killed to save him who is terrified.

ticians who set up the five-year plan; ambassadors, ministers, commercial attachés, consuls general at a very high though hardly accurately calculable rate; almost all those leading and secondary functionaries of the so-called Communist International who belonged to the old party stock; officials, professors, writers, journalists, and artists in large numbers (it is impossible to compile a full list or reckon the total).

And, to close the endless St. Bartholomew's Night, hundreds of thousands of nameless Communists and their relatives, friends, collaborators, or dependents.

Deaths: Dispatches concerning death sentences are based solely on news in twenty Soviet newspapers available to correspondents in Moscow. In the course of 1937, 4,000 to 5,000 executions were recorded in this way. According to the sparse reports of reliable foreign observers in Moscow, these figures must be multiplied by ten if we are to approach the real total, that is, something between 40,000 and 50,000 executions in 1937.

This estimate is entirely confirmed by the testimony of Liuchkov, head of the East Siberian OGPU, who fled to Japan. He gave the number of executions which came to his notice as 40,000.

Arrests, imprisonments, deportations: These achieve dizzy totals. W. Krivitzsky, First Deputy Chief of the Red Military Intelligence, estimated in May, 1937, the number of political arrests since the year's opening at about 300,000 and in December at about 500,000. Petrov, colleague of the Liuchkov who fled to the Orient, estimates that the inmates of concentration camps (*i. e.*, excluding prisons and isolation barracks as well as exiles) run to 5,000,000. A Communist dispatch published in the Russian Socialist Messages (July 30, 1938) puts the total of prisoners in concentration camps alone at 7,000,000.

A. Ciliga, the Yugoslavian Communist who was snatched from the Soviet galleys, concluded in 1935, on the basis of his own observations in Siberia, and direct and indirect inquiries, that the total convicted approached 10,000,000. That figure, incidentally, checks with the present author's reckoning, based on other data. Whatever has been learned about the oppressions of the last three years permits us to set the total convicted to date at 15,000,000.

One can understand now how Stalin, who has at his command innumerable unpaid convict laborers, can undertake gigantic public works without much expense. One can understand why the dictator, who at home has launched merciless war against his own people, could not hold out in any extensive conflict with foreign enemies. One can understand, finally, the contemptuous tone of the Polish reply to the Russian note when Moscow acted as though it were attempting a gesture in favor of Czechoslovakia by threatening the possible denunciation of the Russian-Polish nonintervention pact. Never before did a state of 35,000,000 population answer in such a tone one which boasts a population of some 180,000,000.

I say boasts, because the census of 1937 has never been published. Nor has it been learned why all the statisticians connected with this enormous and illuminati project have vanished. But we know through W. Krivit sky that the definitive total was less than 145,000,00 Now, the second five-year plan called for a population 180,000,000 at the end of 1937; *i. e.*, according to th official growth coefficient, a population of 177,000,000 at the beginning of 1937. Consequently we must, taking into account the normal growth of the Russian people, record a deficit of 32,000,000 individuals. Those are the demographic consequences of ultra-intensified industrialization, forced agricultural collectivism, hunger, misery, and frightful oppression. Stalin's labor of extermination has already cost Russia many times greater losse than the World War.

Under these circumstances Moscow's silence in the decisive hours of recent history is all too eloquent. Stalin, who has so thoroughly weakened Russia, finds it better to shut up. His silence reflects his lack of power.

Naturally, the reader puts the question, Why? At the time of the sensational Moscow trials, observers, except for fanatics misled by paid propagandists, found the charges unconvincing, even after unanimous verdicts.

Several months ago the Soviet naval organ Red Fleet gave an explanation of executions just carried out in the navy. It suffices to consider this to get a picture of Stalin's motives, applicable to every field of current oppression.

According to this article, there were in the Russian as in all navies an " old school " favoring dreadnoughts and cruisers, and a " new school " advocating submarines, torpedo boats, and seaplanes. Well, wrote Stalin's editorializer, those who opposed the building of ships of the line were obviously " enemies of the people " who wanted to prevent Russia from getting a powerful navy. But " the enemies did not succeed in depriving the Soviet Union of her navy. The famous OGPU-men cut off the heads of these reptiles."

SO that is why squadron commanders and captains of ironclads and professors of the naval academy were shot! But do not, consequently, get the idea that at least the capital-ship enthusiasts live on to the greater glory of the Soviet navy. They too committed unforgivable crimes, adopting a theory which amounted to a *compromise* between an *offensive* and a *defensive* tactic; and that showed that they too were " enemies of the people." In short, the OGPU-men cut the knots of pending problems by cutting off all reptiles' heads, *i. e.*, by shooting everybody.

Thus it would seem clear that Stalin shoots those he has made up his mind to shoot, and deports those he has made up his mind to deport, without finding it necessary to contrive any excuse. One fact forces itself to the fore: Stalin has undertaken the physical extermination of two generations of Communists and Socialists. He finds their existence incompatible with his position of power. To destroy them he needs but a pretext.

His position of power is endangered because the present regime is incapable of life. A regime which cannot thrive through normal methods hangs on only by terror. In turn, terror increases the overpowering difficulties, upsets the functioning of established institutions, hobbles social progress, disorganizes production, and sterilizes every labor. To relieve those really guilty, scapegoats are needed. More and more men must be killed to save him who is terrified. Terror creates a need for intensified terror. On this road Stalin can no longer call a halt before the final catastrophe.

And it is vain to expect the slightest " normalization " of the regime, so often announced. Equally vain to count on Stalin's suicide.

It is particularly disastrous that the murderous army purge is being carried further, and that Russia is consequently incapacitated from playing her natural role in Europe. The recent disappearances of Marshal Blücher and General Fedko, Under-Commissar for War, indicate that Stalin will never stop finishing off those whom he, on personal grounds, names " enemies of the people."

Those are the reasons why, in the game being played in Europe, Russia holds no hand. Stalin's silence is the silence of the dead.

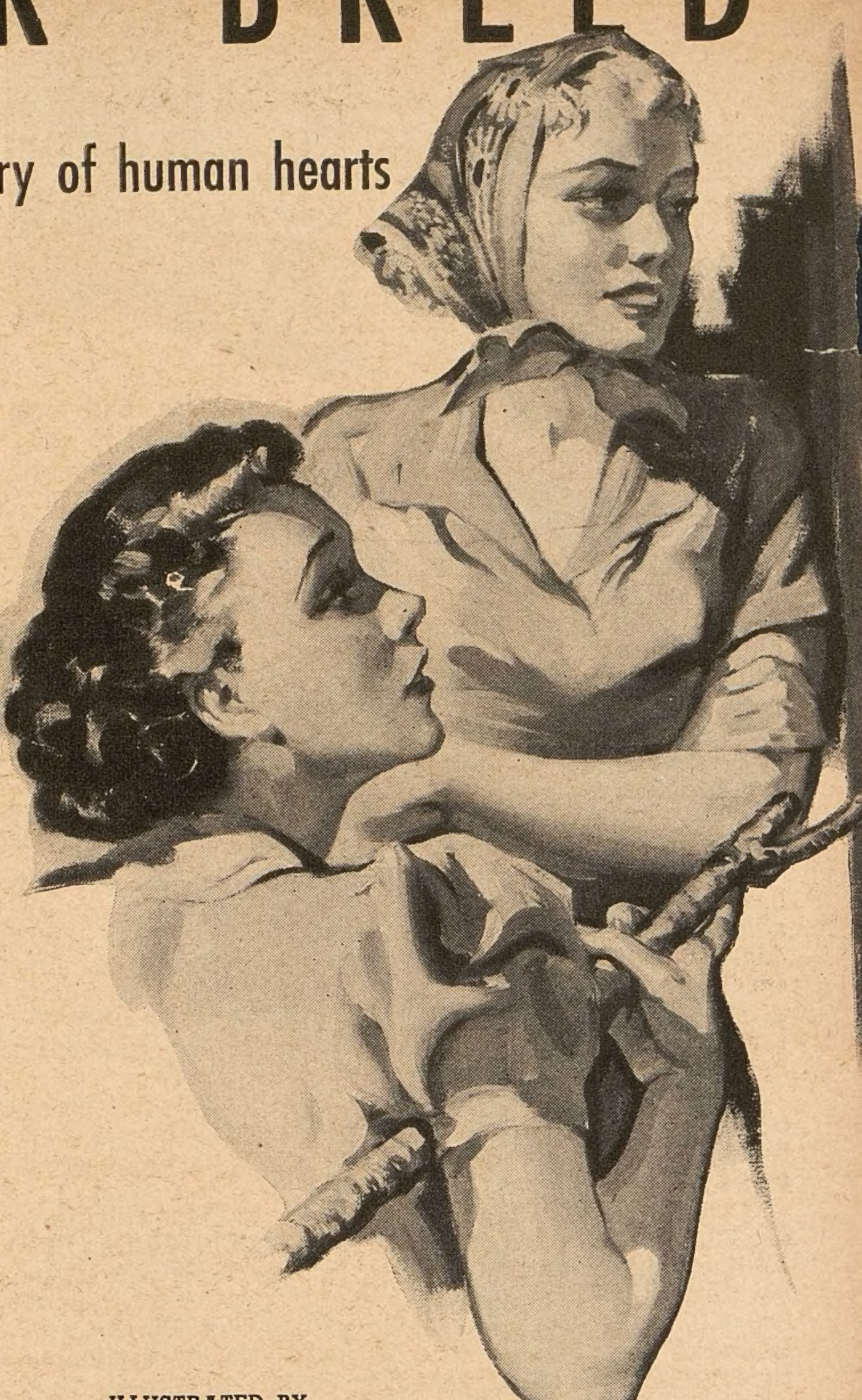
THE END

ANOTHER BREED

Tried by fire!—A genial, surprising story of human hearts

BY LOUISE D. RICH

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 16 SECONDS



ILLUSTRATED BY
STOCKTON MULFORD

IN the end, it happened—the thing that Caroline had been watching for all through March and April—so suddenly that even Jed was caught unawares. When the Yorks got up in the morning, the ice stretched to the farther shore of the lake, darkened but apparently solid. At noon Jed glanced out of the window, laid down his fork, and exclaimed incredulously, "Judas Priest, Caro, she's gone!"

Caroline ran to look over his shoulder, and sure enough, there was open water, dimpling and dancing in the sun.

The long winter was over, when all around them lay nothing but the forest, still and dark and filled with snow, and the chain of lakes, iron-hard under the drifted blanket of white. Ended were the months when the tracks one found, crossing the clearing in the needlelike cold of early morning, were never the comforting tracks of men but only the delicate cloven prints left by the deer, the wildcat's shallow pad mark, or the dainty, almost invisible, lacework made by the partridges; ended, the time when the sounds which roused the dog from his light sleep were never those raised by passing neighbors but always the bark of a fox, the boom of reefing ice, or the splintering of a firtop in the gale.

Now everything would be different. Now she need no longer carry in the back of her mind the fear that Jed would break a leg far out on his trap line, or year-old Joey get pneumonia. Now they would get mail almost every day instead of once a month. Now she would see other women, talk with them, forget that awful conviction that sometimes overcame her—that she and Jed and Joey were the only people left in a cold and dying world. Now, at last, the ice was out!

Jed hastily finished his dinner and rose from the table. "Wish I had time for another hunk of pie," he said, "but I've got a lot to tend to. Colby'll be bringin' in the help to open up the Lodge, an' 'twouldn't surprise me if he brought in a sport or two. He generally wires the regulars when the ice looks ripe to go, an' there's from one to a dozen settin' around on the outside waitin' to be first in."

He went into the bedroom, but she could still hear him talking. "Lot of nonsense," he was saying to Joey, who was just waking up from his nap. "We know—don't we, old-timer?—that the fish don't come rushin' up, takin' a chance of bustin' their heads against the ice, the minute it looks a mite lighter down below. But"—his voice came muffled from the closet—"don't you never try to talk sense to no sport. Hey, Caro. Where's my plaid shirt?"

"In the cedar chest." She went to the door. "Why, Jed York! What are you changing your clothes for at this time of day?"

He sat on the edge of the bed and began to lace his high moccasins. "Ma'am, it ain't only my clothes; it's my whole nature I'm changin'. You've seen the last of York, the ordinary citizen, for five-six months now." He tucked the plaid shirt into the riding breeches for which he had exchanged his old denim pants. "Lord, don't I hate these puff panties!" he interpolated. "Always ketch me in the knees."

"Then, why—"

"Ain't I tellin' you? They're part of the sports' idea of a good guide. That's me. Old Lynx-Eye York, Famous Maine Guide."

"Old Bunny-Brain York, Famous Darn Fool, more likely," commented Caroline caustically.

"Shouldn't wonder," assented Jed good-naturedly. "But that's what the sports like, so I humor them. They want the guides to be—wal, 'quaint' is what they call it—so I'm so daggoned quaint, sometimes I don't recognize myself. Now where's my guidin' hat?"

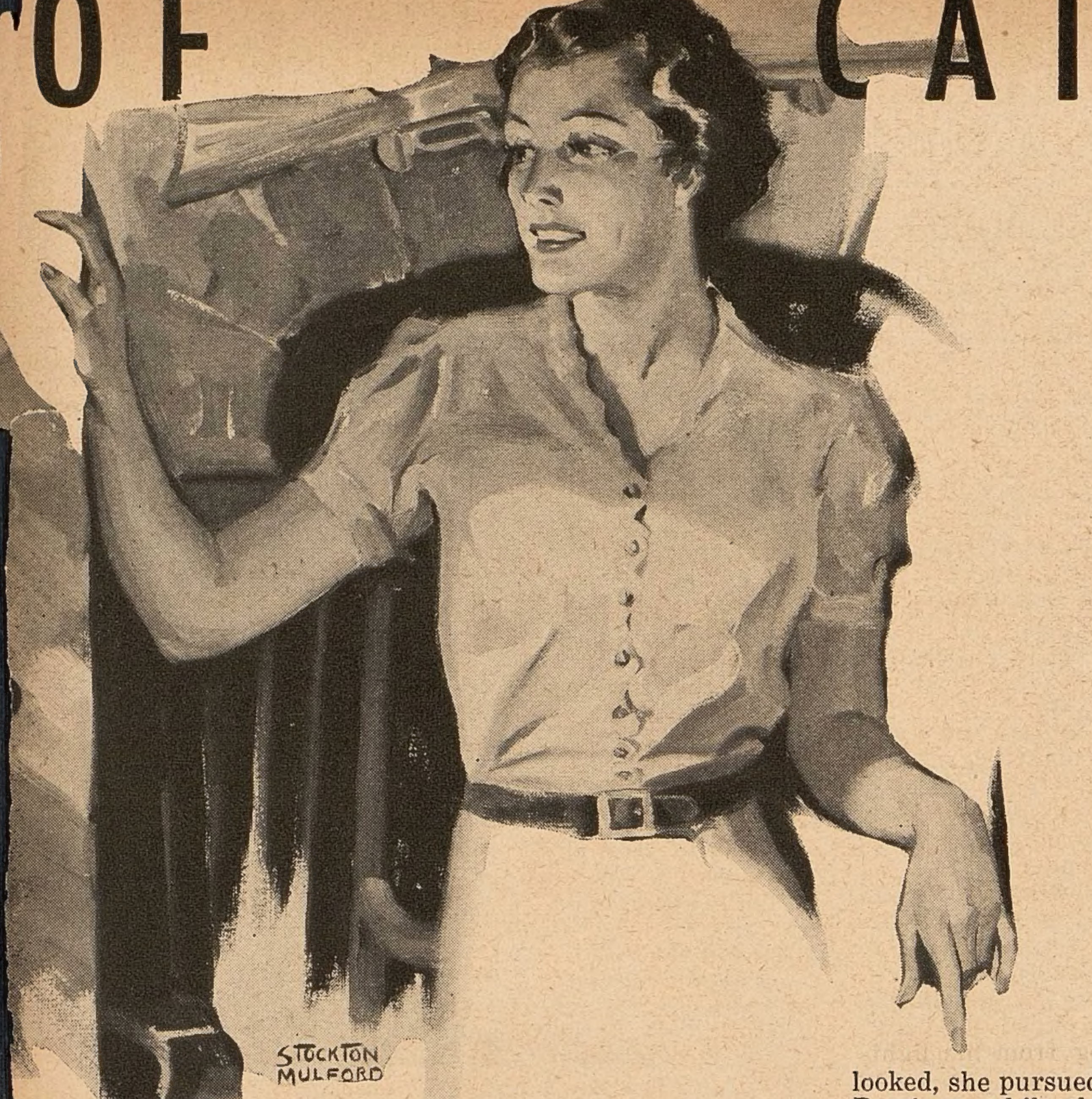
"You look like something off the cover of a fisherman's magazine," volunteered Caroline, as he cocked the battered felt, with the salmon flies fringing the brim, jauntily over one eye.

"That's the idea," agreed Jed, pleased. "Don't I bring to mind the soughin' of the wind in the pines an' the lap of wavelets on the shore, as Colby's catalogue says? Romance an' glamour, that's me." He gave a snort of disgust.

"Look, Jed." Caroline was suddenly concerned. "Maybe I ought to do some getting ready for the summer people, too. I saved my good dresses to wear, but maybe I—"

He bent over Joey's crib and patted his son absently. When he straightened, his facetious manner was gone.

OF CATS



They looked like pedigreed Persians, while she, no matter how sleek her fur, was just a nice house tabby.

"Hon, if you're hankerin' for company, why don't you invite some of your folks up?"

"Yes, I will," agreed Caroline. "But when the summer people drop in, I want—"

Jed faced her, and she saw that he was both disturbed and grim. "Hon, don't set too much store on bein' neighborly with them she-sports. They—wal, they ain't like us. They think we're some kind of a show, an' they laugh at us. For myself, I don't care. Guidin's my business, an' makin' a spectacle of myself is part an' parcel of it. But"—his lean face hardened—"I don't aim to have no dolled-up city women treatin' you like you was a freak."

"But, Jed—"

He kissed her fiercely. "You leave them be. You're a heap too sweet to have them hurtin' you."

She clung to him for a moment. "You're sweet too, Jed. But all the same," she added, "I think you're wrong. Where folks live doesn't make them different."

ALL through May and June the Lodge preserved the air of masculine retreat from the world, as the mountains across the lake began to show, between the patches of black growth—fir and hemlock, spruce and pine—the lighter green of leafing birch and maple. The last long wedge of geese went over, northbound, shifting formation just over the narrows so that a fresh leader might take the full force of the thin cold air on his gray breast. The loons nightly sent their mad, lost, quavering cry against the dark hills, and suddenly it was July, and the fishermen were supplanted by a group of both sexes and all ages, sizes, and, according to Jed, degrees of insanity.

"Claim they got to get close to nature," he complained to Caroline. "Can't be content to set quiet on Colby's porch an' look at her. They got to go rammin' through the woods, sleepin' on the ground, sprainin' their ankles, an' tellin' each other how refreshin' 'tis to git away from it all. Me, I like nature all right, too, but I don't see no point in rubbin' my daggoned nose in it."

"If you lived in a city—" began Caroline charitably.

"Comical Judas, I wouldn't be livin' in a city if I was so possessed by the gorgeous mountains an' the simply divine brooks an' the precious —but I mean precious—birds. You wait," he added darkly, resuming his natural tone. "You'll see. They'll be trailin' by here up to the ledges. It comes to this—they just ain't the same breed of cats as we are."

And the next day Caroline had a chance to form her own opinion.

They certainly didn't look like the same breed of cats, she reflected, as she smiled at the two women standing on the flat stone step. They looked, she pursued the analogy, like a pair of pedigreed Persians, while she, no matter how sleek her fur, was still just a nice little house tabby. How in the world, she found time to wonder as they came in and introduced themselves, did any one manage to look so elegant and expensive in crumpled linen slacks, tennis shoes, and tailored shirts—even if the shirts were silk?

"What a gorgeous view!" exclaimed the one who was Mrs. Mundy.

"Divine! Simply divine!" agreed the one who was Miss Gurney. Jed hadn't got it quite right. He'd got the words but not the deep resonant tones.

"Won't you sit down?" she asked.

"Thank you." Mrs. Mundy sank into the old Boston rocker that had come to them when the home place was sold; but Miss Gurney strolled around the room, for all the world like a cat in a strange garret. Caroline found herself perched primly on the pine kitchen chair that Great-grandpa York had made a hundred years before.

She moistened her lips. "You're having nice weather for your vacations," she heard herself say. "It hasn't rained for a month."

"Priceless," agreed Mrs. Mundy. Caroline did wish Miss Gurney would sit down. It made her nervous to have her prowling around. You'd think she'd never seen deer's feet made into hooks before, the way she was staring at the half dozen that held Jed's guns. Then she turned her attention to the rug that it had taken Caroline all winter to hook. Caroline was proud of that rug. Against a ground the color of pine needles she had had Jed help her draw all the little plants that covered the forest floor—partridgeberries, lacy ferns, twin sisters with their pale blossoms, trailing pine—and she had filled them in. She had taken a lot of trouble with the coloring, and it had served to remind her all winter that the woods had flowered once, would flower again.

There's nothing wrong with that rug, she told Miss Gurney silently.

Mrs. Mundy was addressing her: "You stay here all winter? Don't you get lonesome?"

Caroline considered. " No, not really. Some one—the game warden or a timber cruiser—is bound to drop in every week or two, and I have my husband and little boy."

" I should go mad," Mrs. Mundy announced simply.

" Well, I guess I'd go mad in the city," Caroline told her. " I visited my aunt once in Boston, and I just couldn't get used to the crowds."

Mrs. Mundy knew Boston well, and in a moment Caroline found herself telling all about her trip. Miss Gurney finally sat down, and Mukluk, the ugly deep-chested husky, laid his white-masked, scarred face in her lap.

" Smells my dog," commented Miss Gurney, and they talked about dogs until Mrs. Mundy said they must be going.

Now they were nice after we got acquainted, thought Caroline, going in to make up the bed. Wait till Jed hears—

And then she heard Miss Gurney's voice under the window. " My dear, *did* you see that rug? And those deer's hoofs? "

" And those old maple pieces. Where do you suppose she found them? "

" Did I stare too obviously? But I was fascinated, simply fascinated."

" Oh, I don't think she noticed." Caroline looked out of the window at the two slim receding backs. The low, controlled voices carried surprisingly well.

" What is the kitchen like? Possible at all? "

" Simply priceless. My dear, there was actually a big rocking chair. I haven't seen a rocking chair in a kitchen since I went to Way Down East. I'd forgotten they existed. And a table with a red cloth, and a kerosene lamp, and magazines. Magazines, my dear! Don't you think a library corner in a kitchen . . ." Miss Gurney's voice faded for a moment and then came again as the two women turned into the road. ". . . simply must go back. I must see the rest of that house."

" Why didn't you ask? She wouldn't have minded, I'm sure."

" You can't tell," said Miss Gurney. " These natives are so queer. You can't approach them as you would civilized people, and I'm taking no chances."

So, thought Caroline, Jed was right. Why, those nasty old meanies, coming into her home and then making fun of it before they were out of hearing! They'd never get inside her house again. She went into the yard where Joey was playing in his pen. " I almost brought them out here to see you," she told him, " and I'm glad I didn't. They'd have made fun of you, too, the pigs! " She caught him to her and held him close.

" Pigs," he agreed politely, and blew bubbles.

Caroline laughed. " Oh, sweet-pie, they couldn't have made fun of you. You're too precious. But I mean precious," she added maliciously. " I'm as bad as they are," she told him, " and even if we are 'natives' "—the word was a drop of acid—" we know better than to talk about our guests before they're out of sight."

" Goo," agreed Joey.

SO, if it's any satisfaction to you," Caroline concluded her report to Jed that night, " I admit you were right."

" Don't take it hard, hon," begged Jed. " Look. There ain't no law against thinkin' they're funny, too. Me, I'm just a dumb native guide, but I can still have my own opinion about wearin' beach pajamas to climb mountains in."

Caroline giggled. " Simply priceless, my deah," she said.

" Or takin' the pineapple I was savin' for dessert an' fryin' it up with the ham, like the party I had out last week done."

" Frying pineapple? " Caroline's voice rose incredulously. " Jed, not really? Oh, my deah, how simply divine! "

" Ain't it? " Jed wanted to know. He patted her shoulder. " That's the spirit, ol' lady. Look. You got everything you need for three-four days? I got a party wants to go through the Allagash, startin' tomorrow. We was goin' next week, but lessen it rains the next day or two, the governor's liable to close the woods. Wouldn't take much to start a first-rate fire."

Caroline didn't mind being left alone. The first day she took Joey and Mukluk and rowed them across the narrows to an old pulpwood slash where she knew there would be wild raspberries. She put Joey under a bush, and told Mukluk to watch him while she filled her pail. Then the next day the game warden dropped in and stayed for dinner, entertaining her highly with a spirited account of all the births, deaths, and arrests in his district. So when on the third day Mrs. Barrows knocked on the door, Caroline had half forgotten her grievance against the summer people.

Mrs. Barrows was young, obviously wealthy, and, in a dark ravaged way, beautiful. Caroline didn't understand, therefore, why her first reaction should be one of profound pity. Oh, you poor thing, she thought, as she opened the door.

But Mrs. Barrows seemed cheerful enough. " Good morning. Will I be an awful bother if I come in and talk to you? I thought I wanted to go for a walk alone, and just as I was getting fed to the teeth with myself, I saw your house."

Why, she seems nice! thought Caroline. " I know just how you feel," she said aloud.

" Please don't let me interrupt your work."

" I was going to weed my garden, but that can wait."

" Oh, it's so nice out. Let me help. Tell me which are weeds, and I'd love to. Really."

MRS. BARROWS was apparently not a gardener, but she was, Caroline had to admit, willing. " All right to pull this? " she would ask anxiously. Or, " Oh, my dear, I've made an error! " she would exclaim contritely, holding up a wilting zinnia plant. Caroline didn't resent the way she said " my dear." Finally she gave it up and stretched out in the sun.

" This has been nice," she said. Her thin haunted face saddened, and again Caroline felt a surge of pity. " Funny, isn't it, how sometimes a stranger is so much more comfort than even the dearest friend? "

Caroline thought about it. " Yes, I guess that's so," she said. She remembered suddenly and sharply the day after she heard her brother was dead. All that day on the train, riding home to the funeral, she had been able to forget how empty she felt. It was because, she realized now, the people with whom she had spoken—the woman with the baby, the old farmer, the girl on her way to school—hadn't been frightened by a grief of which they were unaware. Was that the way Mrs. Barrows felt? She wished she could tell her she understood, that she didn't want to pry into her sorrow but only to help her be at peace. But she didn't know how.

Suddenly, from the bedroom window above them, came Joey's little birdlike chirp: " Boggy."

Caroline could see him in her mind's eye, standing up at the foot of the crib, rosy with sleep, addressing Mukluk, who would be lying on the floor, thumping a worshipful tail.

Mrs. Barrows was sitting bolt upright now, her face drained of its little color. " What was that? " Her voice was little more than a whisper, but she sounded as though she were screaming.

Caroline jumped to her feet. " Mrs. Barrows, are you ill? "

" Boggy." Again the little voice came.

Caroline relaxed. " Oh, did that startle you? That's my little boy. He can't say doggy yet, so—" She broke off to stare at her guest.

" Mrs. Barrows, can't I get you—"

" No, nothing, really." She pulled herself together. " I'll have to be running along now. Thank you so much for everything."

Caroline could be polite too. " Thank you for helping me," she said stiffly. " Won't you come again? "

But Mrs. Barrows was already halfway up the path. Caroline looked after her, annoyed, but troubled too. Then she went into the house.

" That was an awfully funny lady," she informed Joey. " I don't know whether we like her or not." Then the ghost of that harrowed face came before her, and she added, " Maybe she can't help it. Maybe she feels about babies the way your mummie feels about caterpillars."

CAROLINE had no idea what time it was that night when Mukluk woke her. All she was aware of was thick darkness and the persistent whimper in her ear. She struck a match and looked at the clock.

" Lie down, you old idiot. It's only eleven. You don't need to go out." But the whine changed to a bark and a frantic paw prodded at her chest.

" All right, all right," she said irritably. " Shush up now. You'll wake the baby."

Once outside, the dog continued to bark, running back and forth uneasily and snuffling the wind.

" What's the matter with you? " Caroline asked crossly. And then she smelled it too. Wood smoke! And the woods so dry!

" Wait a minute, Muk, till I get some shoes on," she told the dog.

It couldn't be a forest fire, she assured herself a moment later as she stood peering into the night. She had seen plenty of forest fires in the movies, and there was always a lot of flame and animals running wild. The night was still and black, and she could hear the brook from the spring chuckling through the clearing. Somewhere a bird chirped sleepily. There was nothing strange except the smell of smoke. She walked around to the back of the cabin, and then she saw it.

The fire was back on the ridge, up near the ledges, and all she could see at first was a glow, throwing into relief the line of pines on the crest. It didn't look very big, and she could probably put it out herself. " I'll have to. There isn't any one else." The realization of her aloneness brought a momentary fright. What if it proved too much for her? " I'll have to, that's all," she repeated, and was surprised to find that she had spoken aloud.

LOUISE D. RICH

who taught English before her marriage took her to the Maine woods, discovered that even a new baby and primitive living could not cure her of a passion for grammar and punctuation. So she began to put down on paper some of her love for New England.

She went back into the house and looked at Joey. He was sound asleep, so she dressed quickly and went out to find a shovel and a broom. There was no water up there. She would have to beat out and smother the flames. The thing was just not to get excited. She avoided even the word " frightened."

It really wasn't much of a fire after all, she saw with relief as she came on to the ridge. Probably some fool sport from Colby's had thrown down a cigarette butt and gone on without making sure it was dead. She beat out a runner of flame that was licking through the dead leaves, and threw some dirt on to a fierce little inferno that had been a stump. She'd just work along the ridge, systematically and calmly, and before she knew it, it would be out, and she could go home to bed.

It wasn't quite as easy as that, but she didn't really become alarmed until she straightened at the end of half an hour to take the crick out of her back and wipe the water from her smarting eyes. Then she looked back the way she had come, and saw a dozen little conflagrations where there should be none. She ran back and beat at them frantically. There were more ahead, behind, all around. She ran from one to the other. It was no use. One pair of hands, no matter how strong, could not choke this hydra-headed monster.

Joey. She had to try to carry him in her arms down to the boat. She broke into a staggering run down the trail, stumbled on a rock, tried to gain her balance, and fell.

She lay there on her face for a moment. But she had to get to Joey. Little Joey. He'd wake up choking in the smoke and be frightened. He'd whimper, and she wouldn't come, and then he'd start to cry. Then the flames would crawl across the clearing and lick at the walls of the cabin.

With a groan she tried to drag herself to her feet, and then there were voices all around her and hands under her shoulders.

" It's Mrs. York." In the flickering red light of the fire she recognized the fire warden. All around was a throng of fantastic figures. A clown, Spanish grandee, a ballet dancer.

" My baby," she said. " I've got to get back to my baby."

The ballet dancer stepped forward. " He's all right." she said. " Nina Barrows is with him." She put an arm around Caroline's waist and Caroline saw that it was Miss Gurney. " You men go along, and we'll take Mrs. York home. She's completely exhausted." A woman in Swiss peasant costume took Caroline's arm.

" Joey's all right? You're sure? " asked Caroline.

" Yes, really he is. Really. We stopped on the way up, and when we couldn't find you, Nina insisted on staying with him. You see, it was only a few months ago she lost her little boy in a fire, and she was nearly crazy when the fire warden came in for help and we saw the glow up here. We were having a masquerade party, and she wouldn't even let us get into decent clothes."

" Oh, poor thing," said Caroline. " And I thought she hated babies."

" Oh, no. It's just that she hasn't been able to bear seeing one. You see, she blamed herself when it happened, though it wasn't her fault at all. We thought she was going insane—I mean really insane. She and Hal had planned to have a huge family, but now "—she broke off—" I don't know how it will turn out. They can't go on like this."

They came out into the clearing, and there was the cabin, with a light showing in the living-room window. Caroline broke away from the two women and ran ahead. Mrs. Barrows, in a gay gypsy costume which contrasted strangely with the tears streaming down her thin brown cheeks, sat in the Boston rocker, Joey cuddled in her arms. On her face, despite the tears, was a look of peace.

" Oh, my dear," she said in her husky voice, " he's so sweet. I've been so silly. I thought that I could never hold a baby again. I thought I'd forfeited my right to be a mother." She placed Joey carefully in Caroline's outstretched arms, and wiped her eyes with the backs of her hands. Then she smiled almost shyly. " I'm going to name the first one Joseph York, if it's a boy," she said.

Caroline understood her perfectly.

Then the others came in, exclaiming over Joey, over Caroline's blistered hands and skinned knees until Mrs. Mundy intervened.

" Mrs. York, you must be dead. Look. Can't we make you a cup of coffee or something, and help dress your poor hands? The men have all the flashlights, so we'll have to wait here, I'm afraid, but—"

" Oh, I'm all right," said Caroline. " But coffee would go good. Why don't we all have some, and sandwiches? "

" Divine! " exclaimed Miss Gurney. " I've been dying to get a really good look at your kitchen cupboard arrangements. You see, I'm an architect-interior decorator, and I have this order to do a hunting camp in the Adirondacks. The man is a fiend, my dear, simply a fiend. He can't stand modern stuff, and he definitely sneers at the rustic. He won't give me a thing to go on, only that it must be authentic, or else. Now, I ask you, what would I, specialist that I am in apartments and penthouses, know about authentic trappers' cabins? But I mean, really! And naturally, I want the job. Now this place is just what I'm after. You've got some awfully clever details that I can adapt—" She rattled on.

Why, thought Caroline, she really means it! She likes our house. It isn't funny to her at all. She felt suddenly lighthearted and triumphant. Just wait till I tell Jed, she crowed to herself. Sports are like us, underneath. They're just as nice as country people, once you get to know them.

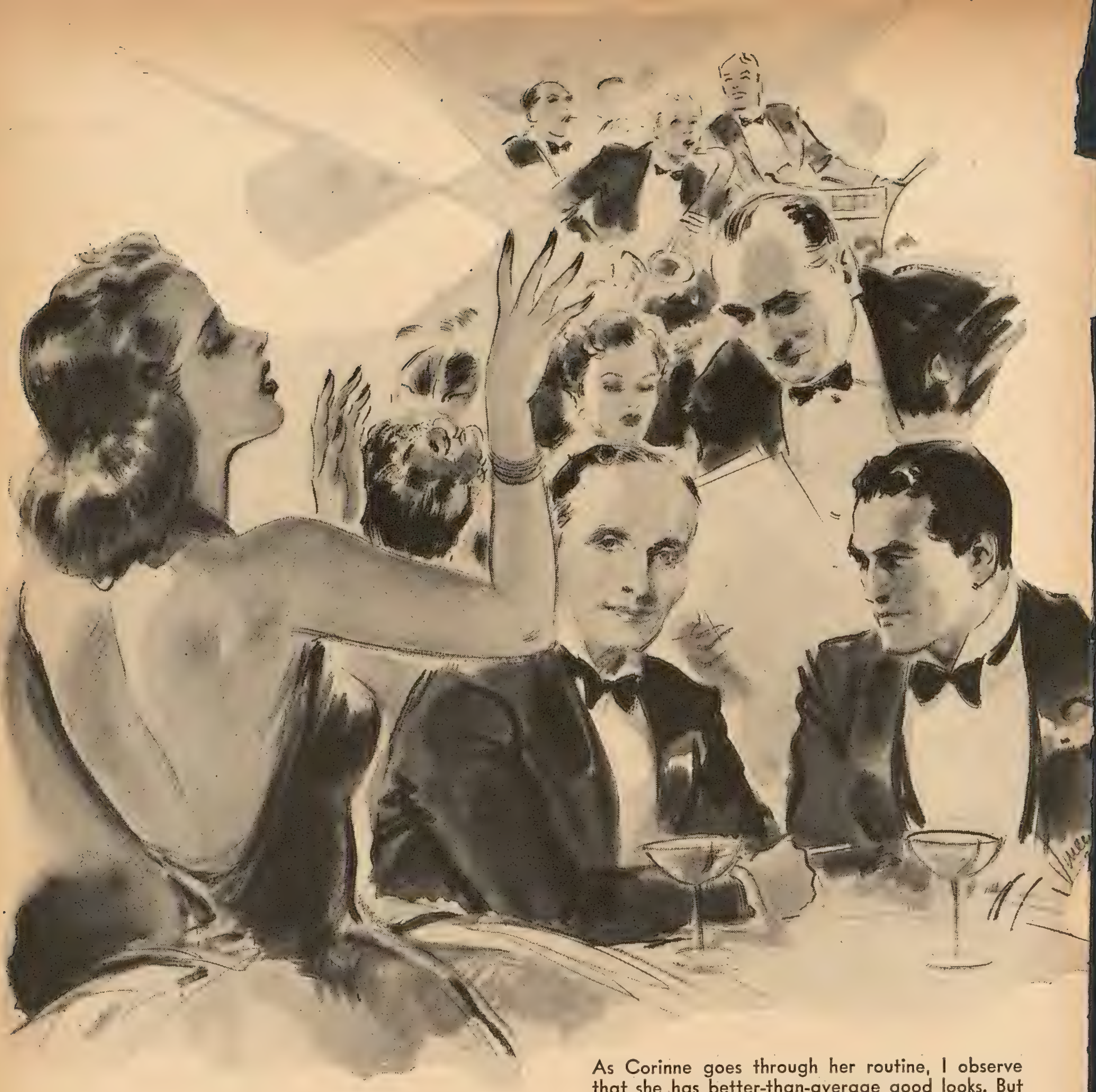
" What in the world are you smiling so broadly about? " Miss Gurney wanted to know.

Caroline told her, rather apologetically but honestly.

" That's funny," said Miss Gurney. " I was just thinking how human natives are, once you get behind the quaintness. Really, I mean just like ordinary city people."

And they looked at each other and laughed appreciatively together.

THE END



As Corinne goes through her routine, I observe that she has better-than-average good looks. But in Hollywood beautiful girls are a dime a dozen.

READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

I DON'T understand you fellows at all, Al," says my friend, a trace of asperity creeping into his voice. "I'm positive that Louise would make good in the movies. I think she ought to go direct to Hollywood and not bother with you fellows and your screen tests."

"She wouldn't have a chance," I reply instantly. "Not the slightest semblance of a chance. It would be a waste of time and money."

"Well, it doesn't make sense to me," he retorts querulously. "Here is a girl who was a state beauty-contest winner. She's got gorgeous hair, eyes, and teeth. She's a knockout, I tell you. Why, she's better-looking than nine tenths of the girls I see in pictures. Yet you refuse to give her a screen test and say that she wouldn't have any chance in Hollywood. Why not, man, why not?"

Indeed why not? Don't the studios want new talent, new faces? Of course they do. Do they think that their present stars and featured players will live forever? Of course they don't. Don't they realize that they may be overlooking much excellent potential star material when they don't give young men and women—like Louise, for example—a chance? Of course they do. Then what's the matter with them?

The answer is simple—it costs too much. The motion-picture studios are in the position of some gold-mine owners who work certain properties but leave others idle. The cost of removing and processing the ore from these others is greater than the value of the metal to be extracted.

I don't know how many thousands, or millions, of

Stars are made—not born! . . . In a fascinatingly intimate series, one of those wh

HOLLYWOOD JOBS

The Confessions of a Talent Scout

BY I. I. ("AL") ALTMAN

Eastern Talent Executive,
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures

as told to

KENNETH L. WATT

ILLUSTRATED BY VINCENTINI

people in America would like to get into the movies. But I do know that if all candidates for the screen were trained actors, were photogenic, possessed pleasing voices, and had that undefinable thing called personality, the studios would welcome them with opened arms and purses.

But they aren't, and don't, and haven't. Otherwise I and my fellow talent scouts would be out of jobs. The trouble is that the tremendous majority, perhaps 99 per cent, of the aspirants to moviedom are equipped with nothing more than a desire to be famous and to acquire a small fortune in salary each week.

Behind a newcomer's first appearance on the screen in a minor supporting role lie months of work by coaches, make-up artists, talent scouts, cameramen, studio executives, producers, directors—plus the investment of thousands of dollars in cash. Out of all the people yearning for Hollywood's fame and fortune, a certain young man or woman is chosen. How? Why?

Because I am a talent scout, dozens of persons are brought to my attention every day—by friends, by agents, by letter, by their work in the theater, on the radio, in night clubs. When some one says, " Al, you ought to see So-and-So at the Nite-Lite Club—she's terrific," I go. Would you like to come with me? This will be a hypothetical case, of course, but it will be fairly typical of the thousands of such leads that I have followed in the last dozen years.

As we taxi to the Nite-Lite Club my friend waxes enthusiastic: " She's great, Al. She has everything!"

" Uh-huh," I answer encouragingly.

Thereupon he launches into a more detailed eulogy of his discovery: " She's got looks, she does a comedy skit with the M. C. that's a wow, she sings, and has worlds of personality and plenty of *umph.*"

Of course I have never heard of the young lady who revels in the name of Corinne Charbonneau. She may have been Lucille Lavaliere last month, or she may be plain Lizzie Smith from Greene County, Missouri, who has just arrived in town. But it does not matter who she is or was, it's what she is and can do that counts.

As our driver threads his way through the 11 P. M. traffic, my mind goes back to a similar night—it seems like only yesterday—that another friend and I were in a cab bound for the theater where Divided by Three was playing. A tall, gangling young fellow, whom I had never heard of, was in the cast. During the first intermission I looked up his name in the program. Before the curtain fell on Act II, I decided that he had something. He had. His name was James Stewart. Other such nights and people flash through my mind—Spencer Tracy, Melvyn Douglas, Sylvia Sidney, Allen Jenkins, Margaret Sullavan, Warren William. I wonder if tonight will be added to the list of nights to be remembered.

We arrive at the club, and fortunately I am not recognized. At least, no one speaks to me. My friend slips a bill into the headwaiter's hand and we secure a ringside table. Finally the floor show begins and Miss Corinne Charbonneau makes her appearance.

As she goes through her routine I observe that she has better-than-average good looks. But in Hollywood beautiful girls are a dime a dozen. She handles her patter spot with the M. C. nicely and starts her song. There is nothing startling about her voice—she is just another night-club singer. During her second and third choruses she walks from table to table, doing personality business. The audience is silent, though smiling, and even those to whom her back is turned appear interested. The customers at the table adjoining ours attempt a few wisecracks with her, but she continues her way unabashed. At this point my interest is aroused.

The essential difference between the professional performer and the dinner-table conversationalist or living-room singer is simple—the former is an exhibitionist, the latter is not. When our hypothetical young lady demonstrates that she has the polished professional's ability to hold her audience while she is on stage, the poise to disregard interruptions, and the personality to put her stuff over, I sit up and take notice.

Now that I am slightly interested, I observe her more closely. Can she walk? It is amazing how few women realize that walking can be a thing of grace and beauty or just an awkward method of moving about. Many an established star, both male and female, can look back upon tedious hours with relentless coaches of the art of graceful walking. Can she sit and rise properly? Her routine offers me no opportunity to watch her do these things, but since they are more easily taught than walking, I dismiss the question for the moment. Next, her figure? The camera adds about ten pounds to one's appearance, and while weight can be controlled by diet and exercise, conformation (to borrow a horseman's word) is important. Corinne's evening gown fits her snugly and thereby gives me two material pieces of information: First, her figure is excellent; second, she has marked ability to wear clothes well.

Her song ended, she bows gracefully to her audience and displays another virtue—an attractive smile. Now for the customers' verdict. It comes quickly and loudly as an encore is insistently demanded. I think she is worth considering and the next step is talking with her. A note is scribbled on the back of my business card: " If you care to talk with me, please come to my office tomorrow afternoon. I. I. A." This is sent to her in care of our waiter, and, paying the check, I leave my friend to enjoy the rest of the show while I depart for home speculating if the evening has been wasted.

Perhaps you wonder why I do not call the girl to my table and talk with her. The principal reason for asking her to come to the office is that I want her to know who I am and why I have asked her to come. If, like most young performers, she is anxious to go to Hollywood, she will study, and perhaps worry and fret, about the best way to approach me when she enters my room. If she has intelligence and self-confidence (two vitally important qualifications for motion pictures) she will be perfectly natural. If she is shallow or immature she will try to put on an act. Of course she may be frightened—and many a young actor is—but I can talk her out of that.

When she arrives the next afternoon, I greet her kindly and ask her to be seated. The first fifteen minutes of the interview are devoted to talking about her work, where she came from, how she got into show business—in fact, about herself. This is not idle chatter, because, while I

now the secrets best takes you behind the scenes and shows you how it's done want to study her at close range, I am definitely interested in her background and personal history.

As a general rule, although there are many notable exceptions, educated men and women from cultured homes have the best chance for success in pictures. There are several reasons for this, and one of the most important is that refinement reflects itself in the voice. The other day my wife showed me an article on the women's page of a newspaper. The headline read: Voice Is Important to Beauty. Whoever wrote that should have had it set in the largest available type; because in life, as on the screen, people are heard as well as seen.

During our conversation Corinne gives me the story of her life. She tells me about her parents, her education, her training in dramatic school, her work with a theatrical stock company. We talk about books, plays, actors, motion pictures, and compare notes on our likes and dislikes. As she talks I make mental notes of her personality and mannerisms—the tilt of her head, the lift of the eyebrows, her smile, the various expressions of her eyes, and the quickness with which her mind responds. Finally I decide that perhaps this girl has something, and I ask her if she would like to make a screen test.

I. I. ("AL") ALTMAN

a graduate of Boston University, got his first training in the picture business at a Boston film exchange. In 1926 he was made Eastern talent executive by M-G-M. His hobby is magic and he is one of the leading amateur magicians in the country.

This is a very important stage of the interview, and it is here that the true nature of the candidate is often revealed for the first time. If an act is to be staged for my benefit, it usually takes the form of disclaiming any ambition or liking for screen work. Some actors have the childish idea that reluctance will bring a better contract. There are, naturally, some people in the profession who sincerely prefer the theater or night club, but aside from established stars, they are very few. Therefore, when I become convinced that a young man or woman is trying to be coy, black marks are given on two vital requirements—intelligence and sincerity.

Corinne Charbonneau says frankly that she is anxious to be considered by M-G-M. Her eyes sparkle and she makes no attempt to conceal her delight.

Up to this point Corinne has cost my employers nothing more than a few hours of my time and the check for last evening's little excursion to the Nite-Lite Club. From here on the costs will mount rapidly in both time and money. Heretofore I have been interested in her appearance, intelligence, grace—in the girl as a person. The next steps are finding the answers to three questions, which I call the Big Three. Here they are:

(1) Can she act—that is, can she intrepret and express the fundamental emotions of love, fear, joy, anger, etc., and change from one to another?

(2) Is she photogenic—that is, can she be photographed satisfactorily?

(3) Can her voice be recorded satisfactorily?

The last two can be answered only in the studio by the sound camera; but I can appraise to a certain extent her acting ability through an audition in my office. For this purpose I keep on hand several hundred test manuscripts. Among these are sure to be several which she can handle. In our discussion of the various vehicles we have two objectives—to select a scene which will be suitable for her use, and one in which she will play opposite a man. The male role will be acted by another candidate for Hollywood, because it is the usual practice to combine tests.

When two or three scripts have been tentatively decided upon, I go over the same ground with Bruce Lenrow, a promising young leading man. Bruce and Corinne are introduced, a final choice of scene is made, and the two aspirants for screen glory arrange mutually convenient times for rehearsing.

Three days later, their parts having been memorized and rehearsed, they play the scene in my office. I permit them to go completely through it without comment. The story deals with a youthful actress who has been acclaimed a star for her work in a play which was financed and produced by her wealthy fiancé. In our scene, she tells him that she wants to continue her career in the theater. This angers him. She then tries to persuade him to her point of view. They quarrel, but, being very much in love, they soon make it up.

As Corinne and Bruce go through the scene I can see that it is pretty rough and the lack of direction is apparent. Now I go to work: "Corinne, you slid over that line where he tells you you're selfish. Remember, you are stunned first, and *then* you become angry. So when he says, 'God, you're selfish,' don't lash at him right away. Let a look of pain come into your eyes. Then, although you are struggling to remain calm, your anger flares up and you burst out, 'You're the selfish one, Greg! Do I ever try to interfere with *your* business?' "

"I understand," says Corinne quickly.

"All right, then. Let's go over that part again."

We go through the lines two or three times, and I note with satisfaction that my estimate of the girl's intelligence was an accurate one. She makes the correction easily and quickly. However, despite the almost letter-perfect rendition of the scene, there seems to be something lacking. I don't get the feeling of reality, of sincerity—that these are really two people very much in love and facing a possible breaking up of their romance. I decide that, in the parlance of the theater, they are not *giving;* there isn't that perfect team play which is so necessary for convincing drama.

Some years ago, in those same chairs sat two young actors who presented an identical problem. Their names were Franchot Tone and Jean Muir. I played a little trick on them and it worked. I've been using it with variations successfully ever since, and I determine to employ the strategy with Bruce and Corinne. We have been working for more than an hour, so I declare that a recess is in order. Fortunately, Bruce leaves the room and I have a chance to talk with Corinne alone.

For a few minutes I stare silently out the window while she powders her nose. Then I ask casually: "Corinne, do you *like* Bruce?"

"Why—why, of course, Mr. Altman," she stammers. "I think he's awfully nice. But—but why do you ask?"

"Oh, no particular reason," I lie glibly. "I was just wondering, that's all. I was talking with him the other day after you had left, and he said that he thought you were a beautiful girl and a splendid actress. In fact, I think you've made quite a conquest."

There is no woman alive who does not like to hear such things—whether or not she believes them. Corinne is no exception to the general rule. That is obvious from her smile. A little later I excuse myself and leave my office.

Encountering Bruce in the hall, as I had planned, I smile and say: "You seem to have that romantic *umph* that Hollywood wants, young fellow."

"What do you mean?" asks Bruce, puzzled.

"Oh, I've just been listening to a beautiful girl sing your praises for the last five minutes. She says she admires your acting skill, but I suspect that the young lady's interest is more personal than that."

I laughingly refuse to listen to Bruce's disclaimers and walk down the hall while he enters my office alone. I give them about ten minutes together and then saunter back. Glancing at my watch, I announce: "Well, I can give you kids another fifteen minutes and that's all. So, suppose we run through it again."

This time the lines sparkle; there is sincerity and zest in their performance. My little trick has worked again. Corinne's eyes flash fire as she upbraids him for his selfishness, and his plea for forgiveness would wring tears from a stone. Yes, if these two go to Hollywood, skilled directors like Clarence Brown, Woody Van Dyke, Bob Leonard, and the others will have excellent basic material with which to work their wonders.

The first stage on the long road to the M-G-M lot having been passed successfully, the next step is the preliminary voice and make-up test. In this we will seek answers to the second and third questions of the Big Three.

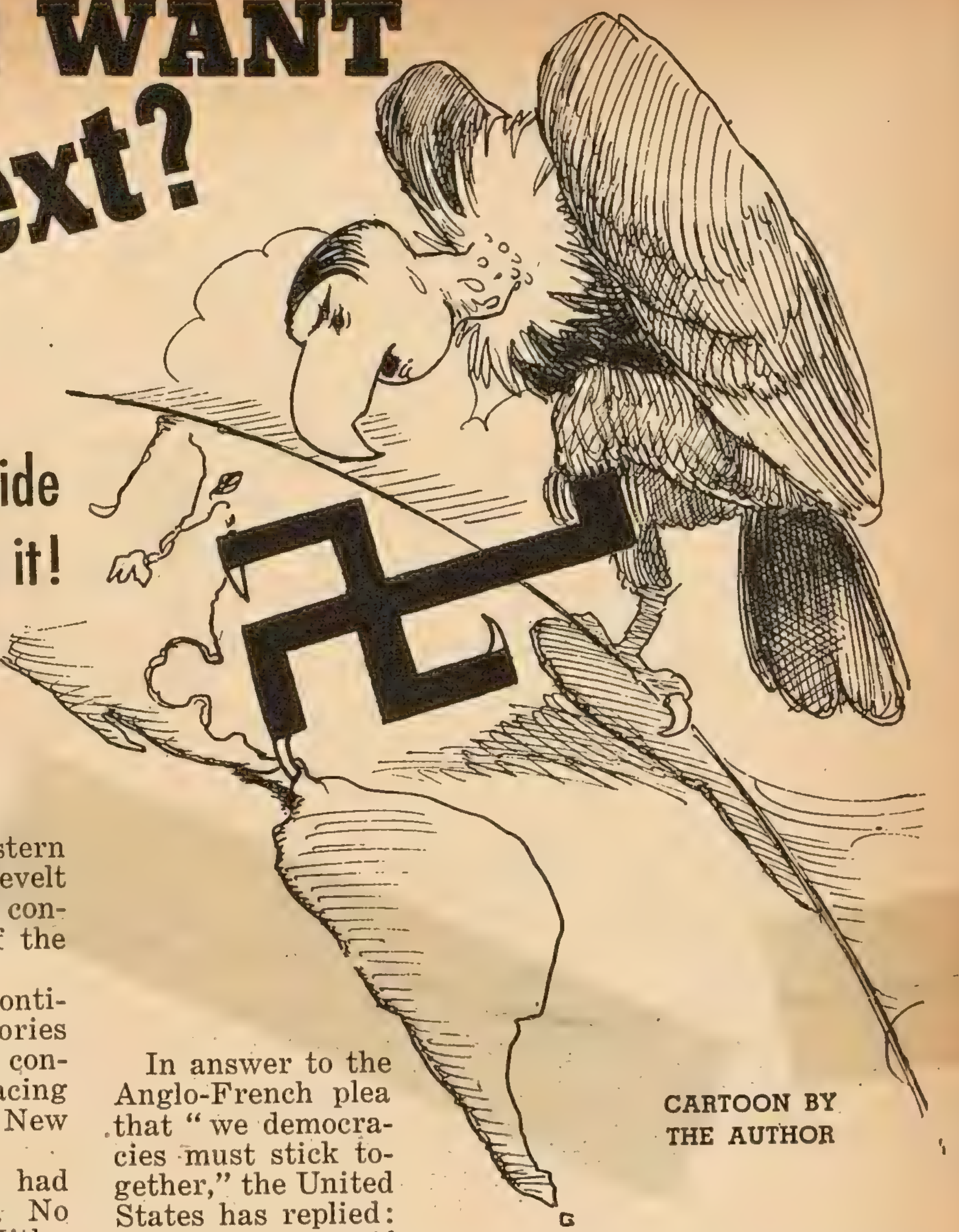
THE END

DOES HITLER WANT America Next?

Here is the evidence—and the inside story of what we are doing about it!

BY WALTER KARIG

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 5 SECONDS



CARTOON BY THE AUTHOR

HITLER wants American soil.

He almost got it—a chunk out of the northeastern edge of South America—when President Roosevelt was tipped off that the map makers of Munich were contemplating real-estate transactions on this side of the Atlantic.

That was when the world started to hear about "continental defense" from Washington, and inspired stories went forth to Europe that the United States was contemplating a New World League of Nations embracing Canada, Latin America, and even Australia and New Zealand.

Quickly the British sent back word that they had never, never intended giving Guiana to Germany. No indeed! They had merely discussed Guiana with Hitler as a haven for the exiled German Jews.

Immediately there broke out in the servile German press bitter denunciations of the United States as the oppressor of Latin America. Powerful short-wave radio stations in Germany and Italy swamped South America reception with propaganda that the Roosevelt preparedness program was designed to intimidate and conquer South America. Our southern neighbors were asked to remember the occupation of Nicaragua, the "theft" of Panama from Colombia by "that other Roosevelt."

So this message went forth by transatlantic telephone to American Ambassadors Kennedy in England, Bullitt in France: "The United States government is going to stop Hitler, regardless of Great Britain and France."

Uncle Sam is tired of being Uncle Samaritan. When we tried to stop the Japanese from *starting* to gobble up China, our sister democracies, England and France, gave us no support. The United States realizes now, after the "Peace of Munich," that Britain and France do not care whither Nazi-Facism goes, so long as it goes *away* from them.

The United States can play at that game, and has shaped a course as determined and as carefully planned as any venture we have made in international affairs.

First, we are uniting the North, Central, and South American commonwealths to resist European *political* invasion.

By virtue of our ownership of half the world's gold, we are going to resist European commercial exploitation of our neighbor countries by extending credits. Not to South American buyers; we learned our lesson in the 1920s there. The credits go to American exporters, to develop Latin-American markets.

Simultaneously, by making a trade treaty with Turkey, the United States has stopped the Berlin-to-Bagdad parade of the Nazis, thrown a monkey wrench into Hitler's consolidation of southeastern Europe, and robbed the Fuehrer's victory over Chamberlain and Daladier of at least a third of its potential value.

In answer to the Anglo-French plea that "we democracies must stick together," the United States has replied: "Stick with *me* if you know what's good for you, but I'm going ahead, regardless." France and Great Britain need the United States and the friendship of American neighbors. An All-American Union to *resist* Hitlerism has been created to offset London's European league to buy off the dictators—with others' wealth.

That has been followed up by intimations to the British and the French, and to the Belgians, the Dutch, and the Portuguese, that any cession of colonies to Nazi Germany *in the Pacific or on the west coast of Africa* would be considered an act unfriendly to the United States.

Why? Gracious goodness, with tiny Portugal and Belgium land-poor with African territory, why do we begrudge Germany some? Britain and France grabbed the best of Germany's former colonies in Africa; why shouldn't *some* of them, at least, be returned?

And all those islands in the Pacific Ocean! Good for nothing but coconuts. Who cares if the Germans get them back? Who has them now, anyhow?

Perfectly natural questions. Intelligent, too.

But—the Army says No.

The Navy says No.

The Commerce Department says No.

The State Department says No.

It isn't the New Dealers saying No. It is not only President Roosevelt and Secretary of State Hull who are determining this policy. It is the nonpolitical technical experts, the men who have made a life's career in the government service without worrying if a Republican or a Democrat sits in the front office. They are the ones who are telling Roosevelt and his cabinet, as they will tell the next President, why Germany's demand for colonies is directed against the United States.

Germany could deny that with perfect truth. She wants colonies restored to her in West Africa and the Southern Pacific as jumping-off places for *South* America.

Great Britain and France did not object when General Franco turned over deep-water harbors in the Canary

Islands to Hitler for submarine bases. The Canary Islands are in the Atlantic Ocean, just off that part of Africa which bulges toward the Americas. The United States is putting up a vigorous protest, but because it has not recognized Franco's Fascist regime in Spain, there is no place to lodge the complaint.

The reason why the United States objects to German outposts in the Atlantic, either on the Canary Islands or points south on the African mainland, is that from such points all ocean traffic between the eastern ports of North and South America can be handled as easily as a crossroads policeman controls automobile traffic.

Submarines and bombing planes based on or off the west coast of Africa could drive mercantile shipping from the South Atlantic. If the United States is cut off from South America, it means we are cut off from our sources of tin, rubber, chromium, manganese, and the vegetable product from which gas-mask filters are made. Without access to these South American products the United States could not survive a six-months war. So say the members of the Army-Navy Munitions Board.

If Germany obtains insular possessions in the South Pacific, then the west coast of the Americas will be likewise threatened.

HERE is heard another question: Why do our military and naval and commercial experts think Germany is going to try to cut us off from South America?

They say they don't think so; they *know* it.

Let us informally interview the Navy first:

Our whole theory of naval defense has been based on the assumption of a war in the Pacific. The Navy's job is to defend the Hawaiian Islands, of course, and Alaska, but our weakest point is the Panama Canal. Naval strategists have worked out the defensive maneuver known as "the Pacific triangle" at huge cost of time and money. The physical structure of our Navy is based on that triangular field of operations against an enemy diplomatically left unnamed—but you can bet it is not Siam. Let us, between ourselves, unofficially, say it is Japan.

Germany is Japan's ally. Those two countries and Italy have a compact of military, naval, industrial, and economic assistance.

If we should have war with Japan, Germany would come to her ally's aid. If Germany has possessions in the South Atlantic or the South Pacific, or both, the entire conception of national defense must be altered. All our plans will have to be scrapped, our Navy's make-up changed, our officers sent to school all over again; and our naval schoolmasters will have to teach each other new tricks. Even if that war should never come, the necessary preparations or precautions will cost us hundreds of millions of dollars extra with Germany in the picture. And if the war did come, the problem of national defense would be endlessly complicated, of course, with German submarine and airplane bases on our flanks, harassing our shipping, threatening our coastal cities, cutting us off from vital sources of supply.

The Navy testimony adds up to this argument against German colonies: Immediate and great expense, and perpetual danger for the United States.

The Army echoes the Navy in all details. It has a few additions to make. There is already evidence that the German Nazis are making headway in Mexico. Hitler is buying up all the petroleum Mexico confiscated from American and British operators. A strong Nazi party in Mexico would mean more revolutions in that boisterous land, and once Central American revolutions are financed in Europe and are fought to advance European political theories on this side of the water, then will come the day when the United States will need a standing army of half a million men—and standing on its borders at that.

Incidentally, nobody in the governmental structure of the United States is kidding himself about any union of American "democracies." That is just the slogan for the Pan-American campaign. In the twenty republics in the Western Hemisphere there are not six democracies in fact. The Nazi-Fascist pattern of government was followed in the Americas before Hitler even learned the wallpapering business. It is the pattern today in Cuba, in Haiti, in the Dominican Republic, in two thirds of the South American republics, and it does not enrage or annoy anybody in the United States. Our government doesn't care what sort of homemade Fascism the Spanish Americans adopt, so long as they do not import their politics from Germany, Italy, or Spain.

You have heard why the armed forces of the United States object to providing Hitlerism with steppingstones toward our half of the world. The Departments of State and Commerce have their own reasons.

The State Department's apprehension is frankly based on the facts just stated. South and Central Americans just naturally run to dictatorships. Once the European dictators start organizing that hemisphere, it is good night, United States and Canada! So the State Department acts. Britain and France are warned that they cannot buy their security at American expense, as they did with Czechoslovakia. If Germany wants African lands, let generous Britain turn over some *East* African real estate. You can bet Germany wouldn't accept it.

The trade treaty that Secretary Hull completed with Great Britain and Canada was in itself a thrust at Hitlerism, because it made us partners in the South American trade. Hull, however, believes in the theory of a good defense being a vigorous attack, so a reciprocal tariff treaty is being rushed through with Turkey, to give the Germans something to worry about as they contemplate Berlin-to-Bagdad expansion. A trade treaty with Turkey would mean that the Turks and all Asia Minor could buy American goods cheaper than German, and would be paid cash for their increased exports to the United States, whereas Germany pays only in barter.

As the Army seconds the Navy, so does the Commerce Department confirm the State Department, with some supplementary testimony.

The Commerce Department thinks the day of air-borne freight is not far distant. It does not want to see Germany established on the South Atlantic with airports ostensibly for the South American mail and parcel express service, but affording pilots training in carrying over tons of liquid-air bombs. The Commerce Department also suspects that Germany would establish free ports in its South Atlantic bases, where goods would be transshipped without customs duties, and that much legitimate South American trade would go where the commerce with China went after the Japanese established their free ports on the Shantung Peninsula, and smugglers displaced legitimate shippers.

ANY way the experts look at it, German colonies are going to cost the United States millions—perhaps billions—and limitless worry, annoyance, and fear.

No other nation has such sound and reasonable objections to denying Germany the return of some of her old belongings. It is America's defenses, America's commerce, America's government that Germany's expansion threatens. To be exact, it is the expansion in our direction of Nazism that arouses us, a Nazism in open cahoots with Japan's militarists.

Hitler's eye is on South America, the storehouse of all the world's riches. His voice is already heard there. A million Nazis in Brazil alone echo him. If only Hitler could have got British or French Guiana last fall, he would be well on his way by now toward establishing a real Nazi empire, with Brazilians heiling him as Abyssinians wisely shout for Il Duce nowadays.

But give the Nazis a toe hold in West Africa or Polynesia, from which they can jump when ready, and they will plant the swastika in the Western Hemisphere yet. They say so! They announce it with all the calm acceptance of planned perfection. It is Destiny, they say.

Uncle Sam, believing that George Washington and Simon Bolivar beat Hitler to it in shaping the destiny of the Western World, is bound that it shan't happen. On that, Republicans, Democrats, and New Dealers are agreed. If we can get the Canadians and Brazilians and Mexicans and Ecuadorians all in agreement, maybe the combination can keep the New World safe for what is left of democracy.

THE END

STRATEGY

Liberty's Short Short

BY KARL DETZER

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

NO, boys, nothin' to say to the press. Against fire-department rules. Now was I a cop like Joe Clancy . . . Yes, sir, that guy with the bandages, glarin' at me . . . if I was Joe, I'd blab all night about myself and never even get a reprimand.

Chief says what? Let me read it. O. K., if he says so.

My name's Patrick Hogan, and I'm tillerman on Ladder Truck 89. Oh, no, Psychopathic's not in our district. This is my day off, so I put on civilian clothes and drive over to see a young lady named Miss Mary Flynn, and what do I find in her parlor but this Officer Clancy, in full uniform and medals, and Mary readin' aloud from the mornin' paper he's brought, how he risks his life rescuin' a cat out of a sewer.

Mary says, "How wonderful to be so brave!" and shows me the picture, him holdin' the cat.

"What a intelligent-lookin' animal!" I say, feelin' somewhat burned, and Joe begins to choke. He can go right on chokin' for all of me, but just then the phone rings.

"For you, Joe. Emergency," Mary says, and Joe grabs it and yells:

"Eleven floors? Goin' to jump? Coming!"

"Oh," Mary says to me, "how thrillin'! Let's go watch Joe rescue this party."

"Don't bother," I answer. "We'll read about it."

But Joe's hollerin', "Have to take your car, Hogan!"

Not my car. I got new fenders. I grab the wheel myself and Mary piles in. No, sir, not beside me. Back with Joe.

"Reason headquarters always sends for me," Joe says, "is my strategy. I use my head."

"Your what?" I asks, thinking. . . . This strategy stuff sounds nice wrote up, but ever see it put out fire? Me neither. Takes direct action to put out fire.

Well, I swing this corner, and here's ten thousand people cranin' their necks at this screwball tryin' to make up his mind. And a couple hundred cops, heroically shovin' women and children back out of danger, and squad cars and prowl cars and the forty thieves on an emergency, and sirens till you can't think.

Round we go to the ambulance entrance and climb out.

"Find a good spot and watch me now," Joe says, and away he runs. I hear a fellow complainin' how he's waitin' three hours a'ready, and if something don't happen quick, he's goin' home.

"Three hours?" I say to Mary. "You mean them cops leave this poor screwball sit there three hours and don't drag him in? Two hundred cops? Why, that many firemen could take a herd o' elephants off a roof in less time and not get their pictures took either. Good-by, Mary," I says. "Be back in a minute," and I walk in the ambulance door.

At the elevator a fat guy asks me what I want, and I say, "I want to know why that gentleman aims to jump off the roof in the first place?"

"Oh," the fat guy says, "he's got a mania. He don't like cops."

Can you match that? I think maybe I'm batty too; but all I say is, "You sure he's a screwball just for that?"

"Well, to tell the truth, partner," the fat guy says, "I have my doubts too. Only this noon a cop comes busting in to talk to 'nother patient, and this poor fellow sees him and lams. It's just his peculiarity. Now take my case. I'm a patient here too."

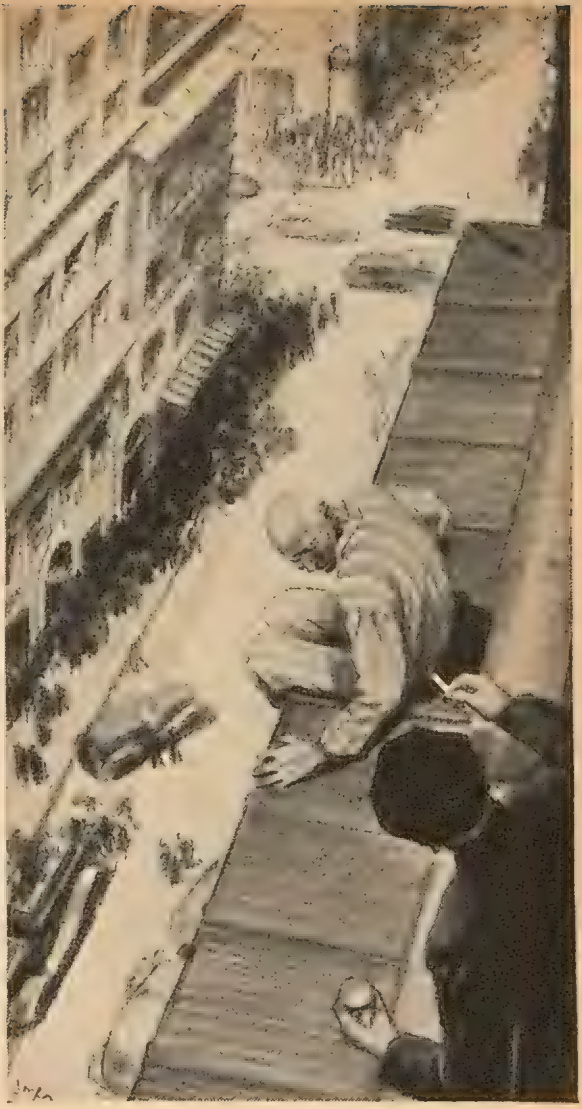
"Well, well," I answer, stepping back.

"I got a mania to run elevators," he says, "so they give me this job. We all got little manias."

"Listen," I say. "How fast can we get up top?"

Well, in no time I'm out on the roof, thinking if Officer Clancy can use his head for this strategy stuff, maybe I can use mine for some direct action. Down other end the roof I see a penthouse, and below it, on the parapet, this screwball a-sittin' with his feet hangin' over. If what he wants is to get away from cops, all he's done for hisself is bring on an army, all standin' at safe distance, with Clancy and his medals out front.

Yes, sir, out front, holdin' a glass of water in one hand and a cigarette in the other, and sayin' in a voice you could sweeten your coffee with, "Listen, my friend. How about a little smoke? How about a little glass o' water?"



Well, the screwball just hangs further overside, and what he says is wonderful, only you boys couldn't print it, and Joe Clancy gets mad and asks, "Anybody got a lasso?"

Nobody has. So I say, "No, but look what I have got."

Joe wants to know what, and I show him. Before he can set down his glass, I haul off and leave him have it on the button, and the screwball does what you'd expect—gives a cheer and climbs down.

Joe hollers, and I leave him have it again, and I lope across the roof yelling, "Help, partner! Help!"

Well, that poor screwball sure went into action! Yes, sir, just as you'd figure. Comes right up to give a hand against the cops. Course I grab him. Hold him so's his arms are free, though, thinking when Joe Clancy does catch up, even a screwball ought to have some chance to exercise a mania.

Well, the doctors get the poor guy and somebody takes him away and the rest shake hands with me and I explain all about direct action. Oh, yes, sir, they thank me. Joe? Well, he just gets bandaged.

Now, if you'll excuse me, there's a party waitin' for me in my car and I got a date in Brooklyn with her right away. Oh, yes, sir, sure I still love her. Yes, sir, that's all there is to it. Except if you'll tell me what papers you're from, I'll buy 'em. She can read 'em aloud then, should Joe come back where he don't belong. That's . . . yes, sir, that's strategy.

THE END

ON THE AIR!

Liberty stories are on the air. You can hear two dramatizations each week over the following stations: WOR, New York; WJZ, New York; WENR, Chicago; WBBM, Chicago; WKRC, Cincinnati; WCCO, Minneapolis; KMOX, St. Louis; WEEI, Boston; WBT, Charlotte; KNX, Los Angeles. Please consult local papers for broadcast time.

TUNE IN!

◆

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1939; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

HOW AND WHY WE WANT TO CHANGE THE WAGNER ACT

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

I WISH to emphasize, first, that the American Federation of Labor is *for* the Wagner Labor Act. We helped write it. We will defend it against any who may attempt to destroy it. But we demand its amendment, in order to restore it to what it was intended to be. In simplest terms, the aims were:

Workers should be given a stronger bargaining status, comparable to that of employers. "Rules of fair play" in labor relations should be outlined. Government—through the National Labor Relations Board—then would become merely an umpire; an impartial one, we assumed.

We saw in this measure a new "bill of rights" for labor; it has been used to nullify the rights of unions established during half a century. Under this Act, workers were to be safeguarded in organizing, free from employer interference. Instead, labor has found itself coerced by a new and powerful bureaucracy.

There was guaranty also of the workers' right to bargain collectively through agencies of their own choice. This freedom has been curtailed or denied in arbitrary, dictatorial ways.

We had every reason to expect that the *intended* clarification of labor relations would lessen strife, help build industrial peace, aid recovery. We have been amazed at finding the actual results to be heightened uncertainty and an increase in confusion and conflict.

From a measure which we thought of as "our baby," we had expected peace and progress. As a quite opposite record mounted, we were reluctant to believe that a federal agency could so brazenly pervert the spirit and intent of this law.

For better understanding, consider some facts about its origin. It was designed to carry on the principles of Article 7 of the NRA. When the advice of labor leaders—including Mr. Lewis—was sought in writing this measure, there was no C. I. O. We therefore could not foresee some complications which were to arise.

But, curiously, we actually did seek safeguards against some of the evils which later developed through C. I. O.-NLRB action. We wanted to be sure that the Wagner Act could not disturb a principle deeply embedded in the American labor movement. Samuel Gompers had termed this "voluntarism." He had preached, and we believed, that our success must depend upon *voluntary* action: in organizing, in collective effort, in bargaining with employers — for agreements which must be kept.

The guiding, American idea was *democratically* organized unions, managing their own affairs along proved lines, and wholly *free* from outside interference—*even from government,* however well-intended.

This basic idea we tried to protect in the wording of the Act. More than that: when the text was completed, questions were put to Senator Wagner. He gave assurance, first, that there was nothing in the measure "which places the stamp of governmental favor on any type of union"; second, that the status of long-established craft unions was protected; and, third, that "under no circumstances can any board enter into jurisdictional disputes."

We wanted to be doubly sure of the "umpire status" of the proposed Board: that it was not empowered to interfere in any *managerial* way in the labor movement, then united; or to intervene in the internal affairs of unions. Nobody even thought of asking whether it could nullify employment agreements already signed.

Administration of the Wagner Act was reasonably in line with its intent until the Supreme Court decision sustaining it. Since then the change has been staggering.

The National Labor Relations Board has usurped power. It has virtually made its own law. It has advanced its own philosophical views, in defiance of American tradition. It has entered into an unholy alliance with the C. I. O.; the clear result being an attempt to weaken and destroy A. F. of L. unions.

The evidence on this point—incredible in the beginning—has grown until the entire Federation membership has united in protest. State federations in Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and North Carolina—important industrial areas — adopted boycott resolutions against utilizing in any way the services of this Board. Several other affiliates have wanted to take similar action, but we have urged them not to, though their wish is easily understandable.

Very few A. F. of L.-employer cases have come before the Board because of our success in direct, voluntary negotiations. However, at our recent convention, Vice-President Tobin estimated that *85 per cent* of the cases before the Board were on A. F. of L.-C. I. O. conflicts. This in spite of Senator Wagner's conviction that his measure gave no authority to decide between different types of unions or intervene in jurisdictional disputes!

A leader of millions i
labor's ranks speaks ou
challengingly on a muc
debated issue of toda

Here is an agency which was to have had only the limited duties of an impartial umpire. After study, our Executive Council declared: "It possesses more power than does any other governmental board now in existence." As for "wholesale" use of this power, the Board and subsidiaries in three years have passed on 16,500 cases, involving almost 4,000,000 workers. It has taken jurisdiction over a great portion of the vast industries of America.

Congress gave the NLRB no such mandate. I do not believe the people of America want any board to have such powers. They were seized. Public and labor interests alike demand correction of this situation.

by

WILLIAM GREEN

PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF LABOR

Reports on flagrant bias against the A. F. of L. and its subsidiaries arrive more rapidly than our legal department can study and codify them. A few examples:

The International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, 28,000 strong, and far in the majority, had signed an agreement with the Consolidated Edison Company of New York. The C. I. O. attacked the contract. The NLRB annulled it. The pretext was that the company, through "favoritism," had "imposed" our union upon its employees. It was ordered to post notices that workers were free to quit the A. F. of L. and join the C. I. O. The Electrical Workers, long organized, didn't consider that they were in any favored "company union" category. This case was taken to the Circuit Court, where they won their right to restore that contract. That should have been decisive, but it was necessary to fight that case to the Supreme Court, where the contract again was sustained.

The highest court in the land sharply criticized the Labor Board. In the majority opinion, Chief Justice Hughes rebuked it for reaching extravagant conclusions and held that it exceeded its powers by assuming the right to abrogate contracts of independent labor unions.

Then there was the National Electric Products case. A contract signed; a C. I. O. complaint, and the Board set the contract aside, ordering an election. The employer took that issue into court and the contract was upheld. There was the law; every citizen should respect it. But it was not enough for the NLRB, which refused to recognize the court decision until the election was decided. The Brotherhood won overwhelmingly; but here we have a strong union harassed and driven for months by an agency *supposed* to be judicial!

Certain minor supervisory employees, having no right to hire or fire, are eligible to union membership, A. F. of L. or C. I. O. Now, suppose such a man has belonged to one of our unions; he believes in it; he says so. That is natural—and his right of free speech. But the C. I. O. files protest: This is "unfair practice" *by the employer!* Repeatedly, on that silly pretext, A. F. of L. elections or contracts have been set aside.

Note that solicitude over flimsily alleged employer "influence," then turn to Harlan County, Kentucky. There the NLRB approved a "deal" whereby employers dictated which union workers *must* join! They were not consulted; they had no choice. Coal operators faced both criminal and civil prosecution for anti-union methods. But the NLRB, John L. Lewis, and the operators made a trade. Arbitrarily the C. I. O. United Mine Workers, which had *not* organized the miners, was designated as the exclusive bargaining agent—and prosecutions were to be dropped. There has been no more brazen example of Lewis' use of governmental machinery *to recruit C. I. O. membership,* though examples are many.

Lawyers and other personnel of regional Labor Boards frequently have guided C. I. O. officials in controversy with A. F. of L. unions. Close teamwork is glaringly evident during many "impartial" hearings.

Again, this Board ruled that all Pacific Coast ports should constitute a single unit for bargaining, the Harry Bridges C. I. O. unit being the agent. Result, in localities where A. F. of L. men are in the majority, their unions are virtually disestablished.

Following that theory, this Board can arbitrarily designate "appropriate" bargaining areas, either geographic or industrial, in such a way as to throttle and destroy A. F. of L. unions long established. This was not the intent of the law, nor of Congress, and I am confident that public opinion condemns such tactics.

The C. I. O. can get a quick order for an election, whereas the Board and C. I. O. have conspired to delay or prevent elections sought by the A. F. of L. But enough. There are probably a dozen types of anti-A. F. of L. action, each proved by several cases, which I have not mentioned.

I am asked how these incredible things can be possible. First, because men of little or no labor experience were appointed to the National Board. Two in particular, Edwin Smith and Donald Wakefield Smith, have shown in their actions and declarations a determination to "make over" the whole labor movement—as they see fit. They have been guilty of distortion of the Act they are sworn to administer impartially.

Second, there was a flood not only of inexperience but of radicalism into the country-wide set-up of this agency. Since this paralleled infiltration of Communists into the C. I. O., there was a working basis for advancing "imported" ideas. Also for inquisitorial opposition to the long tried American way of handling labor problems. Never once, for instance, has this agency condemned the imported and revolutionary sit-down technique. On the contrary, it has condoned and defended violence.

What is the cure for all this? First, placing administration of the Wagner Act in competent, impartial hands. Then a clean-up all down the line, throughout the subordinate personnel. Finally, not essential *change* in the Act itself, but "rectification" of it—by amendments.

I have mentioned the anti-A. F. of L. bias of this Board; so I should make it clear that we are not seeking a pro-A. F. of L. labor act. What we want is a *pro-America* type of measure. Fair rules and freedom for voluntary co-operation between employees and employers. That is the straight road, we believe, toward industrial peace and prosperity.

THE END

I AM A *Psychic* DETECTIVE

READING TIME ● 14 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

What is the truth about the amazing recital presented here by Mr. Horace Leaf? One's common sense cries out against tales of ghosts. What, then, are we to think of Mr. Leaf? Is he trying to deceive us? If you met him you could never believe that. He is a sober, plain-spoken, simple man, quite obviously sincere. Was he, then, deceived himself, and are these mere delusions? Again that is hard to believe, because Mr. Leaf is a very realistic person in all his ways.

The fact that he has lectured in universities throughout the world on these dubious matters is all the more perplexing. Is it not possible that there is some undiscovered explanation that will meet what Mr. Leaf insists are the facts?

The world is now familiar with the experience of Professor Rhine at Duke University with what he calls "extrasensory perception." Mr. Will Irwin told you about that in Liberty some years ago and its fame has since become general.

Now we are going to let Mr. Leaf tell you some of his ghost stories. Is it not possible that psychologists may find in Mr. Leaf a riddle more interesting than the telepathic experiments at Duke University?

Juanita was ascending the stairs. Through her transparent body we could see stairs and balustrade.

IF you don't believe in ghosts—and of course you don't—I cannot expect you to believe in ghost laying, and I can hardly expect you to believe the amazing things I am about to tell you.

I shall not try to convert you. There was a time when I didn't accept such things, either.

All I ask you to believe is that I, Horace Leaf, Fellow of the Royal Geographic Society, earn my living by ghost laying, and that, in the process, I have actually had the experiences set down here.

If you will go that far with me, I think you will not regret it.

First, lest you think me utterly crazy, I should explain that this ghost-laying business was not my idea—that it was, as a matter of fact, forced upon me.

My friend the late Sir Arthur Conan Doyle was the one who first introduced me to the subject, although I had read, as you undoubtedly have, of the so-called occultists of the Middle Ages who claimed to be able to banish troublesome spirits by tracing circles or interlacing triangles on the floor of the "haunted" room.

Sir Arthur's ghost laying was of a more scientific nature, and was undertaken by him simply as part of his long experimentation with psychic phenomena. He had come to believe that what we call spirits were actually departed spirits who, for some reason, were chained to this earth, and that, once this spiritual chain was broken, they could cease to trouble either themselves or others.

It was not difficult for me to accept this theory. I had had the common experience of feeling that certain friends who had died under unusual or violent circumstances were frequently close to me. More difficult to believe was that a living person could get through to these restless spirits, talk to them, and free them from their bonds. Well, I did not have to wait long for a demonstration on this point.

You may have read in the papers of Conan Doyle's attempts to lay the ghost of Lenin. Some people living in a house in London where the Marxian dictator had once lived, found themselves—or, as you would say, *thought* they found themselves—haunted by his ghost.

Sir Arthur visited the house, and took with him the Rev. Vale Owen, a well known clergyman, and myself, both of whom he had found useful as instrumentalities in his psychical experiments.

No one was more surprised than I was when—quite contrary to my own intentions at the time—*I* laid the ghost of Lenin. At least I got the credit for doing so—and that credit, vouched for by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, changed the whole course of my life.

I had never known there were so many people who were troubled with ghosts—beg pardon, who thought they were. Requests came in from all over the world, asking me to perform a service similar to that which I had apparently performed for those harassed Londoners.

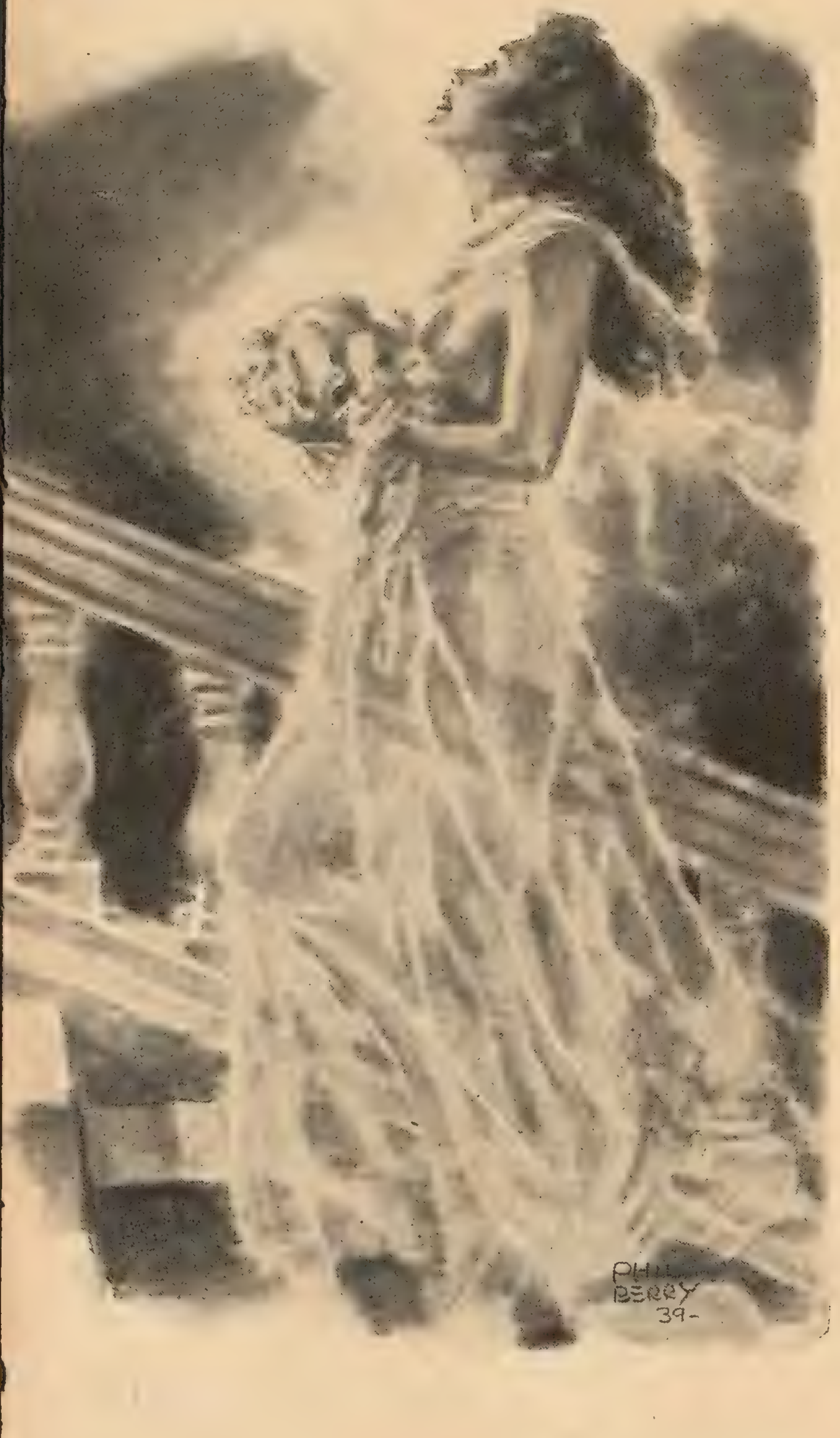
At first I laughed at these epistles, and at myself. A ghost layer! That was good. But the number of them and the sincerity of them finally wore me down. I began experimenting with this alleged power of mine, and found that I could voluntarily give myself up to some other self whose gifts were quite different from my own.

I cannot explain what happens to me as clearly as I could wish, because I do not know much about it myself. But I am told by those who have listened to me under these conditions that I speak without a trace of the British accent normally mine, and in a mellow voice of distinctly Oriental quality, and that I use the terms

New, strange stories from life . . . for liberals with common sense to ponder

By HORACE LEAF, F. R. G. S.

ILLUSTRATION BY PHIL BERRY



"sahib" and "memsahib" instead of "sir" and "madam." Make what you will of that!

The point is that year after year my reputation as a ghost layer has steadily increased, and that it has taken me all over the world.

I was not surprised, therefore, to find myself, in the late summer of 1931, in New Orleans, a guest in an eighteenth-century house which boasted, among other attractions, the loveliest ghost I have ever known.

The house itself was almost as beautiful as the beautiful girl who haunted it. It was situated in the picturesque Old French Quarter of the city. Its exterior was enriched by semicircular verandas with elaborate iron railings wrought by slaves. Its interior featured a noble marble staircase.

"I have dismissed my servants for the night," said my white-haired host, as he led me to a door which gave on a courtyard. "We shall not be interrupted."

"At least, not by living things," I said.

He laughed uneasily and switched off the electric lights. The great house was apparently in total darkness except for a flickering candle. Holding this high above his head, he bade me precede him into the courtyard.

It was a moonless, starless night. I was vaguely aware of vegetation, of leaves shimmering in the candlelight. Then all was still again, and black.

"I think," said my host, "that I owe you an explanation of the happenings which preceded the manifestations you are to observe tonight. My ancestors on my father's side came to what is now Louisiana with Ferrier. My mother's people arrived with Don Antonio de Ulloa in 1764. Some years later the man who built this house, a great-great-uncle of mine named Simon de Rouvroy, came over from Santo Domingo, and brought slaves.

"Among the slaves were a half-caste mother with two sons and a daughter. The father had been half Negro and half Spaniard; the mother was a mixture of Negro and French. The daughter, however, showed no signs of her African blood. Judging by her ghost, she was very beautiful. At sixteen she bore my uncle a child which he afterward brutally murdered.

"The crime deranged the young mother and she soon died insane. There is every reason to believe that Simon had her strangled by a big slave called Julius in the room to which I am leading you."

"Is that where the manifestations occur?"

"You shall see. Come!"

I followed gropingly to a long row of former slave quarters. A door yielded to the turn of old Mr. de Rouvroy's key and disclosed an inner row of small rooms like cells, which had no windows—or, so far as I could see, any other ventilation.

"This little room," said my host, standing aside and bidding me enter the narrowest and darkest of them, "is where Juanita met her death."

"Juanita was the beautiful slave girl?"

"Yes. Her two brothers died here too."

"Of strangulation?"

"No. Simon didn't bother. He just chained them up and left them to suffocate. They haunt the place too. And so does Julius. We'll meet them all tonight. We'll see The Hand, too, or its work."

"The Hand?"

"Yes. One of Uncle Simon's favorite forms of torture was gradual mutilation of his victims."

By the faint light of the candle I observed that two chairs had been placed side by side in the center of the narrow room, and that a handsome Japanese screen had been set up in one corner, with a gap between it and the wall wide enough for one person to pass through.

Now, frankly, I didn't like that screen. It savored too much of magic and sleight of hand. My host must have sensed that I was a bit disturbed by it, for he told me that I would soon see the reason for it. Further to avoid suspicion, he handed me an ordinary writing pad and pencil, and asked me to place them behind the screen.

"The Hand," he said, "may wish to write."

Of course I used this opportunity to make a thorough examination of the wall. It was, you may take my word for it, unpleasantly solid. I was satisfied that the door through which we had come—and which, by the way, Mr. de Rouvroy had shut and locked after us—was the only entrance to the room.

Motioning me to one of the chairs, and seating himself in the other, he blew out his candle.

I do not know how long we waited in the darkness, but after what seemed like an interminable time, there was a noise as of people moving.

"They are here," my host remarked laconically.

He had barely uttered the words when from behind the screen there stepped one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen—slender, graceful, with a mass of lovely black hair which contrasted with her ivory skin. She was as white as the White Lady of Avenel. Her body had the allure of Aphrodite. If it is possible for a man of flesh and blood to fall in love with a ghost—and I am not at all sure that it isn't!—he might perhaps have lost his heart that night in Simon de Rouvroy's death cell.

I had a feeling the old Creole gentleman beside me was watching closely to see the effect on me.

"This is Juanita," he said pleasantly. "Juanita, let Mr. Leaf feel the texture of your hair."

To my amazement, the phantom form walked slowly up to me and, lifting a few strands of her hair, let them fall on my hand. Then, raising her long slender fingers, she threw me a kiss and receded behind the screen.

HORACE LEAF, F. R. G. S.

is a noted psychical research worker, and is technical expert to the Survival League of England. Was selected by Conan Doyle to follow in his footsteps in Australia and New Zealand. Author of books on psychic subjects. Has lectured at Dartmouth College.

"Is that all we get of Juanita?" I asked.

I again had the feeling that my host was watching me closely and with a not too friendly eye. Could it be possible that he, old man though he was, had already fallen in love with the beautiful half-caste? But when he answered my question, it was with the usual disarming casualness.

"Don't worry, my dear sir. We shall see quite enough of her before the night is over. This is the anniversary of my uncle's crime—and there is always the devil to pay here on anniversaries. Perhaps—"

He stopped abruptly. Emerging from behind the screen was a giant Negro with the arms and hands of an ape. In a stride he had crossed the cell to where I sat, and was glowering threateningly down at me.

"This is Julius, the strangler," explained my host; and as he spoke, the figure—to my great relief—sank out of sight through the floor.

My attention was now attracted by a faint scraping behind the screen, as if some one was scribbling, not with a pencil but with a bad pen. My thoughts went at once to The Hand. A sheet of paper came fluttering over the screen and fell close to my feet. Mr. de Rouvroy relit his candle. I picked up the paper and tried to read the ill-formed Spanish words written on it. I could not, and my host again snuffed his candle.

As he did so, the cathedral clock struck eleven; and as the last throb died away, I heard weeping and moaning. Every now and then I also caught the faint jangle of chains, accompanied by sighs and groans.

"The brothers," he whispered. "It doesn't look as if they were going to get through tonight."

The more attentively I listened, the more distinct these sounds became. They seemed distant, or to come through a wall, but with a persistency that was most horrible, inured though I was to ghostly phenomena.

Whether this unearthly experience caused my imagination to run riot, I cannot be sure, but I could have sworn that I saw walking about the room a stoutish Spaniard with a fine-cut beard and fierce mustaches. In one hand he carried a whip and in the other a small knife. His eyes were preternaturally bright. The whole expression of his face was terribly malignant.

Mr. de Rouvroy said he did not see this apparition at all. When, however, I described it to him, he assured me that it coincided with his great-great-uncle.

For professional reasons, I should have liked to stay longer in the death cell. It was probable, I thought, that if I succeeded in laying the old butcher's ghost first, I should have no trouble laying the others.

His great-great-nephew, however, was now as impatient as if he had an appointment he must keep. Perhaps he had! Anyhow, he insisted almost crossly that it was time to go to bed. And indeed it was, for as we groped our way back across the courtyard, the clock in the cathedral tolled out midnight.

Once again in the main house, Mr. de Rouvroy offered me a Scotch-and-soda, which I declined. I had thinking to do, and I needed a clear head. The old gentleman did not press me. He seemed tired.

But as we approached the beautiful marble staircase, all his casualness dropped from him. His body became tense, rigid. With his free hand he clutched me to save himself from falling. Then, pulling himself together, he turned once again to the staircase. It was no use. He could not bring himself to set foot on those marble steps.

Finally I drew from him the reason. It was on this staircase, a hundred years ago that very night, that Simon de Rouvroy had snatched from the arms of his favorite slave girl their newborn son, dashed out its brains, and tossed its body to the floor below.

The telling of the story seemed to give him strength. Without further ado, he started to ascend the staircase. A little more than halfway up, he stopped and pointed to the broad rail. "It was here," he said in a hoarse voice, "that my uncle brained the baby."

As he bade me a rather stiff good night at the head of the stairs, he remarked with a quizzical smile:

"We shall see what we shall see."

I was in no mood for sleep. Several things had puzzled me. Mr. de Rouvroy had been at great trouble and some expense to bring me from London to Louisiana to rid his home of these restless spirits. Yet he seemed unmistakably to enjoy their presence and to be on the friendliest terms with them. Juanita had obeyed him implicitly. Even Julius, the strangler, had melted away at his first word. . . .

Suddenly there were terrific noises in the room adjoining mine. For a moment I wondered if my host, who seemed to have lost his taste for my company, was taking this odd way of unnerving me and driving me from his house. I did him an injustice. When I opened the door and ran out on the landing, he was already there, obviously as alarmed as I was.

"Even on anniversary nights there never—" He didn't finish that sentence.

Juanita—her face distorted with grief and fright, her arms holding the bleeding body of her child—was ascending the stairs.

Her body was so transparent that we could see through it the stairs and balustrade. She passed so close to me that I could have touched her—but my arms hung helpless at my sides.

Unseeing, she glided across the landing and disappeared into the room whence the sounds had been issuing.

"My uncle's bedroom," the old gentleman managed to say, then tottered toward the stairs.

I think he would have fallen their length if I had not caught him firmly by the shoulders. He was very limp. His whole body seemed to have been drained of every bit of energy it possessed. Suddenly I knew what I should have known the moment that first specter had appeared from behind the death-cell screen.

The nephew of Simon de Rouvroy was—without knowing it—a materializing medium!

Of course, if you don't believe in ghosts, you don't in mediums; but at least you know that there are people in this world who have the gift of making specters *seem* to appear before the eyes of sensible people like yourself. You may rest assured that Mr. de Rouvroy was one of these people, and that—if you insist—he "fooled" me and "fooled" himself as I have described.

Personally, I believe, too, that this elderly aristocrat used his mediumistic powers—unconsciously of course—to bring these spirits out of their hiding places to make for him a ghostly holiday.

But that is neither here nor there.

If he had a sufficiently good reason for wishing to rid his property of these phantoms, he would be quite willing to stay away and give me a free chance to labor with them.

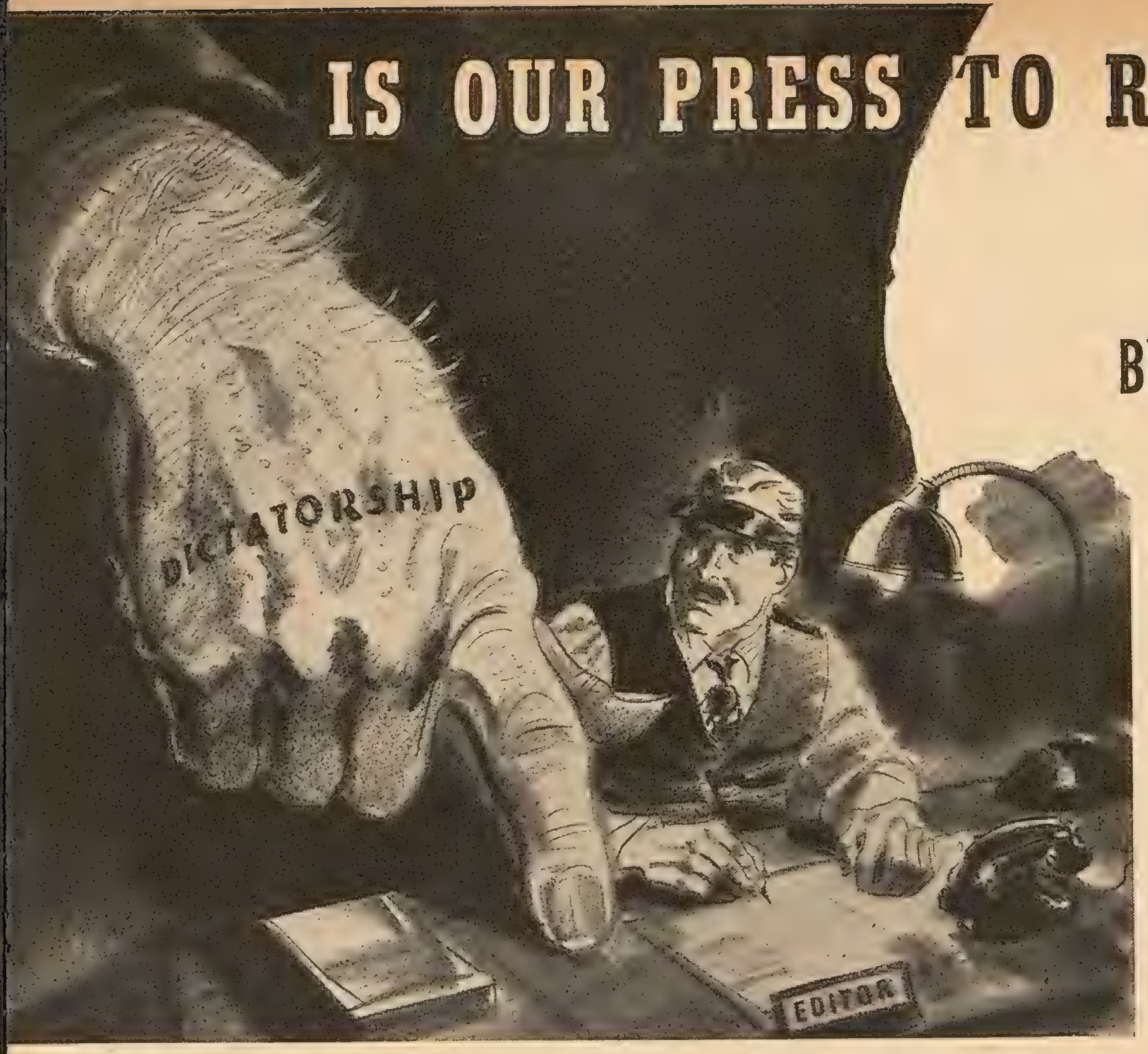
Fortunately, he did have a very good reason for desiring to render his estate ghostless. He wished to sell his property, so that he might go to France to live in the land of his ancestors—a goal which, I am happy to say, I was able to help him achieve.

I'll wager, though, that he sometimes thinks fondly, perhaps regretfully, of the beautiful Juanita!

An even more amazing story of another of his cases as a psychic detective will be told by Mr. Leaf in Liberty next week.

IS OUR PRESS TO REMAIN FREE?

BY GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY



An arresting look at a new idea out of Washington and what might come of it

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

A FREE press must be a solvent press.

When newspapers and magazines get subsidies from the government, or a political party, or an individual who guarantees to make up a deficit—then there is no freedom. Such publications are biased organs of particular attitudes.

In all totalitarian countries the press is enslaved to government. In Soviet Russia the government owns all the newspapers, all the magazines, all the radio stations. Every avenue of news or opinion is biased according to government dictation.

In Germany, Italy, Japan, Poland, Hungary, and most other countries in the world the government controls all publications, no matter who owns them. When Herr Goebbels sends a story, it must be printed; when he issues an order dictating an editorial policy, that must be the policy; when he instructs that a certain item of news be suppressed, it must be suppressed. That is absolute law. Similar law exists in other totalitarian countries.

In the United States the press is free. Anybody can start a newspaper or a magazine. Anybody can try to make his publication succeed through circulation and advertising. Look at any railway newsstand and see the vast variety of publications representing every shade of political or nonpolitical opinion, every religious sect, every human activity. Some are published in foreign languages. Those you see are a small fraction of the dailies and weeklies and monthlies published in the United States.

These publications are *not enslaved* to any government, political party, or individual because they are not economically dependent. They are run as business enterprises for the service of consumers. They can be independent because advertising makes them solvent.

You might ask: "Does not the advertiser control these publications?" The answer to that is that there are so many advertisers with such varied interests and such differences of attitude and points of view, that a newspaper or a magazine cannot be controlled. For instance, take Remington Rand. Although this company advertises very extensively, when they had a series of strikes, newspapers and magazines in this country published all sides of the strike news. I am prepared to prove that the labor groups in this strike got most of the breaks in the news. It is always like that.

There have been many attacks on advertising, on the character and quality of advertising. Some of these attacks are based on the belief that a certain "ad" or a certain product is no good. Some feel that the advertisement is fraudulent or misrepresents.

When the criticism is based upon truth, it justifies itself. Newspapers, magazines, reputable advertising agencies, manufacturers, the Federal Trade Commission, all try to keep advertising fair and honest—and generally they succeed.

This has to do with the *quality* and *character* of advertising. In this effort there is, and should be, the widest and frankest co-operation, because no one wants to be a partner in misrepresentation. Mistakes are made and they are corrected, as in all things in life.

But this has nothing to do with the solvency of the press. Kicking the occasional crooked "ad" out of a magazine does not hurt the magazine. It helps it. It strengthens it.

Now, however, an effort is being made to control the *quantity* of advertising, to set up yardsticks for the *quantity* of advertising which will definitely affect the solvency and, therefore, the freedom of the press. With regard to that, not only publishers but the general public must be vigilant. For who wants to spend his life reading nothing but press-agented stuff put out by government bureaus for a slave press? That's what happens when the press is insolvent and controlled.

Thurman Arnold, an Assistant Attorney General of the United States, who used to be a professor of law at Yale, has special ideas about advertising. And they are dangerous ideas when we think of them in terms of the solvency of the American press. Because if his ideas control us, not only will our newspapers and magazines have reduced earnings but, in time, reduced freedom.

Thurman Arnold issued a release to the press on November 7, 1938. As you may recall, the very next day was Election Day, and therefore all minds were concentrated on senators and congressmen and governors, and nobody had too much time for anything else. So his momentous news release attracted too little attention. It was not until the Washington columnist, David Lawrence, let out a howl about Mr. Arnold's new theory on the control of the quantity of advertising that even the newspapers saw the cloven hoof.

It all came about in this manner: The government has for some time been after the automobile industry and the finance companies on the ground that the three great automobile companies each recommend one particular finance company to lend you the money to pay for your car. The automobile companies say that they want to deal with somebody who is absolutely responsible, but the government says it's a monopoly. And so Mr. Arnold's job is to bring these companies—automobile and finance—into a court, charged with breaches of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law, to be tried by a judge and to be found guilty or not guilty, as the case may be. So far, none of this has anything to do either with advertising or the press.

So Mr. Arnold, instead of trying the cases in court, enters into negotiations with the companies, and he sets up the terms under which he will agree not to push the cases. One of the terms has to do with advertising. Of course he will admit that the Sherman Anti-Trust Law has nothing whatever to say about advertising or the press, but that does not prevent him from bringing the question up.

Ford and Chrysler agree to abide by Thurman Arnold's idea if General Motors also comes in. But General Motors decides to stay out of the arrangement and to trust to the courts. So if the court finds General Motors guilty under the Sherman Anti-Trust Law, then all the companies have to abide by Thurman Arnold's ideas. If the court holds General Motors innocent, then all the companies are innocent and the agreement with Thurman Arnold is thrown out of the window. I don't know anything about it, but I am wondering if the two companies did not know in advance that the third company would stand for the rap anyhow.

NOW, in the announcement concerning this transaction which was issued on the day before Election Day, Thurman Arnold raises the question of the government control of the quantity of advertising. Let me quote as much as I can from his own statement:

4b. *Restrictions upon Manufacturer Advertising of Particular Finance Companies. Importance of these Advertising Restrictions as a Precedent in other Cases.*

By the provisions of these decrees, a step is also made toward restricting advertising to its proper field—which is the promotion of sales—and toward preventing its use for the fostering of monopoly and monopolistic practices. The decrees in the present cases may become most important precedents in preventing the misuse of advertising power in other fields.

Monopoly is fostered when advertising is used to put competitors at a disadvantage for the sole reason that they do not have resources sufficient to expend equally large sums in advertising particular products or the services of particular companies. In the automobile financing field vast sums are spent by the manufacturers to advertise the services of particular finance companies. Other finance companies must spend a like amount or go out of business. A wasteful system of distribution of services is thus set up.

Like conditions obtain in the advertising of commodities, vast sums being expended to advertise particular brands of such common products as gasoline and milk. In the oil industry, to take one example, refiners are deprived of their market because of the belief induced by great expenditure that good gasoline is sold only under particular trade names. The use of trade names itself is old in our law and has a proper function in identifying to the public the goods of manufacturers known for their reliability and integrity. But with the advent of modern advertising the trade name has taken on a new use. By a variety of modern refinements upon the methods of the circus barker, advertising is used to build up public preference for the products of one producer or manufacturer solely because he has the most advertising money and can make the most noise. To meet the monopoly control which this advertising gives, the antitrust laws by themselves are inadequate. Such a method of advertising has never been held to be violative of the antitrust laws, and the legality of its use, in the absence of positive fraud, has not been questioned. Nevertheless, the purpose of the antitrust laws will be furthered if advertising is limited to its proper function of building up consumption, and if restrictions are placed against its use for the purpose of giving a monopoly advantage to the competitor with the largest pocketbook. Where advertising stresses the peculiar qualities of common goods under a particular trade name, competitors must either go out of business or spend like large sums in building up their own trade names for the same common commodity. The result is either a wasteful system of distribution on the one hand, or monopoly on the other.

I want to call your attention to some of the novelties that Thurman Arnold gets into this statement. In the first paragraph, for instance, he makes the important inference that if he gets away with limiting the quantity of advertising this time, it will form a precedent for future action; and that that action will be taken even though *Congress has never passed a single law authorizing the government to interfere with the quantity of advertising.*

In the second paragraph, Mr. Arnold makes a very novel point indeed. But why limit it to the quantity of advertising? If Company A can afford to put 500 salesmen in the field and Company B only 100 salesmen, it is possible and even probable that Company A will do better business than Company B. Therefore, according to Mr. Arnold's ideas, Company A engages in monopolistic practices. It should be required to employ only 100 salesmen or be tried under the Sherman Anti-Trust Law. Or suppose one restaurant has good-looking waitresses, bright, snappy, friendly. And another restaurant has sloppy, ugly, "fresh" waitresses. Why should not the first restaurant's good business be called a monopoly, and why should not Mr. Arnold force it to hire ugly, dumpy, and sassy waitresses as well? If it's sauce for the gander, why not for the goose?

Then Mr. Arnold enters into a tirade about advertising trade names. As I have conclusively proved in ten articles in Liberty, the greatest protection the consumer has against fraud is the advertised trade name. But there is a further point: Nobody is going to advertise if he gets no benefits from it. Imagine Socony or Blue Sonoco or Esso advertising "Use gasoline"!

ANYBODY who has a car knows he has to use gasoline. But these companies say: "Use our nationally advertised, trade-named gasoline because we stand behind its quality!"

Forbid them to use trade names and they will cease advertising. *The consumer will lose the protection that comes from a trade name. The newspapers and magazines will lose revenue. The public will lose a free and independent press.*

Is that Mr. Arnold's goal?

Franklin D. Roosevelt, when he was Governor of the State of New York, once said:

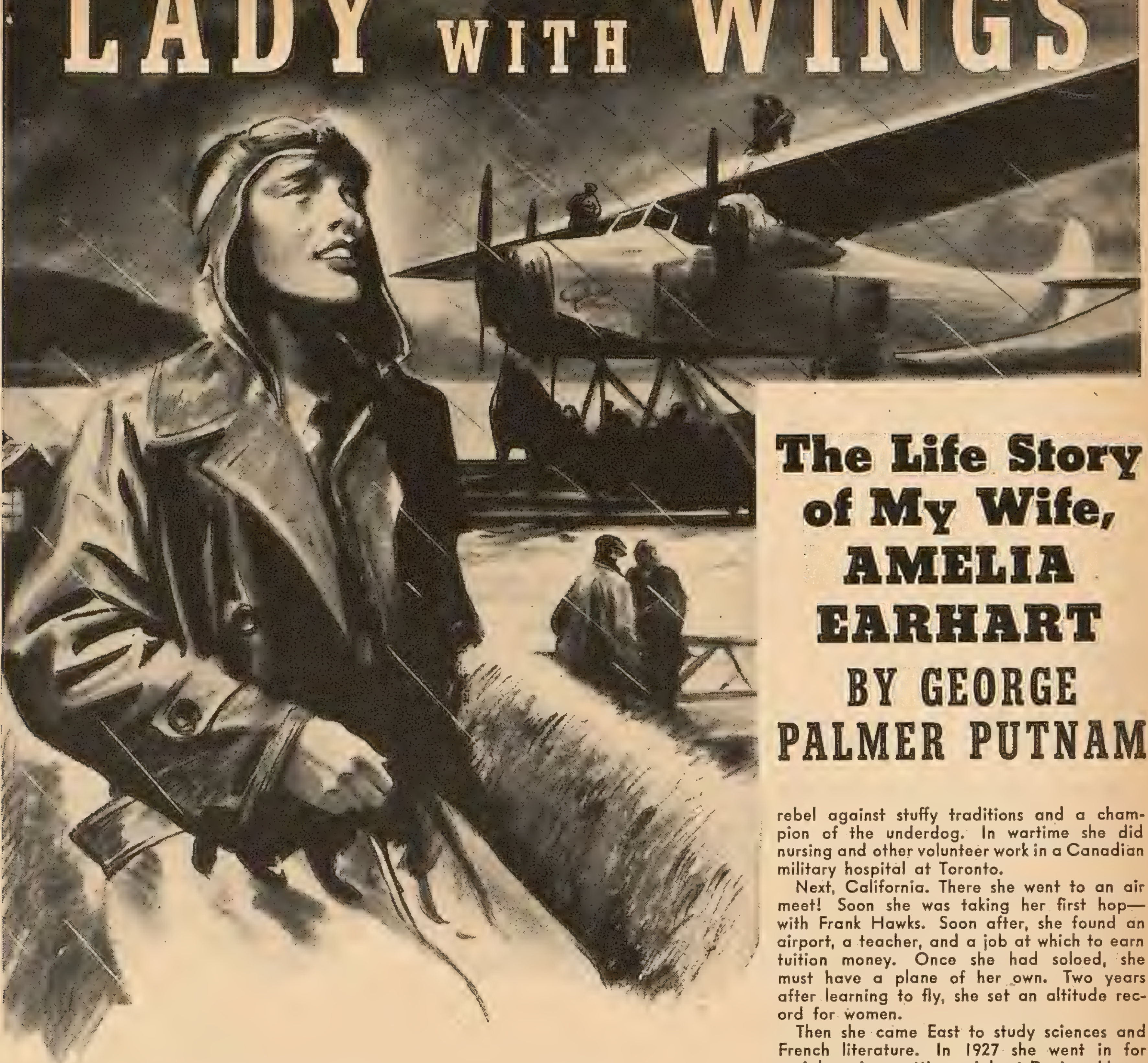
"It is a generally recognized fact that the general raising of the standards of modern civilization among all groups of people during the past half century would have been impossible without the spreading of the knowledge of higher standards by means of advertising."

But even more than raising the standard of living, advertising has freed the press from the corruptive influence of government and political subsidy. It has made it possible for the press to remain free. Because of advertising, newspapers and magazines can publish all sides of all questions. Recently Liberty published an article on the Jews by H. G. Wells which was definitely opposite to Mr. Macfadden's editorial policy, and the next week it published an article by Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt which was the opposite of Mr. Wells' position. The Scripps-Howard newspapers publish columns by Raymond Clapper, General Hugh Johnson, Heywood Broun, Eleanor Roosevelt, and Westbrook Pegler, who are all over the map in their ideas. The Herald Tribune regularly publishes articles by Walter Lippmann, Dorothy Thompson, Mark Sullivan, and myself, and never were four so different in attitude.

And the explanation is that the press is free. It is free because it does not depend on subsidies but gets its earnings out of circulation and advertising. It is free because it is solvent. It is free because advertising keeps it free.

THE END

LADY WITH WINGS



The Life Story of My Wife, AMELIA EARHART

BY GEORGE PALMER PUTNAM

"I've started this thing. I'm going through with it."

Things never told before!—Now a stirring chronicle reveals the startling prelude to a shining adventure

READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

Beginning her life story, Amelia Earhart's husband made public in Liberty last week a letter she handed to him on their wedding day, February 7, 1931. After reminding him of her feeling that to marry would "shatter chances in work which means so much to me," she wrote: "I shall not hold you to any medieval code of faithfulness to me, nor shall I consider myself bound to you similarly. . . . I must exact a cruel promise, and that is you will let me go in a year if we find no happiness together." That letter, he observed, documents "the structure of a gallant inward spirit."

Her father was the youngest son of a small-college professor who had been a Lutheran minister. Having worked his way through the University of Kansas, he fell in love; but Amy Otis' father, one of Atchison's founders, wouldn't consent until young Earhart's law practice should have netted him fifty dollars a month for six months. In exactly that length of time the boy made good. He and Amy got married. They had two daughters, Muriel and Amelia.

As a child in Atchison, Amelia was imaginative, adventurous, and fearless. After the family had moved to Des Moines, the nature of her father's work, and then a breakdown of his health, caused numerous interruptions of the children's schooling. Amelia in four years attended six high schools. Finally graduated, she went to Ogontz. Already she was a rebel against stuffy traditions and a champion of the underdog. In wartime she did nursing and other volunteer work in a Canadian military hospital at Toronto.

Next, California. There she went to an air meet! Soon she was taking her first hop—with Frank Hawks. Soon after, she found an airport, a teacher, and a job at which to earn tuition money. Once she had soloed, she must have a plane of her own. Two years after learning to fly, she set an altitude record for women.

Then she came East to study sciences and French literature. In 1927 she went in for social service, getting a job at Denison House in South Boston. Lindbergh flew the Atlantic—and with Amelia it was a maxim that women "must try to do things as men have tried." One day in 1928 there came a phone call from a stranger to her, a Mr. Hilton Railey in New York:

"Miss Earhart, would you like to fly the Atlantic Ocean?"

PART TWO—
A HAZARD AND A DILEMMA

SHE was not one to be without her self-possession for long. "Who could refuse such a shining adventure?" she replied simply. "When is the flight to be made?"

"In a month or six weeks," said the voice, and hurried on to explain. The purpose of the call was merely to learn, for the moment, whether AE would consider making such a flight if, after an interview with the sponsors and their representatives, it was decided that she was the woman they were looking for.

Mentally, while absorbing what

Railey had to say, she was untwisting immediate problems. Six weeks would bring the time of the proposed flight into summer months. And her contract with Denison House entitled her to a summer vacation. . . .

Railey was adding details: She would not actually fly the plane—a trimotored Fokker later named the Friendship—but would cross as the first woman passenger. She would receive no remuneration; merely the chance to make the trip—provided the sponsors liked her after seeing her. If arrangements were made for her to come to New York, would she come?

She answered without hesitation that she would. A date was arranged, and she hung up the receiver of the telephone. She stood there silently for a moment, her gray eyes bright. A telephone call had put her—win, lose, or draw—back in aviation to stay.

The full story of the flight of the Friendship and the days preceding it has never been told. I intend to reveal here publicly, for the first time, the story of how the entire project came desperately near an abrupt end before it got fairly under way.

My first connection with it came about when I was told that Mrs. Frederick Guest, the former Amy Phipps of Pittsburgh, planned to be the first woman to cross the Atlantic by air. She had acquired the ship when members of her family objected so strongly that, with reluctance, she dropped the idea.

On one point, however, she was steadfast. There should be a flight—and she wanted a woman to make it.

I was commissioned to find that woman.

Mrs. Guest made it explicit that the woman to be chosen should be an American girl who would measure up to adequate standards of American womanhood. She must have good breeding, poise, intelligence.

I phoned my friend Captain Hilton Railey, who was in Boston, for help.

"There's a young woman doing settlement work in Boston," he soon informed me. "She's supposed to be the one who set a woman's altitude record out on the Coast some years ago. I don't know whether she's still interested actively in flying, but she fills the bill otherwise. Name's Amelia M. Earhart."

Amelia Earhart! I'd never heard of her.

"Would you sound her out?" I asked. "And, if she's interested in being considered, fetch her here to meet me and representatives of Mrs. Guest?"

He said he would—and forthwith put in the telephone call that took AE from her class at Denison House. Soon after, she came on to New York. I remember, quite vividly, that morning. The morning I met the slender girl who, three years later, was to become my wife.

A PUBLISHER is destined constantly to have many irons (some of which he hopes will get hot) in the fire. I did at that particular time. The proposed flight of the Friendship was one of them. I was harassed with business complexities—and cross.

I remember particularly that I was cross. This girl had kept her appointment promptly. I kept her waiting a full hour. She didn't like that. She didn't like me. I remember thinking later that it was remarkable, in its way, that she had been civil to me at all.

A legend still accepted as gospel in some quarters is that AE was chosen from among all the known female flyers in the country to make the Atlantic flight because she looked like Charles Lindbergh. It cannot be denied that there was a certain physical similarity—and so the fairy tale has persisted. On the day she came into my office to be scrutinized, I can say—without minimizing her unquestionable attractiveness—that not only did her looks make no particular impression on me but she could not have resembled the Colonel very much or I would have noticed it.

If she was closely studied, it is clear, from what she later wrote with quiet humor, that she was no less busy studying those who questioned her—David T. Layman, Jr., and John S. Phipps, representatives of the flight's backer. AE wrote:

"I was interviewed . . . and found myself in a curious situation. If they did not like me at all, or found me wanting in too many respects, I would be deprived of the trip. If they liked me too well, they might be loath to drown me. It was, therefore, necessary for me to maintain an attitude of impenetrable mediocrity. Apparently I did, because I was chosen."

After she was chosen, the details concerning her status in the flight were quickly settled. It will be well to set them down here again.

AE always stuck to it that she made the 1928 flight as a passenger—and she did. That was the result of certain personal equations involved. However, while not the pilot, she actually was in command of the expedition. About a month before take-off time, she and those concerned in the flight were handed a letter composed by its sponsors. It read:

"On the arrival in Trepassey [Newfoundland] of the trimotored Fokker plane Friendship, if any questions of policy, procedure, personnel, or any other nature arise, the decision of Miss Amelia M. Earhart is to be final. She is to have control of the plane and of the disposal of the services of all employees as fully as if she were the owner. . . ."

Later it was said that AE had planned the flight for a year. Actually, only a little more than six weeks passed between the time the backers first heard of her and the take-off.

As with most money-earning persons in the public eye, there was to be, later, occasional criticism of AE on the grounds that she did the things she did for the sake of money. One of the most outstanding of her qualities, I was to learn, was a total absence of concern for financial gain for herself. For a person with a perfectly sound business sense, she was as little acquisitive as any one I've ever known.

IN the light of these facts, the financial details of the Friendship flight are enlightening.

The sponsor of the flight, Mrs. Guest, was to pay the pilot, Wilmer Stultz, $20,000—which she did—and Lou Gordon, the mechanic, $5,000—which she did. She was to pay Amelia nothing—which she did.

In fact, AE's arrangements, from the very beginning, specified that whatever she might receive from newspaper writing in connection with the venture was to be turned back by her into the flight funds. The New York Times purchased a set of articles from her and, through syndication, they earned $12,460. The amount returned out of that was $12,460. The financial net to her of the Friendship flight was exactly zero.

All that she asked was the chance to make the flight.

I do not mean to imply that she did not recognize the value of money, in the common-sense manner of those who have been in extremely modest circumstances. But her interest in the wage always remained secondary to her interest in the job itself.

At the time she agreed to make the Friendship flight she was actually in debt—with slender hope of wiping out that debt through savings from her Denison House salary. She returned to Denison House unaware that she was already an embryonic heroine. Possessed of honest simplicity herself, lacking any quality that makes for sensationalism, she had no concept of the stir the flight was to create.

Swearing Miss Perkins of Denison House to secrecy, she told her about it—and added quite seriously:

"I'll be back for summer school. I have weighed the values of social work. I want to stay in it."

The intention from the first was to keep plans for the flight secret, lest publicity hamper progress. Since AE had visited Boston flying fields, she kept away while the ship was being conditioned.

She did steal out to the East Boston hangar where the ship was kept, for her first look at it. She liked the look of its golden wings with their spread of seventy-two feet. The red-orange of the fuselage blended with the gold. If the Friendship came down at sea, such boats as might be in the vicinity could spot orange at a greater distance than any other color.

On the day that she saw the ship, mechanics and welders were working on the struts for the pontoons that were to replace its wheels. It was the consensus—a crucial technical decision—that pontoons were the right equipnt for this particular flying job; but there was no way of telling in advance that such equipment would prove practicable.

AE had no chance to take part in any of the test flying, and the first time she was off the water in the ship was the Sunday morning it left Boston. Meanwhile, airport idlers were permitted to believe it was for the use of Admiral Richard E. Byrd in his Antarctic expedition. The pilot, Bill Stultz, and the mechanic, Lou Gordon, were able to busy themselves about the ship, for it was understood that they were to be Byrd employees.

Plans were simple. The ship, when ready, would fly to Trepassey, a tiny fishing village on the southern shore of Newfoundland. At Trepassey ship and crew would await word of good weather from New York.

Swiftly the equipment was prepared and the plane made ready. AE, up to now, had managed to perform some of her duties as a social service worker at Denison House. Now she held herself in readiness. Captain Railey went to England to be on hand there. I shuttled between New York and Boston.

Everything seemed ready—except the weather, then more important than now as a factor in transoceanic flying. In addition to the meager reports being sent by ships at sea to the United States Weather Bureau, the flight had a private service: special digests of the British weather reports cabled to New York each morning, together with meteorological data radioed from ships in the lanes. All the information was co-ordinated at the New York office of the Weather Bureau, and it is easy to see how AE arrived at the warm conviction that no flight could have a better friend than Dr. James H. Kimball, who has watched so unceasingly over the meteorological fortunes of such ocean travelers.

WAITING—always trying when there is a hazardous task ahead —was the lot of the Friendship's crew. A week passed. AE and I spent much time in Brimmer Street with the Byrds. Dick's quiet wife, Marie, watching her ménage become quietly engulfed in Antarctic supplies, from pemmican and Primus stoves to parkas and ice axes, smiled ruefully and told us: "I wouldn't be a bit surprised to come down one morning and find a team of sled dogs being harnessed in the hall."

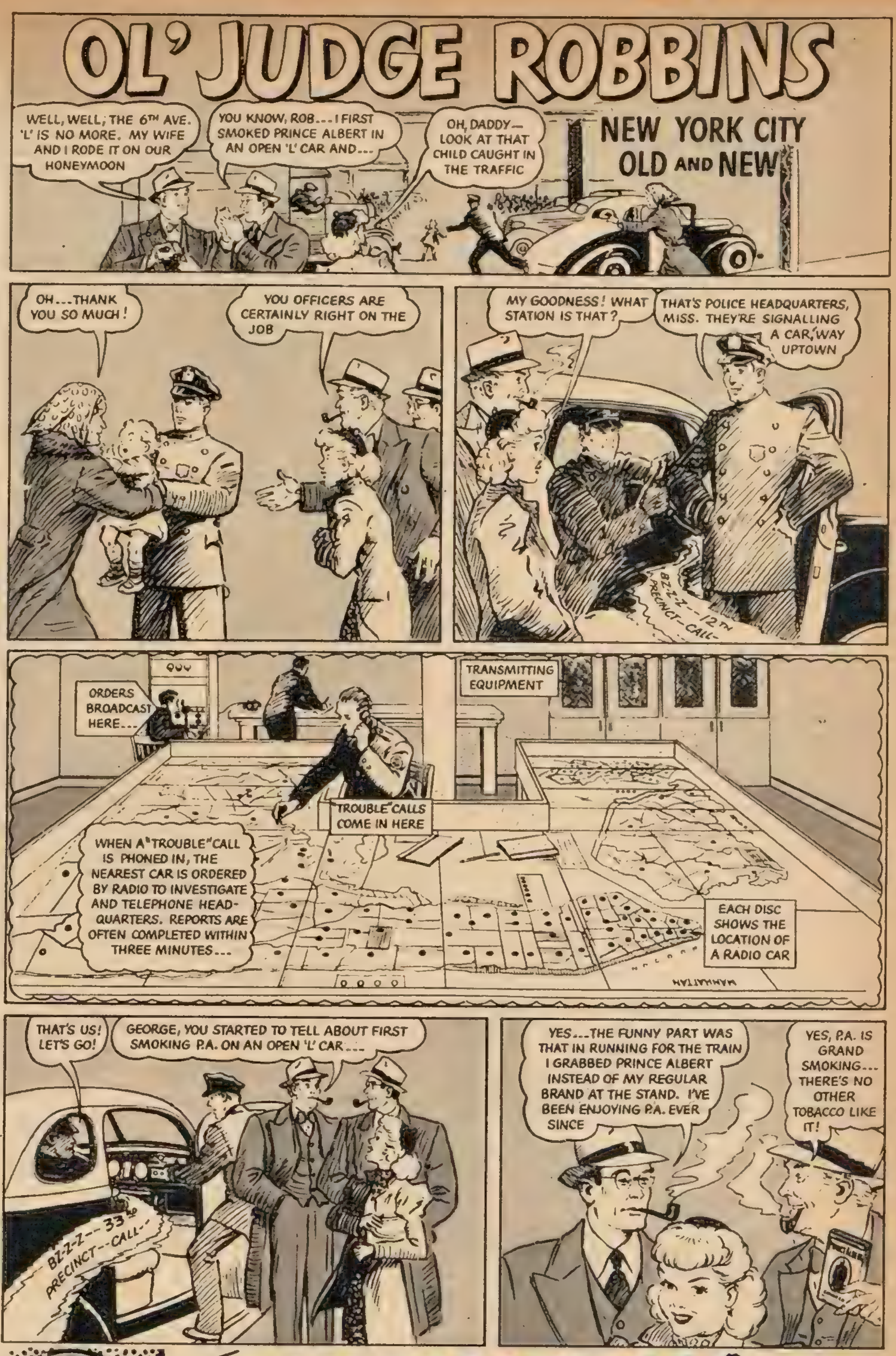
Scotty Allen was on hand, advising about sled dogs out of his vast Klondike experiences. AE, delighted, managed to get him to one side and listened attentively as he spun dog stories for her by the hour.

One day she came upon some particularly intriguing piece of polar paraphernalia and said: "Simpkin! Look at this." She was speaking to me.

"Why?" I asked.

"Why?" She was genuinely puzzled. "Why what?"

"Why 'Simpkin'? It's the second


OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
WELL, WELL; THE 6TH AVE. 'L' IS NO MORE. MY WIFE AND I RODE IT ON OUR HONEYMOON
YOU KNOW, ROB---I FIRST SMOKED PRINCE ALBERT IN AN OPEN 'L' CAR AND---
OH, DADDY— LOOK AT THAT CHILD CAUGHT IN THE TRAFFIC
NEW YORK CITY OLD AND NEW
OH---THANK YOU SO MUCH!
YOU OFFICERS ARE CERTAINLY RIGHT ON THE JOB
MY GOODNESS! WHAT STATION IS THAT?
THAT'S POLICE HEADQUARTERS, MISS. THEY'RE SIGNALLING A CAR, WAY UPTOWN
BZZ-Z-Z--12TH PRECINCT--CALL--
ORDERS BROADCAST HERE---
TRANSMITTING EQUIPMENT
TROUBLE CALLS COME IN HERE
WHEN A "TROUBLE" CALL IS PHONED IN, THE NEAREST CAR IS ORDERED BY RADIO TO INVESTIGATE AND TELEPHONE HEADQUARTERS. REPORTS ARE OFTEN COMPLETED WITHIN THREE MINUTES---
EACH DISC SHOWS THE LOCATION OF A RADIO CAR
MANHATTAN
THAT'S US! LET'S GO!
GEORGE, YOU STARTED TO TELL ABOUT FIRST SMOKING P.A. ON AN OPEN 'L' CAR---
BZ-Z-Z--33RD PRECINCT--CALL--
YES---THE FUNNY PART WAS THAT IN RUNNING FOR THE TRAIN I GRABBED PRINCE ALBERT INSTEAD OF MY REGULAR BRAND AT THE STAND. I'VE BEEN ENJOYING P.A. EVER SINCE
YES, P.A. IS GRAND SMOKING--- THERE'S NO OTHER TOBACCO LIKE IT!

CALLING ALL PIPE FANS—
TO TASTY, "NO-BITE" SMOKING

PRINCE ALBERT **PACKS RIGHT**—THAT MEANS IT **BURNS SLOWER, SMOKES COOLER** TOO—AND WITH A **DRIER BOWL**

'MAKIN'S' CIGARETTES, TOO, **SMOKE MELLOWER** WITH P.A. AND **ROLL FASTER, SMOOTHER** WITH THAT SPECIAL CRIMP CUT

NO RISK TO TRY P. A.

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

SO MILD!

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every handy tin of Prince Albert

Copyright, 1939, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

time, I believe, you've called me that. Why?"

I discovered then, for the first time, the name-coining propensity that had been hers since childhood.

"That was the name of the cat," she said.

"What cat?"

"The cat that belonged to the Tailor of Gloucester."

"Would you mind . . . ?"

"It's like this," she explained, and her eyes were bright with the memory of a story read in childhood days. "This tailor lived alone with his cat, called Simpkin. Now, Simpkin was a cat who believed that if it was wise to hold one mouse in reserve against the danger of finding time idle on one's hands—or paws—then holding a good number of mice in reserve would be wiser. So Simpkin kept a whole lot of mice always available. He housed each one under an inverted teacup."

Realization, I am afraid, dawned a little slowly. And then, suddenly, I understood. AE had observed in me a parallel to Simpkin's way of doing things; for she perceived that, important as the project of which she was the center had become, it was really just one of a group of enterprises in which I was engaged.

Apparently one mouse at a time was not enough. And so she privately called me Simpkin.

Still we waited!

Day after day, when the weather was right in Boston for a take-off, it was bad in mid-Atlantic. Or the harbor was too glassy calm for a take-off. AE went to see a play—The Good Hope—in which Eva Le Gallienne was appearing. There was a recurring line in that play that was to haunt her thoughts days later. It was: "The fish are dearly paid for."

One day some pictures of her were taken. One of them was to start the long enduring legend of the Lindbergh resemblance. It was taken on the roof of the Copley-Plaza Hotel.

While awaiting weather she wrote instructions, on two sheets of flimsy paper, for the disposition of her affairs. She also wrote two short notes to her parents.

The instructions began: "This is hardly a will, for I leave no appreciable estate." She listed her debts—which were in excess of one thousand dollars. Next she specified that one lonely bond she owned should be sold, as should her car and some stock in the Kinner Airplane and Denison Airport companies, to pay the debts, the balance to be given to her mother. "My regret," she concluded, "is that I leave just now. In a few years I feel I could have laid by something substantial, for so many new things were opening for me. . . . Selah!"

The letters I came across among the papers left behind after her disappearance in 1937. Unopened, exactly as she had filed them, held together by a weary age-dried rubber band. Clipped to the envelopes, in AE's penciled writing, was the bald notation: "Popping-off letters."

Does this look like Lindy? It's the photo of "AE" that began the legend.

They were to be delivered to her parents if the flight ended in disaster. The first read:

"Dear Dad:

"Hooray for the last grand adventure! I wish I had won, but it was worth while anyway. You know that.

"I have no faith we'll meet anywhere again, but I wish we might.

"Anyway, good-by and good luck to you.

"Affectionately, your doter,

"MILL."

In the letter to her mother she declared:

"Even though I have lost, the adventure was worth while. Our family tends to be too secure. My life has really been very happy and I didn't mind contemplating its end in the midst of it."

And still bad weather held the Friendship's crew of three in Boston as the first week of nerve-frazzling delay stretched to two. And then one day occurred a complication that has never been put in print before.

Mabel Boll, sometimes nicknamed "the Diamond Queen," had not only well publicized jewels but a yen for a place in the public prints—and her share of innate courage as well. She suddenly decided that *she* wanted to be the first woman to fly the Atlantic. With a good deal more impulse than planning, she obtained herself a pla
Her next need was a crack pilot.

Where could she find a better man for the job than her old friend Bill Stultz?

She located Bill in Boston and put it squarely to him. She wanted to fly the Atlantic and she wanted to fly at once and she wanted him to pilot her plane.

Bill was in a spot. He did his conscientious best to sidestep, yet he couldn't explain his reason; for, like the rest of us, he had promised absolute secrecy.

When Miss Boll encountered evasiveness and refusals on his part, she began to grow peremptory. She reached Bill by telephone and insisted that he come to New York at once.

And so, for one maddening day, the Friendship's pilot vanished from Boston. To our nervous tension was added the upsetting realization that the man on whom the entire flight hinged had, without taking any of us into his confidence, suddenly quit town. Had we known of his errand we would have felt even worse.

It was Dick Byrd who salvaged things. Bill returned, torn between the demands of a persuasive woman who, he explained, was an old friend, and the fact that he had already verbally contracted to fly the Friendship across the Atlantic. He sought the counsel of Byrd.

"What'll I do, Dick?" he asked miserably. "She wants me to fly *her* across. Insists that I must."

"Does Miss Boll know anything about the Friendship?"

"Not a thing," replied Bill. "I agreed to keep our plans secret. I have."

"I'm sure you have, Bill," said Byrd. "But you've also cast your fortunes with the Friendship, haven't you? You've asked my advice. This is it: Keep your fortunes cast with the Friendship."

Bill Stultz agreed to do just that—and stuck firmly to his word. The episode, when we learned of it, gave us grim hours, for we could appreciate that Bill had been tossed on the horns of a dilemma at the very moment when he, of all the persons directly concerned, most needed every bit of composure he could contrive.

Mabel had a way with her when she wanted something done, and I've always admired Bill for sticking it out.

We did manage at the time to keep all this from AE, who had her own mental state to consider.

The weather broke right on a Sunday—after nearly three weeks. Already there had been three false starts, but this time word came through at one thirty in the morning that conditions looked favorable.

Out of the hotel in Boston the little party stole. They crossed Boston Harbor and went to the plane, moored off the yacht club.

No good-bys! There had been so many—and so little going. The weather was fine, they took to the air, and (*Continued on page 30*)

Quick! Easy! Spick-and-Span Shaves with This

THIN
Gillette
BLADES
Gillette

New Gillette Blade at ½ Price!

New Kind of Edges on the Easy-Flexing New Thin Gillette Blade Give You Good-Looking, Refreshing Shaves Every Time

4 for 10c
8 for 19c

GENUINE shaving comfort at rock-bottom cost! That's what the new Thin Gillette Blade gives you. Making full use of its world-renowned facilities Gillette has produced a top-quality razor blade that sells at 10c for 4—the lowest price in Gillette's history. The Thin Gillette gives quicker, easier, better-looking shaves . . . protects your face from smart and irritation caused by misfit blades. Cutting edges of an entirely new kind, honed on steel hard enough to cut glass, assure these and other important benefits. Buy a package of Thin Gillette Blades from your dealer today. You'll like them and save money.

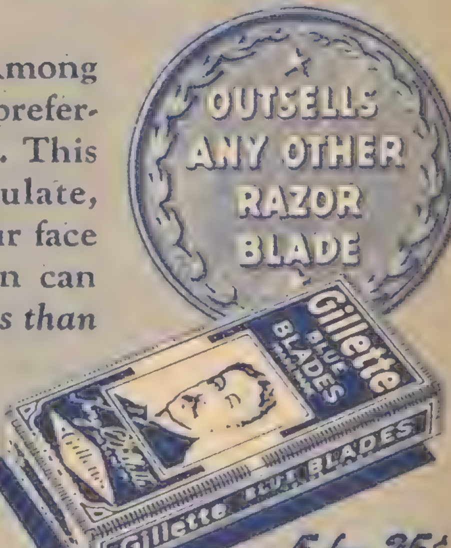
Gillette Has What It Takes to Make the World's Finest Razor Blades

IT takes what Gillette alone has to produce razor blades of true Gillette quality. That means a world of resources, equipment that cost a fortune and years of knowing how. We could tell you a lot about scientific processes and laboratory quality control, but the facts are these—and you can prove them yourself—Gillette Blades give you far more shaving comfort and satisfaction for your money *always.* No wonder Gillette is famous the world over.

You Men Who Want Utmost Shaving Luxury of Course Demand...

The Gillette Blue Blade

THERE'S one best in everything. Among razor blades, based on world preference, it's the Gillette Blue Blade. This heavy-duty blade gives immaculate, comfortable shaves that make your face look and feel its best. Every man can afford this luxury—for it costs *less than one cent a day.* When you ask for Gillette Blue Blades your dealer knows you take pride in buying the best! Get a package of these superior blades today.



5 for 25¢

(Continued from page 28) the first leg of the flight, from Boston to Trepassey, was on.

Those of us who were to remain behind felt much relieved. The weather promised to be fine. The ship was safely off at last. We still had our nearly lost pilot, Bill Stultz. Once at Trepassey, we felt sure, all human hazards would be out of the way.

We counted our chickens prematurely.

The Friendship dropped safely down into Trepassey Harbor—and the weather immediately turned sour. More waiting!

The flight of the Friendship was announced publicly now, and Mabel Boll got herself a pilot and took off for Newfoundland.

And a new—and far more serious—human hazard arose at Trepassey, and this time there was little we in Boston or New York could do about it. It settled squarely on the slender shoulders of AE—and stayed there.

She never told the world that story—which I shall tell shortly. But it caused her what, she later confided to me, proved the most nerve-racking days of her career. A series of them, culminating in an incredible situation that forced her to make a most hazardous split-second decision.

Meanwhile, the lid of secrecy was off. Pictures of the flyers were given to the newspapers. One of them was that picture taken that day, several weeks before, on the roof of the Copley-Plaza. It showed AE in riding breeches, high laced boots, and leather flying jacket, her face in profile, her head encased in a leather helmet.

FROM the release of that photo the "Lady Lindy" legend seems to have obtained its foundation. A New York Times correspondent wrote: "Her co-workers at Denison House often speak of her resemblance to Colonel Lindbergh. In a flying helmet and leather coat, she could be taken for Colonel Lindbergh's sister. She is tall, with the same long face and strong chin, the same light hair and blue eyes." Writer after writer commented upon "the girl who looks amazingly like Lindbergh." But it remained for one, in a fine burst of indignation and inventiveness, to explain to us how the whole project of the Friendship flight had been evolved. He wrote:

"By the manipulation of pictures, the Boston girl who is crossing the Atlantic—it is Stultz who is *flying* the Atlantic—is to be made a feminine Lindbergh.

"For months she has been in training, coached by the promoters to emulate Lindbergh in every respect—in attitude, poses, pictures, and behavior. To anchor a tremendous public interest in the girl, it was determined in the beginning that she would be made into the feminine counterpart of Lindbergh. In every picture she would be made to resemble him as closely as possible, the resemblance carried out even to articles of dress, with Miss Earhart going so far as to adopt the distinctive helmet worn by Lindbergh."

Much later, AE, cornered with the demand that she say something herself on the subject, laughed ruefully and remarked, "Oh, I've got the kind of face that looks like everybody!"

As for taking the resemblance into account and, so to speak, making it work for her, she simply didn't.

For my own part, I think that the resemblance itself can best be classed as a variable accident. Sometimes it was extraordinarily marked. But certainly it was pretty much a matter of physical appearance; for in temperament—though they had in common great mental poise, powers of concentration and co-ordination, and a flair for mechanics—AE and Colonel Lindbergh were definitely dissimilar.

Once, I remember, a friend of ours and AE were down on the floor of our home at Rye, looking over some maps. AE was squatting on her heels, slightly to the rear. The other person glanced over her right shoulder—and exclaimed:

"Do you know, just for a moment, from this angle, you were a dead ringer for Lindbergh!"

AE smiled. "Isn't it cockeyed?" she agreed, and, having dismissed it, turned back to her study of a map.

The thing did finally reach such proportions that she wrote to Anne Lindbergh: "I had no chance at the banquet of the O[illegible]on of Women's Clubs to thank you for your g[illegible]s in absolving me from blame in the ridiculous '[illegible]y Lindy' publicity. I believe I have never apologized so widely and so consistently for anything in my life, excepting possibly having been born. The title was given me, I believe, probably because one or the other of us wasn't a swarthy runt. You understand my dislike of the title isn't because I don't appreciate being compared to one who has abilities such as Colonel Lindbergh has, but because that comparison is quite unjustified."

When newspaper publicity followed on the heels of the Friendship's take-off from Boston, Muriel and Mrs. Earhart learned—from reading newspapers—that AE had embarked upon the first lap of a transoceanic flight. They heard from her that Sunday evening. In a message sent to them she said she was sure her family would understand why she could not tell them what she hoped to do, adding that no matter what happened "it will have been well worth the trying."

AE's mother promptly wired her at Trepassey:

"Am not worrying. Wish I were with you."

Mrs. Earhart meant it, too. I am sure that nothing, just then, could have pleased her more than to have been a passenger on the Friendship. Later, lightly carrying her seventy years, she was often with AE on continental flights.

I have an idea that that understanding message from her mother was of incalculable help to AE at the moment. For things were not going as well as they might at Trepassey. This is the story that has never been told:

There was no better pilot than the Friendship's Bill Stultz. In the air, he was a born flyer and a singularly great one. On the ground, like most of us, he had his weaknesses. He had just finished going through the ordeal of waiting for weather at Boston, complicated by the mental tail spins of the Mabel Boll incident.

AE hadn't known about that episode. I had. But now, at Trepassey, she found herself confronted with a situation. And this time it was her battle, to fight alone, and I knew nothing of it.

The long delay at Trepassey, following the strain of the Boston getaway, was enough to fray any one's nerves, and the ensuing inaction fell particularly hard on Bill, perhaps because of the very sensitiveness behind his great skill. And the hole in Bill's armor was his tendency to veer off to alcohol, progressively to dull the ennui of inaction.

I suppose no more ironic difficulty could have risen up to plague a girl who never drank herself, hence knew little about drinkers and the technique, if any, of handling them.

SHE was commander of the flight. When the weather cleared, when take-off time arrived, a steady hand would be required at the controls.

She knew that back in Boston we had another pilot in reserve—Lou Gower. More than once she thought:

This is madness. All I must do is tell them I need help; tell them to send Lou to replace Bill.

And that *was* all she needed to do. But AE was a scrupulously fair person. She knew that she could not do that without great damage to Bill Stultz.

So she waited—and hoped the weather would turn right at a moment that would find him in proper shape.

The wait for weather stretched into its second week. AE told herself, over and over: I've started this thing. I'm going through with it. Aviation is a sporting business; I'll take a sporting chance.

She knew that, if he were in proper shape, Bill could fly the Friendship as no one else could. Very well. Then that put the job squarely up to her. She'd make it her business to keep him—for as much of the time as she could—in proper shape. On some days she found her resolve working; on others it didn't.

She told us, back in Boston, nothing of this crisis. But an undertone of worry began to creep into her communications. At first we laid it to nervousness over the weather. That in itself would have been enough of a problem, for, as she later explained:

"Unless the wind blows from a certain direction, Trepassey Harbor is too narrow for a take-off with a heavy load. When the blow is from the southeast, which is best for the take-off, it brings in fog; so one is apt to be stymied either way."

I tried hard to be encouraging. I wired her:

"Byrd reminds me weather held him up two weeks. You'll make it tomorrow or Sunday. We realize fully how desperately trying delay for you. Hope you eat and rest. Tell me everything we should know."

I signed the message: "Simpkin."

We were beginning to gather, however, that something more than weather was wrong. David Layman wired: "Please send Putnam confidential report what goes on. Are you satisfied there? Can we help, there or here?"

AE, however, did not trust the telegraph. We could only guess, uneasily. The Friendship had been hung up at Trepassey for twelve days. On the thirteenth—early in the morning of June 17—we received a "go ahead" weather forecast.

Promptly we relayed it to AE at Trepassey.

THE time had come. Mabel Boll, incidentally, was by now at Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, in her plane. AE read the report and, as she set off with it to find Bill Stultz, she breathed a little prayer of hope.

She found him—and her heart sank.

"Bill," she said, "New York's wired. The weather's right. Right enough, anyhow. We've got to start. Now! It's now or never. Bill, do you hear?"

Bill nodded his head courageously enough but not too steadily.

Her fine hands dropped limply from his shoulder.

I'll have to wire them, she thought. They'll simply have to send Lou Gower.

She frowned. No! She wouldn't do that! She hadn't told them before. How could she tell them now (Layman and me) that at the very last minute she had decided upon a switch? Would we, who knew her only slightly, trust her judgment if she did? How could she know that we wouldn't simply think that here was a girl whose courage had failed?

AE did what was either the bravest or the silliest act of her whole career. "We're taking off," she said.

So she talked to Bill Stultz quietly and he came willingly enough down to the harbor, to the plane—to the plane in which he would attempt to fly them across more than two thousand miles of desolate ocean.

A life-or-death gamble on Stultz's flying instinct! Was her decision to be justified? Were any further crises to arise over the ocean? Any hazards to come to light on board the plane? How did "AE" give her pilot his full share in their triumph? What did Lady Astor have to say to her in London? You'll find out from Mr. Putnam next week!

YOU GET A CHANGE WEEK-ENDS

. . . . . give your throat a change too . . with KOOLS

UNION MADE

KOOL MILD MENTHOL Cigarettes CORK TIPPED

Your week-end hobby may be pitching horseshoes on the lawn, or pitching cards on a bridge table. Either one's a good change from work. But give your throat a break, too. Switch from your regular smokes to KOOLS on week-ends. That touch of mild menthol seems cool and refreshing. Your *throat* gets a change while your *body* gets a change. Swell all around!

P. S. Week-ends or 7 days steady . . . KOOLS feel soothing to your throat.

Tune in Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra. Every Wednesday evening, coast-to-coast NBC Red Network.

VALUABLE COUPON ON EACH PACK . . . FOUR EXTRA IN CARTONS

Good in the United States for dozens of worthwhile premiums like these

Playing Cards—Initial or fancy back. Best quality. 60 coupons. 2 decks—100

FREE. Write for illustrated B & W premium catalog, new edition No. 16. Address the Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Box 599, Louisville, Kentucky.

Parker Pen and Pencil Set—Colors: gray, green or burgundy. 250 coupons

B & W COUPONS ALSO PACKED IN RALEIGH & VICEROY CIGARETTES & BIG BEN SMOKING TOBACCO

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

PINE trees, coffee machinery, and ice cream . . . these oddly assorted factors have influenced the career of the New York business woman known as Elene of Vienna. Her story encompasses a complete circle, beginning with pine and rounding back again to pine for ultimate success.

Her father was a dancing master at the royal court of old Austria in the days when the Blue Danube scored as a brand-new waltz. In childhood Elene watched her father give dance lessons to Princess Hermine, wife now of ex-Kaiser Wilhelm at Doorn. Probably Elene would have grown up to be a dancer herself had she possessed the strength and physique.

To save her frail life, her father secluded her in a forest cottage deep among evergreen pines. After her father's death she came to this country as the bride of an American engineer, inventor of coffee-milling machinery. Widowed nine years later, she returned to Austria and organized an American ice-cream business there. A milk monopoly, operated by a United States bank, ruined her Vienna firm. So back she sailed to this country with nothing but memories on which to rebuild.

Recollected the pine-oil lotions and beauty fresheners of imperial renown. Started concocting them in a kitchenette here, selling the stuff in quart Mason jars, like homemade preserves.

Early customers were Jane Cowl, Gertrude Lawrence, Mrs. Vincent Astor. Within six weeks Elene was supplying every first-class Fifth Avenue department store. That was twelve years ago. Her trade in pine products has since been developed on a national scale. . . . A heartening success story!

☆ Look to children for tolerance. . . . Out West a friend of mine has just had a new baby boy. Her Piute cook had one at the same time, without benefit of anything. Because of the older kids, my friend thought it might be best to send the Piute and her papoose away. But the kids won't stand for it.

They aren't a bit interested in their new white brother. The new little Indian, bowlegged and swarthy, fascinates them. They love him.

☆ Thirteen years they'd been married and devoted lovers, yet they had no child. . . . Spent their summer vacations in a mountaintop cabin. For miles and miles you could watch a car twist up or down the winding road. . . . One morning he drove down very carefully. Delivered something to the local doctor and waited. It was a pregnancy test. In their cabin on top of the mountain his wife waited, too. He had promised to give her a sign if the test turned out positive.

Along about noontime she caught sight of his car climbing up the steep road. He had festooned the car with bright-colored ribbons to let her know that she was going to have a child.

That's the way it always should be. As welcome and glad as that!

☆ Don't let any one tell you the great dressmakers aren't temperamental. I must not mention names, but this is what happened the other day when a famous fashion firm split in two: The big showroom carpet belonged to the partner who was leaving. The staying one rolled it right out in the street on the other one's heels. Knocked her down flat with her own carpet. Swell gals!

☆ Margaret Fishback's new etiquette book makes up-to-date sense and good lively reading. Safe Conduct is the title. (Published by Harcourt, Brace & Co.)

☆ Unless past, present, or future be stipulated, don't pay too much attention when you hear some one say, "Time marches on!" All kinds of time march on. Take this case, for example.

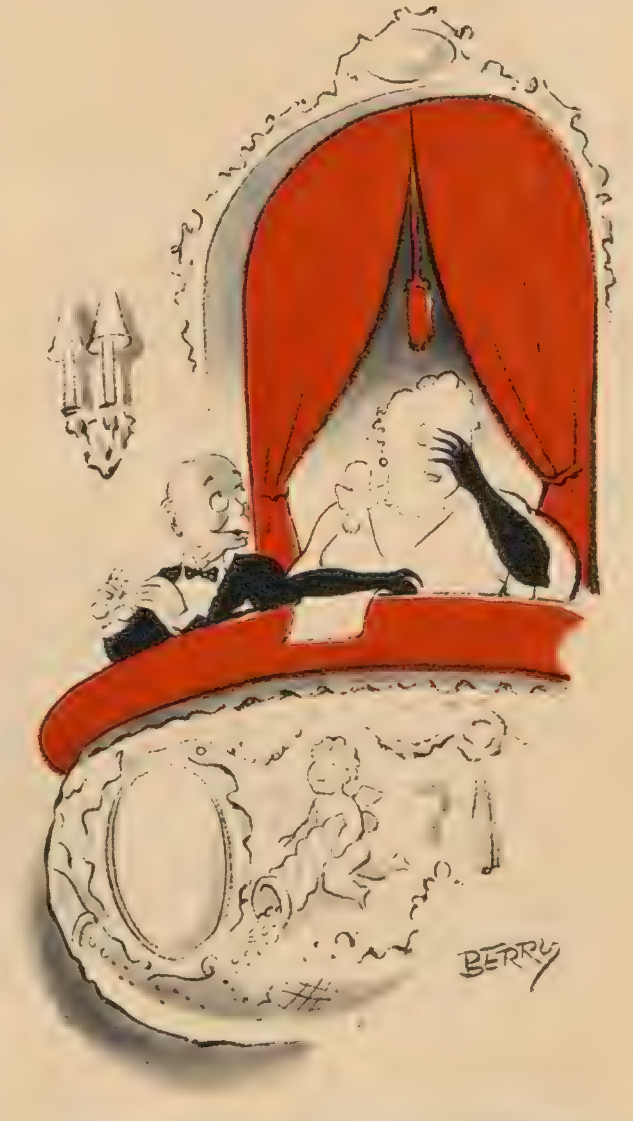
Carl Robbins, an editor now editing for General Electric, was led recently to Maud's Restaurant in New York to sample its fine French fare. Soon as she laid eyes on him, Maud said:

"Hello, captain. It's been twenty years since I've seen you. During the war you were the superior officer of my husband, Larry O'Connor. I am the French girl you gave him permission to marry."

For some of us the *past* keeps marching on in curious ways.

☆ All butchers are fussy about the way they like their meat cooked. French butchers are extra-particular, because they know the affinity between meat and wine. Here's their recipe for *Pork Chops, Paris Butcher Style:*

Get the sauce ready first. Mince 1 large onion and simmer in hot lard till golden yellow. Sprinkle with 1 teaspoon flour; stir 5 minutes; add 1 cup consommé, ½ cup white wine, salt and pepper. Cook 30 minutes over low flame. Now sear 4 pork chops quickly in hot butter. When both sides have browned, diminish heat and cook 20 minutes more. Salt the chops; drain on paper; lay in a long dish; keep hot. Skim surface fat from sauce, and stir in 1 teaspoon mustard, 2 tablespoons sliced gherkins. Pour sauce over chops. Serve immediately with mashed potatoes.



"You can look now, dear—he's dead!"

HAVE YOUR PLUGS CLEANED
BY THE NEW AC METHOD
REGISTERED
AC
SPARK PLUG
CLEANING STATION
Many a
BUCKING BRONCO
is only
"A BAD PLUG"

AC

SPARK PLUGS

- for Thirty Years

THE QUALITY SPARK PLUG

Standard equipment on America's finest cars, AC's assure you of peak performance and reliability.

Get a set—and Get the difference

Dirty Plugs misfire—but clean plugs *pep up* your engine

Have your plugs cleaned regularly, *"by the AC Method,"* at any of the 70,000 Registered AC Cleaning Stations—5c each. Replace worn plugs with new AC's for best motor performance.

SPARK PLUGS NEED CLEANING, TOO

MY CLOTHES ARE CLEANED REGULARLY—
CLEANERS
MY SPARK PLUGS ARE CLEANED EVERY 4000 MILES
AC

AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION · *General Motors Corporation* · FLINT, MICHIGAN

Favorite Recipes *of famou*

that go wel

Russell Patterson

RUSSELL PATTERSO
creator of famous F
terson Girl, outstand
illustrator and design
formerly of Hol
wood's Paramount S
dios, now employed
work for N. Y. World's Fair.

Rolled Cube Steaks

Buy a cube steak per person. On the cubed s
put short strip of bacon, slice of dill pickle. C
lengthwise and add sprinkle of chopped oni
Roll steak together and fasten with thin thre
Fry these rolls quickly on all sides in a li
bacon fat; dust lightly with flour and add wa
one bay leaf, a few corns of whole pepper a
a pinch of salt. Cook until thoroughly ten
in covered pan.

CAPT. ACHMED ABDULLAH, formerly British cavalry officer, polo player, dramatist and author of "The Grand Duke," "Toto," and screen versions of such hits as "Lives of a Bengal Lancer," and "The Thief of Bagdad."

Country Luncheon

For two people boil five medium sized potatoes in the jacket, peel and slice for frying. In a pan heat a tablespoon of bacon grease and add three strips of bacon, chopped, and one medium sized onion, also chopped. After two minutes of frying, add the sliced potatoes. When the potatoes are turning to a good golden brown color pour over everything three whole beaten eggs. Let the eggs set and fry on one side, then turn this whole cake over and fry on other side to a good color. Season with salt and black pepper.

Ben Irvin Butler

BEN IRVIN BUTLER, Executive Director of *The Society of Amateur Chefs*—famous group of gourmets and culinary "hobbyists." Its society boasts some of the foremost men of modern Literature, the Arts and the Theatre.

Roast Saddle of Pork with Prunes

When buying saddle of pork, ask butcher to leave the ribs a little longer than usual. Place saddle meat-side downward into a roast pan. Fill cavity well with prunes. Tie rib bones together as tightly as possible. Place roast into hot —500 degree—oven, placing pan beneath meat to catch drippings. In 20 minutes, reduce heat to 400 degrees. Continue roasting until meat is done (20 minutes per pound). Baste constantly. Prepare gravy from drippings, thickening with potato starch. Serve with sauerkraut and mashed potatoes.

Gelett Burgess

GELETT BURGESS, widely read humorist, popular satirist of society; originator of the Goop books, nursery classics; author of "The Burgess Nonsense Book," "Two O'Clock Courage," etc.

Baked Potato Skins, or McKeevers

Peel well scrubbed potatoes with little of the white, to avoid starch, into narrow strips . . . about two inches long. Butter and add "Seven Herb Sauce" and bake in a pan until crisp. Dust lightly with celery salt, before serving. *Very good as healthful appetizer with beer or with green salad.*

Tony Sarg

TONY SARG, internationally famous as a humorous illustrator, creator of Marionettes and Monster Balloon Parades. His amusing murals, notably his humorous animal mural in The Waldorf, New York, add further to his fame.

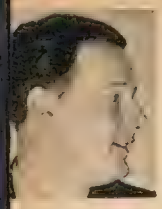
Dish for Large Party

Buy equal amounts of beef, veal, pork and lamb. Cut in 1 inch cubes. For ½ lb. of each —enough for 5 persons—you need 2 large yellow turnips, 6 medium-sized potatoes. Use pot or pan with tight fitting cover. Line bottom with bacon strips and cover with pork. Season well; cover pork with layer of diced potatoes and turnips. Pile on the veal and again the potatoes and turnips; finally, add the layer of beef and potatoes and turnips remaining. Place quartered tomato on top with generous lump of butter. Fit the cover, sealing rim with paper moistened with flour paste. Cook over slowest fire 4 hours.

The epicure prefers a beer that is neither sweet nor bitter. Schlitz achieves the full tang and flavor of true beer without the bitterness of the hops or the sweetness of the malt. Its fresh, clean after-taste makes good food seem better.

SCHLITZ

THE BEER THAT MADE M



WALTER SLEZAK, featured comedy star of the musical hit, "I Married an Angel," and widely recognized as one of the finest amateur chefs in New York. Now in his fifth hit show on Broadway.

Pig's Knuckles in Lentils

oak lentils at least 4 hours. Plunge pig's knuck-s into boiling water. Then scrub and rinse in old water. In large pot, gather together: pig's nuckles, lentils, 1 carrot, 1 turnip and 2 leeks. over with water and simmer in covered pot ntil lentils and knuckles are tender. Remove nuckles and debone neatly. Rub lentils and egetables through a sieve. Add some of broth thickness desired. Add meat from the knuck-s and serve in deep plates. Season with salt nd black pepper.

ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN –

ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN, internationally-known illustrator for The Saturday Evening Post, voted most popular artist by 100 famous models, creator of the pictorial character, "Mr. Tutt," and known to movie fans by his appearance in "Artists and Models."

Sour Eggs

In deep pan, fry 4 chopped slices of bacon and one chopped onion. Dust lightly with flour; brown flour and add tablespoon of good vinegar. Season with salt and black pepper. Add enough water to paste to make gravy of medium thickness. When gravy comes to good boil, break as many raw eggs into it as needed. Cover pan and let eggs poach in gravy to hardness desired. Serve with pickles.

Ford Madox Ford

FORD MADOX FORD, one of the most distinguished living writers. His "The March of Literature," recently published, is considered unique among books of general literary history and criticism; collaborator with Joseph Conrad.

Welsh Rarebit (*Four Persons*)

1 tablespoon butter; ½ pound old fashioned store, or English Cheddar cheese; Cayenne pepper (optional), mustard, Worcestershire sauce, to taste; ½ cupful beer; toast (4 slices). Melt butter in chafing dish or skillet over very slow flame. Or, preferably in *bain marie:* i. e. double sauce pan with water in lower portion. Add cheese grated or chopped or sliced very thin. When all is well melted add beer, stirring slowly. Before serving add what condiments you please, as above. *Plunge slices of toast in melted mixture and turn till well impregnated.* Some people prefer to pour rarebit on the toast, but the cold toast tends to toughen the cheese.

Amateur Chefs
vith that famous
lavor found only in
Schlitz

hat famous flavor of Schlitz comes to u intact in every bottle. *Here's why:* he air that sustains life can destroy e flavor of the beer *if sealed in e bottle. SO—WE TAKE THE IR OUT OF THE BOTTLE N INSTANT BEFORE WE UT THE BEER IN.* An nazing new method that assures u brewery-fresh goodness *ways.* Schlitz pioneers again!

Bottled at the Brewery
Schlitz

UKEE FAMOUS

Rube Goldberg

RUBE GOLDBERG, cartoonist extraordinary, creator of Boob McNutt, Mike and Ike and Lala Palooza, known for his screwy type of inventions showing how to accomplish simple things in complicated ways. Writes well, plays golf badly.

Corned Beef Hash

Chop lean corned beef . . . mix with cut up boiled potatoes . . . add chopped onions and plenty of butter and fry.

Murdock Pemberton

MURDOCK PEMBERTON, former art critic of "The New Yorker" and author of Broadway success, "Sing High, Sing Low." Among his theatrical ventures are countless hit plays. Writes on foods and beverages for "Esquire."

Steak a la Ill Manor

Get from the butcher his best sirloin and insist it is 3 inches thick. Trim excess fat. Mix about three pounds of coarse salt in a bowl with water so as to form a paste. Now sprinkle steak on both sides with black pepper, then cover with a quarter inch of the wet salt, completely covering the steak. Cover this with a few white paper napkins (this is to keep the salt from drying too rapidly), insert in a double grill, similar to an old-fashioned bread toaster and cook over a hot bed of charcoal. (Start fire an hour ahead of cooking to have a hot bed). Cook about fifteen minutes on each side. Knock off salt, which falls off in a solid piece. Now slice the steak down in narrow strips, throw the pieces into a pan of hot butter and serve on a half slice of bread which has been dunked in the hot butter. *Precede with young onions and radishes and accompany with plenty of good beer.* (One such steak will serve ten modest appetites.)

Copr. 1939 JOS. SCHLITZ BREWING CO., MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

King IN THE Soup

Presenting the captivating Marianne, a romance gone awry—and a love story gay as champagne!

BY LYON MEARSON

READING TIME • 23 MINUTES 56 SECONDS

ILLUSTRATED BY R. J. CAVALIERE

"LOVE makes to pass the time," said Marius. "Time makes to pass the love."

"You are a fool the most colossal," replied Marianne with scorn. "In effect, you trump yourself. This love, it will not pass. It will rest forever."

They spoke in French. Marianne understood no English and never would. The French was a Marseillais accent of the deepest hue, an accent set apart even in Marseille. Marius, who had preceded his wife to New York by a few years, spoke a good enough English.

The restaurant was a small one, but those who had a liking for bouillabaisse and *moules marinière,* for snails and sea urchins, had found it out. Among those, Chez Marius had become a cult.

The fat Marianne, at her high desk outside the kitchen door, bent down to add up one of her inevitable columns of figures, while Marius stood there, trying to decide whether the argument was worth continuing.

"Why, then, do they quarrel?" asked Marius.

Marianne put a dollar sign in front of the addition. "They quarrel because they love," she remarked quietly. "A person adhering to any other sex but that of the male would know that."

It was late and the two diners in the far corner were the last. They had come in very late and were just at the *soupe à l'oignon.*

"Who do you think you're talking to—your wife?" inquired the girl.

"If you try anything like that when you're my wife—" began the young man.

"Don't let that worry you," she flung back. "Get yourself some one who likes to be owned. I don't." She tugged at her finger. "Here's your ring." She threw it at him and it fell into his soup. She got up to go.

"Now, really, Millie, don't be like that," he expostulated. "I only meant—"

She gathered up her belongings with a swoop and paused for an instant to look down on him. "I understood what you meant. That's the whole trouble. What we need is more misunderstanding."

She started to walk out.

"Come back, Millie," he called to her. "The soup will get cold. . . ."

She was gone. He seized his hat and hurried after her.

"What a pity," said Marius. "Such an amiable couple." He sighed. "It is the life, one figures."

Marianne finished another column of figures. "It makes of nothing," she said. "They rest still in love."

Marius picked up the plate of soup. "One must guard carefully this soup," said Marius as he went toward the kitchen with it.

"Give it here," commanded Marianne from her high stool.

"But it bears within it—" began Marius.

"Give!" said Marianne quietly, and Marius gave.

Marianne began fishing in its depths with a spoon.

"These *Américains* of the North have no feeling for good soup," said Marius. "This *soupe à l'oignon* was notable. I never tasted better on the Cannebière. And she—"

"Close the mouth!" said Marianne. "Here is this ring, then." She fished out a good-sized diamond. She looked at it appraisingly. "It is of a size . . . and a color . . . is it not? She will return, the little."

The ring disappeared into an old-fashioned pocketbook which, in turn, disappeared into the pocket of an old-fashioned petticoat. Marius turned away with a sigh.

"It is a thing fantastic, this love," he murmured.

Marianne started adding up another row of figures.

MILLIE came in the next day, at dinner. Her companion was a man in the late thirties, graying a little, but not much. He was slender, more slender than you expect in early middle life; his eyes were clear blue and humorous; and he was quite crazy about Millie, as any one could see.

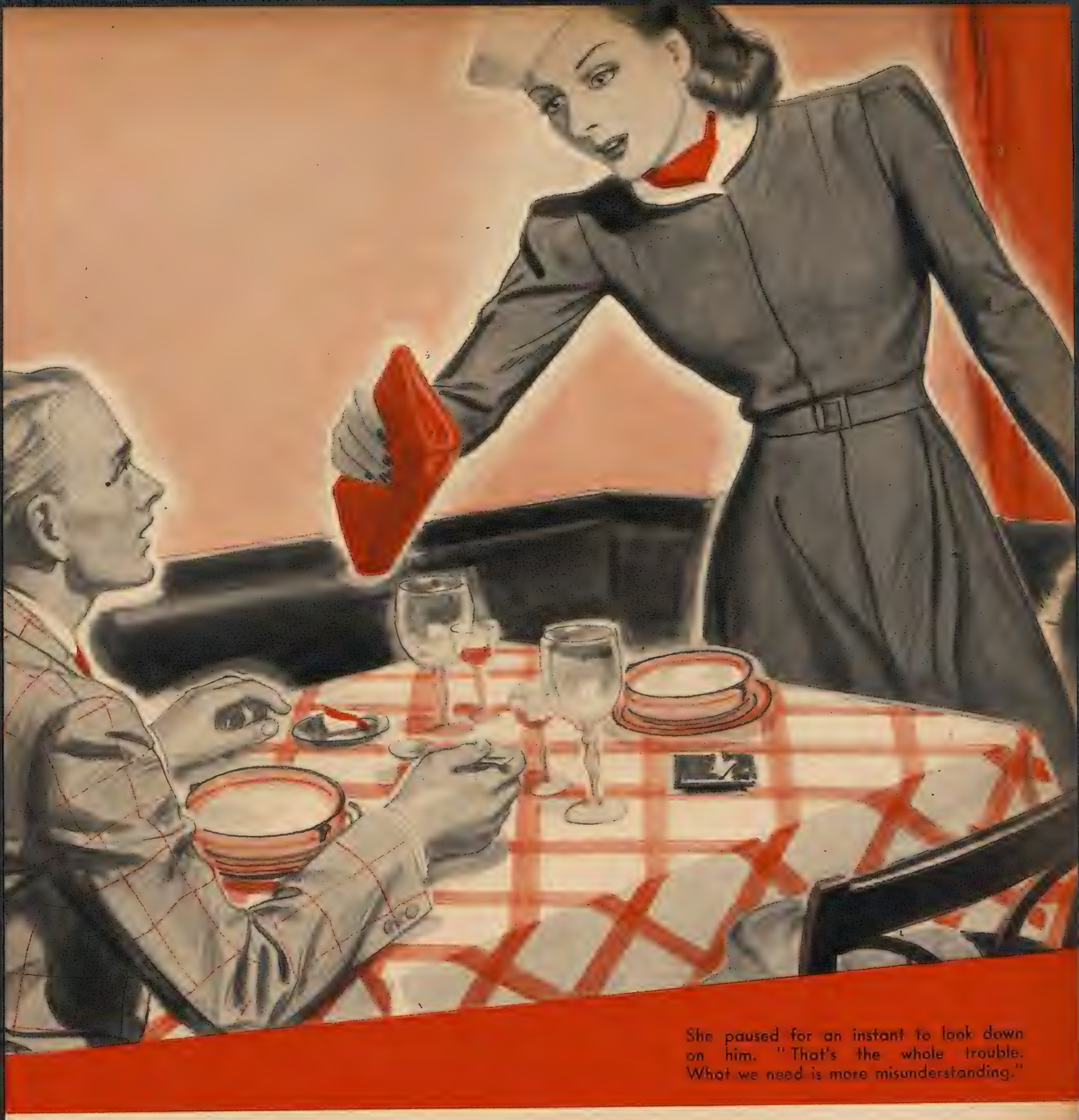
She looked around her defiantly. There was no one there, among the guests, whom she knew.

"This is treachery of the extreme," said Marius. "She should not come here with another man. It is not just. I will not cause her to be served."

Marianne looked up from her figures, the perpetual figures that seemed to mean something to her and that no one else ever got a look at.

"The affairs are the affairs," said Marianne calmly. "Make to take their order."

Marius went to their table, smiling at Millie warmly.



She paused for an instant to look down on him. "That's the whole trouble. What we need is more misunderstanding."

"Hello, Marius," said Millie. "How are the cocktails tonight?"

"From the best," said Marius, bowing.

"That's good," said the man. "Make it two sazeracs—"

"Sazeracs?" asked Marius, looking at Millie inquiringly. "You would prefer, perhaps, a Manhattan?"

Millie laughed. "You French hate to change established tradition, don't you?"

"But not at all," said Marius. "It is only that perhaps mademoiselle does not know that a sazerac contains absinthe. Of course, if you wish it—" he shrugged his shoulders. No one in the Vieux Port could shrug a better shoulder. It was expressive. It indicated resignation, desire to please, but with a slight hint—just a hint, mind you—of disapproval.

The girl's companion laughed. "There isn't much absinthe in it—you're just supposed to rub the glass with it, that's all. Still, if you'd rather not, have your Manhattan."

"One Manhattan and one sazerac," said Marius, giving her no chance to express a preference. Millie looked after him, and her eyes held a peculiar light.

Later, when her escort left her for a few moments to telephone, Marius stooped over her.

"Pardon, mademoiselle, but Marianne has your ring. Would you like to have it now, or will another time, perhaps, be best?" He spoke casually.

She looked up at him quickly. "The ring is not mine," she said quietly. "I don't care what you do with it."

"You will try the bouillabaisse tonight, mademoiselle?" asked Marius. "I can recommend it."

The next night Steve Slosson came in. Steve was the young man whose ring Millie had thrown into the soup of the onion. With him was a little blonde, and he looked around him with a touch of defiance, for the hand of every woman who is not a blonde is raised against those whose hair is radiant and light either through art or through nature. There were a few guests finishing their meals, but Millie, as Steve could see at a glance, was not among them. He apparently did not quite know whether to be relieved or regretful.

"Regard the blonde type who accompanies our friend," remarked Marius. "It is an outrage sensational that the young man should make to do such."

"Idiot of the Mediterranean," said Marianne calmly, "attend, then, to your affairs and do not attempt to think with that cabbage that rests upon your shoulders. Make them welcome *alors*."

Marius did so, but the heart was not in it.

"Hello, Marius," said Steve. "Get two Manhattans, and make it snappy."

Marius went to prepare the drinks, and later, when Steve went to the washroom, he found the occasion to remind him that there was a diamond ring belonging to him in the establishment.

Steve looked at him coldly. "Didn't Miss Trahan call for it?" he asked.

Marius shrugged his shoulders nicely. "But not at all," he told him. "Shall I give it to you?"

"But no!" said Steve. "You shall jump into the lake with it."

Marius went to prepare the Manhattans, which he made extra strong and potent.

"It is plain to behold," said Marianne, "that they still rest in love, those two." She bent over her column of figures.

THE grand break-up had happened because Millie's boss had been in love with her all along and Steve had known it. Until Steve came along Millie had gone out with her boss occasionally, making it quite clear to him that that was as far as things were going to go. Then Steve had walked into her life, with his assurance and his jealousy. They had become engaged, and then Millie stopped going to dinner with the man who paid her her salary. But Martin Delahaye continued to stay in love with her.

Millie did not mind. Martin, a successful lawyer, was a nice sort, and there was no possibility of their association turning messy, nor of his making it difficult for her to stay on. She was the best confidential secretary he had ever had and his business affairs were important. He was grateful not to have to make a change.

Steve was also a lawyer. His income would not pay any national debts nor finance any armament programs. Nevertheless, he did not care at all for the situation that consisted of Millie working for a man who loved her. He wanted her to give up the job and get married. She felt it would be unwise at this time.

That was the beginning of an argument of rather long standing, and she had angered Steve by suggesting that one of these days, when he got himself a client, she might be willing to take the chance. It was a dirty crack, and Steve had not taken it lying down. The result was that she had thrown his ring into the soup of onion and now, in a defiant mood, had gone once more to dinner with her boss. A smart person, Martin Delahaye, and he was careful not to voice his gratitude.

When people are angry they say some pretty terrible things to each other, and both Millie and Steve had been rather badly hurt. Millie thought, People don't really say the things to each other when they're mad that they're not thinking at other times. It's got to be in your mind. Steve was so much in love that the very name of Martin Delahaye was enough to make him raise his voice and pound the table. He would own her or he would have nothing to do with her. And the first way to show her where she got off was to go out to dinner with a blonde, hoping that Millie might be around to observe the phenomenon.

MARTIN DELAHAYE was dictating a complaint, and Millie, wondering if Steve was feeling as wretched as she hoped he felt, was taking it down in workmanlike fashion, looking very pretty and absorbed.

"'Whereupon the plaintiff, under the terms of his contract with the said defendant, did serve upon him the required three days' notice that—' By the way, Millie, did any one ever tell you what nice skin you have?" went on her boss.

"Yes, everybody," said Millie. "You were up to 'notice that.'"

"Ah, yes, notice . . . 'the required three days' notice that he proposed to renew said contract upon the expiration date thereof—' And when you look down at your notebook that way, Millie, your lashes are so long and beautiful that you'd hardly believe it."

"Go on from 'lashes'—I mean, 'expiration date thereof,' and stop bothering the hired help, will you?" She looked up at him coolly. "I make it a practice never to permit my employers to disrupt the work of the office. It's destructive to the morale and discipline of the other partners."

He looked at her with amusement and thought what a nice person she was, and at that moment the phone rang. He picked it up. A look of surprise came into his face.

"It's for you," he said, handing the phone to Millie.

She took it angrily. "That operator ought to know better than to interrupt me during dictation."

"I think it's that man again," said Martin Delahaye.

It was. Steve's voice came through the phone right into her ear, and her heart broke a sixty-year Olympic record for standing broad somersaults, but you'd never have guessed it from her cool, irritated tone.

"Sorry to interrupt you, darling," said Steve, "but I had to talk to you. Listen, Millie—"

"How often do I have to tell you (*a*) not to interrupt me at my work; and (*b*) that I'm not talking to you?"

"That's telling him!" said Martin Delahaye.

"You mind your own business," said Millie. "No, I wasn't talking to you," she said into the telephone, "but it goes for you too, just the same—"

"Aw, listen, Millie," pleaded the voice. "You can take time off from that ambulance-chaser's work and—"

"Yes, you're right, the work's very important," said Millie, hoping the operator wasn't listening in, "and I'll thank you to quit bothering me." She hung up the phone.

She turned to her book. "You were up to the words, 'expiration date thereof,' Mr. Delahaye."

"To be sure, to be sure," he said; "'—expiration date thereof, upon the new terms agreed to in Section Four, Paragraph Seven of the said contract'—and tell him if he ever calls me an ambulance chaser again I'll have him up for slander."

"Yes, sir," said Millie. "I should have held the phone closer to my ear. . . . 'Paragraph Seven of the said contract . . .'"

STEVE had taken a blonde moppet to dinner, but his heart had not been in it. He had wanted Millie to see him and realize that she would lose him to a blonde if she weren't careful. Well, she had not seen him, and he was glad of that, because he did not want her to lose him for a blonde or for any other color.

He resolved to devote his future to the business of making up with Millie. You might judge from the telephone conversation that he was meeting with little success, and you would be right. Millie knew how to be obstinate, and she had chosen to be hurt and insulted at the things he had said to her, the more so as, privately, she believed him to be more than half right. Millie was a nice girl, and she knew very well that a girl who is engaged to one man has no right to go out with another, especially if the other is obviously in love with you.

But Steve had had no right to be so bossy about it.

So Millie made things difficult for Steve. When he called at her home, she was out. When he called her on the phone, she was out, if some one else answered. If she happened to answer, herself, she cut him off unceremoniously.

Any apprentice psychoanalyst—and who isn't, these days?—would have known that the reason Millie dined so frequently at Chez Marius was because she hoped to meet Steve there. It happened, however, that they did not meet until once when they really should not have met.

Steve had been feeling quite desperate about the whole thing and had a few drinks. He could not hold much and it had been his custom never to take more than one or, at most, two.

Millie was having dinner with the boss, and they were going to the theater afterward. She was wondering why she could not fall in love with him. If a girl could only do the thing that was right for her, it would make life so much less complicated, she considered.

"I don't think I'd care to know what you're thinking," said Delahaye. "It's about me, and it isn't too hot." Martin Delahaye was far from being dumb.

"Why do you say that?" asked Millie. "Why shouldn't I think kindly of you? I think of you almost as a father. . . ."

Martin Delahaye smiled wryly. "Thanks. That's what I thought. If that's supposed to be funny—"

"Sorry," said Millie with quick regret. "I didn't mean to be like that. I guess that isn't as funny as I thought it might be."

She leaned over and patted his hand contritely, and he stroked her fingers. After a moment she took her hand away. "You're really the best employer I ever had dinner with."

Marius, with the drinks on his tray, paused for a moment in front of Marianne's desk.

"It is an outrage the most complete." His French was very low and rapid.

"Of what?" asked Marianne, holding the tip of her pencil on a dollar sign.

"I speak of how a woman who loves one man can amuse herself with still one more," he said with dignity.

"My ancient, you have everything in that head of yours but brains," said Marianne without emotion. "Make to give them, then, their drinks."

Marius made to give them their drinks, and this was the time Steve picked to make his appearance. It was a little earlier than the ordinary dinner hour at Chez Marius—as Millie and Martin were going to the theater—and there was only one other couple in the place.

Steve stood in the doorway for a moment, and Marius, Marianne, and the bus boy saw him all at once, and Steve saw nothing but Millie and Martin Delahaye. Marianne put down a total at the bottom of the column, the bus boy paid no attention, and Marius almost dropped the tray. Steve approached the table, and they looked up and saw him coming with that exaggerated steadiness that a man affects when he thinks he has no steadiness.

Martin Delahaye puffed at his cigarette, Millie flushed and played with her napkin rather hard, so that the knuckles of her fingers showed white, and Steve said, "Hello, folks. Hahya makin' out?"

HE was genial in a determined attempt to behave himself nicely. "All right, thanks," said Delahaye.

"You're drunk!" said Millie in a tone that had cute little icicles dripping right down its entire length.

"Hahja guess it?" asked Steve,

FLEISCHMANN'S
America's first gin is
EXTRA DRY
not sweet
FLEISCHMANN'S
ESTABLISHED 1870
DISTILLED
DRY GIN
DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN
Distilled by
The Fleischmann Distilling Corporation
Peekshill, New York
4/5 QUART
90 PROOF

The whole swing is towards dryer drinks.

That's why every day more people are learning to say Fleischmann's when they call for gin beverages.

Fleischmann's is not a liqueur type gin.

It is extra dry—*not* sweet.

Made by America's oldest gin distiller—the spirits, every drop, are Fleischmann distilled from grain to bottle.

Test it against any other gin. See if you don't agree it makes a better drink.

Learn to say **FLEISCHMANN'S**—***that's the spirit***

TRY FLEISCHMANN'S SLOE GIN FOR YOUR SLOE GIN DRINKS. 65 PROOF.

★ Copyright 1939, The Fleischmann Distilling Corporation, Peekskill, N. Y. ★

looking for information. "Hah'bout another little one with me?"

"You've had enough," said Millie coldly, "and I want you to go away."

"I wanta not go away," Steve insisted. "I wanta be here widjoo. . . ." He started to take a seat.

"Go away, I told you!" said Millie.

"I'll have to ask you to go," said Martin quietly. "Miss Trahan doesn't want you to stay."

Steve leaned over and spoke to him. "You know, there's something aboutjer puss I never liked." He looked at him intently. "Cometa think of it, it's the whole puss, I guess. Put it this way: There's *nothing* aboutjer puss I *ever* liked."

Delahaye said nothing. He continued to puff at his cigarette. Millie, however, went white to the tips of her fingers. Her voice was low, but it straightened Steve up instantly.

"I want you to go home at once," she said, and the low tone, which he recognized, rocked him to his heels.

"Sorry," he said. He turned slowly, walked steadily to the door and out.

"Thanks," said Millie to her companion. "You were nice not to answer him."

"Quite all right," said her boss. "He wasn't responsible for what he was saying. I'd probably be worse, if I were in his place," and he looked at her with a slight, comfortable smile.

MILLIE'S face remained white and set, as though she had seen a ghost.

"Relax," said Delahaye. "He's just cockeyed, that's all."

She pulled herself together. "I didn't mean to go like that. But if you knew what drunkenness means to me. . . ."

He laughed. "It's not so terrible nowadays."

"It's terrible to me," said Millie. "You just don't know how I go cold all over. I take a drink myself, as you know, and it isn't that I object to any one else doing it. Like you, for instance. You never take too much. You seem to know when to stop."

"That's a good trick, too," said Delahaye. "I don't like drunks, either."

"But Steve isn't a drunk," Millie sprang quickly to his defense. "I never saw him like that before." She shuddered, and Delahaye held his tongue.

Millie changed the subject. "I think I'll go to my folks for the week-end. I could take lounging around in Connecticut for a couple of days."

Her employer's face fell, though he spoke casually. "I sort of thought you might go rug-cutting with me Saturday or Sunday."

"Sorry," she said. "A rest wouldn't do you any harm. You've done enough dancing for a few days. Why don't you go away and take it easy? I can spare you at the office. As a matter of fact, I'm much too busy to have you around."

THOSE WHO CHEAT AT TWILIGHT!

THE FRENCH HAVE A NAME FOR IT:

Le petit cinq à sept

AND GRACE PERKINS

author of The Unbreakable Mrs. Doll, Modern Lady, No More Orchids, has written a startling new novel of 1939 about it — of men in business, women who seek their romance in the dusk, and wives who stay at home.

One of the most thrilling stories that has appeared in these pages, you won't want to miss reading.

Twilight CHEATS

IN LIBERTY NEXT WEEK!

He laughed. "If that ever becomes true, the first thing I'll do is fire you. I wouldn't mind going away, at that. . . ."

Millie was determined to be nice and pleasant, and even a little reckless, now that the reaction had set in. "Why don't you come out to our place? My folks would be awfully glad to meet you . . . they've heard so much about you."

"Say, that's not a bad notion." His face brightened up. "I could drive you up . . . it's only a couple of hours. We could have dinner here Friday night right after we leave the office, and get to Milford by eight thirty or nine o'clock. . . ."

Marius sauntered over to the tall desk where Marianne bent over her everlasting figures.

"It is now well finished," he said. "It is a pity that he should have indulged himself in becoming drunk. The drunkenness, she can never forgive that, she says."

"It is only the unforgivable that women forgive," said Marianne. "Allow yourself no great concern."

He shrugged his shoulders, which he did very well. "That is as may be. There is further of news, moreover. She has asked this one to sojourn the week-end at the home of her parents."

Marianne looked up with a trace of alarm on her usually dead pan. "Is it the verity?" She clucked several times with her tongue and the roof of her mouth. "That is well sad. It is not for nothing that a girl of good family takes home with her a man for her parents to observe."

Marius smiled a bit. "It makes of nothing," he commented. "There is a saying in Marseille: Fish and house guests smell bad after two days."

But Marianne's face was grave.

MARIANNE knew more about it than her husband, and the situation was not good. She could sense the obstinate quality of Millie, and she knew, somehow, what it had done to Millie to see Steve under the influence. There was plenty of excuse for Steve, considering his upset state of mind, and the probability was that it had not taken many drinks to bring him to his sad and low estate, but Millie was in no mood to make allowances.

On Friday evening, when they came to Chez Marius for dinner, the car was outside and their bags were in it. They were gay, Delahaye with the gaiety of a man who knows he's getting an inside edge on something he wants very badly, and Millie with a we-who-are-about-to-die-salute-you gaiety that neither Marius nor Marianne liked. It was rather early for dinner and few patrons were in the place.

Marius hovered over them to take their order. "It goes?" he asked solicitously.

They replied that it did go. And what would he recommend? He could recommend the filet of sole Marius and the *pot-au-feu*, with an unusually dry Graves for the fish, and a fine heavy Pommard, of a good year, for the *pot-au-feu*.

"I hope it won't take very long," said Delahaye. "We're starting out for Connecticut, and we'd like to get there before too late."

Marius assured them that it would be done all of a sudden like lightning, and Delahaye said that he could bring a Manhattan and a sazerac while they were waiting.

"I feel a delightful experience hovering over me," said Delahaye. He smiled. He felt swell.

"What makes you think it's going to be delightful?"

"I hear voices," said Delahaye. "It's the beginning of a new life, maybe. Or catching on to the tail of an old dream."

Millie giggled. "Going to Connecticut is hardly the tail of an old dream, nor is it a new life."

"That shows how much you know about it, my girl."

Marius stopped in front of Marianne's throne. "How she is beautiful tonight!" admired Marianne. "I wonder where Monsieur Steve is this night."

"Behind the ball eight," said Marius grimly. "They are going to the country together."

Marianne climbed down from behind her high desk, and the oldest inhabitant had never before seen her standing on the floor. It was as though some wall ornament stood of a sudden in front of you.

"Know you then where Monsieur Steve is to be found?" she asked.

"Yes, I believe," said Marius. "But why—"

"Go at once and give him a blow of the telephone. Tell him to be visual here not before half an hour. *Vite!* I will make the cocktails."

She made the cocktails and Marius served them. The little party became gayer. Delahaye leaned over and took Millie's hand after the first sip, and she removed it, but not too quickly. Under her gaiety there was a hesitation about what she was doing, a feeling that perhaps the beginning of a new life was not quite what she wanted.

Delahaye did not notice that she was beginning to be reticent. His speech became just a trifle thicker, and when he had finished his drink he signaled to Marius.

"Two more cocktails . . . make them just the same way. They were exactly right," he said.

Millie did not object. She could stand two. And as for her employer, she had seen him drink six or seven without noticing that they had the slightest effect on him.

Marius regarded his wife with admiration. "A good drink. They wish them to be quite identical." She came down from her stand and mixed two more drinks.

It was a good half hour before Steve put in his appearance, and when he stood in the doorway he took in the situation at a glance. Millie was white and shaking, and Delahaye was dead drunk. Steve paused at the table.

"Can you use the assistance of a well meaning sap?" he asked.

"Oh, Steve!" You never heard a more heartfelt sigh of relief. "Darling! What shall I do? We're on our way out to my folks to spend the week-end . . . and look at him!" She motioned at Delahaye as he sat there with a set, stupid smile on his rather nice face, all the muscles in the face relaxed, so that now it had a peculiar and almost comic look of indecision.

"Good ol' week-end," said Delahaye, returning to life for a moment. "Good ol' new life . . . ol' new dream. . . ." His head crashed to the table.

"My, what a plastering!" said Steve admiringly.

"Don't just stand there!" burst out Millie. "Do something!"

"O. K., my good girl," said Steve, swinging into action. "Is that his car outside?"

"Yes."

"That's just dandy," said Steve. "I could stand a week-end myself. Your old man owes me a round or two of golf, after the way he took me over the last time I was up there. We'll just take this counselor at law home, put him to bed, and advance on Connecticut. He'll be all right in the morning, except that he'll wish he was dead."

"Oh, Steve!" said Millie.

"It's nothing!" said Steve with magnanimity. "Don't give it another thought, my little cauliflower."

MONDAY evening it was Steve who came in with Millie. Marius went away immediately after bringing the cocktails. Anybody could see that they preferred to be alone.

"To us," said Steve, lifting his glass.

"To us," said Millie, lifting hers and letting the light shine through it. The cherry in it was a beautiful red, and around it was a diamond engagement ring.

Marius stopped in front of his wife's desk.

"It goes to rain tonight," he said.

"It will make of nothing to them," said Marianne, bending over an immense column of figures.

"What I would desire to know is something," said Marius.

"What is it that it is you would know, my coco?" asked Marianne indulgently, her pencil poised over a dollar sign.

"It is this: You mixed the apéritifs for that type that was with her Friday night. You mixed only two, yet it rendered him well paralyzed. Where, then, did you learn how it is one mixes drinks of such a quality?"

Marius paused for reply, and Marianne completed the dollar sign before looking down at him.

"It is the recipe of an *Américain* of blood gentle and tender—one Monsieur Meeckee Feenn," said Marianne.

THE END

10¢

for these extra-large bottles of Mucilage (shown ½ actual size). There's also a jumbo Oval for 25¢; 25¢ and 40¢ for larger desk jars with adjustable brushes.

STARTS QUICKEST
CARTER'S MUCILAGE
STICKS QUICKEST
STARTS QUICKEST
CARTER'S MUCILAGE
STICKS QUICKEST
STARTS QUICKEST
CARTER'S MUCILAGE
STICKS QUICKEST

Here's a STICKER that really sticks

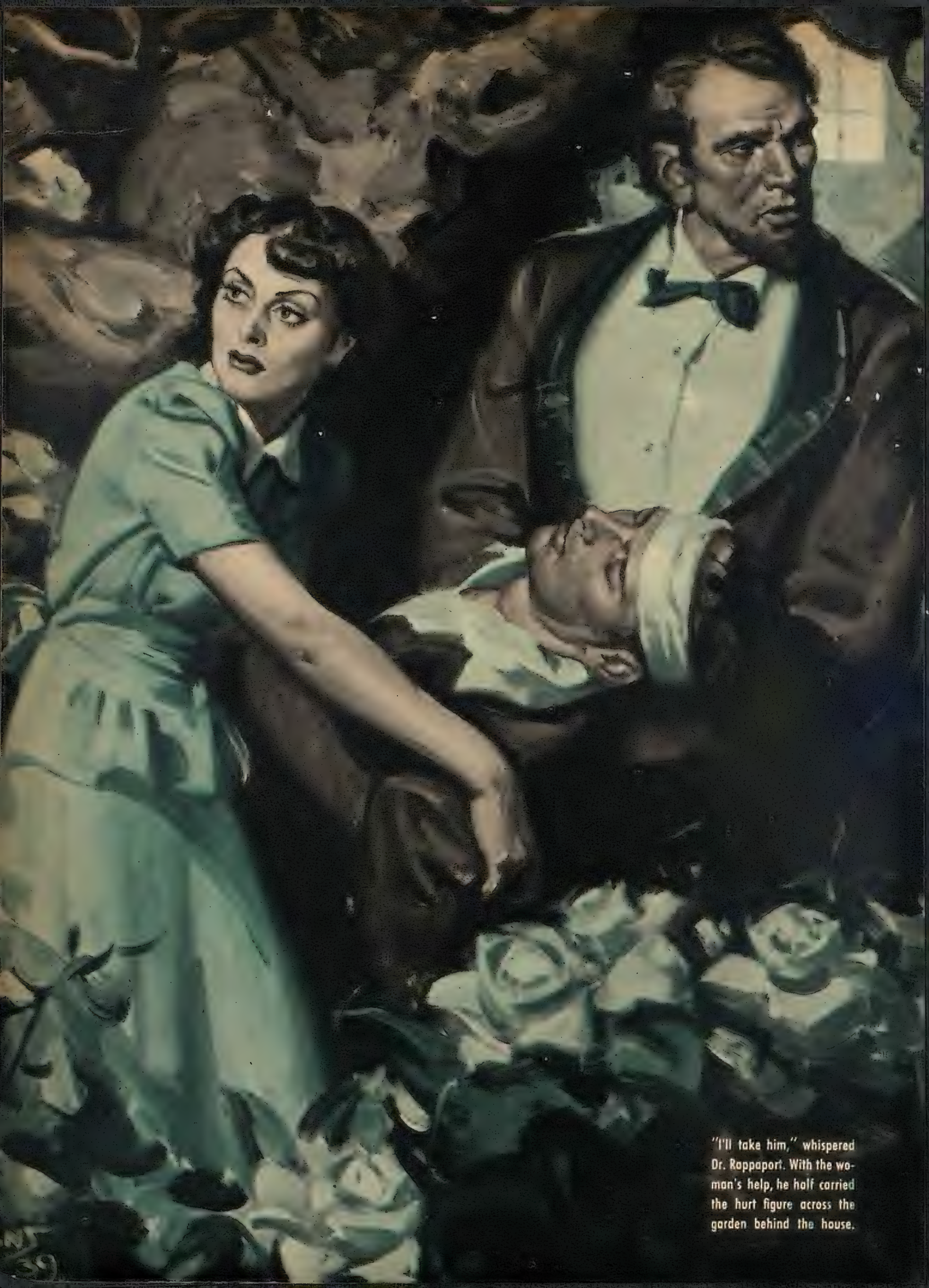
● A new, heavier bodied, quick-grasping mucilage that's "tops" for school, office or home use . . . The smart new Carter Oval (shown ½ actual size) fits your hand—is easier, cleaner to use. Its self-starting "chisel-edge" spreader—specially designed to take this heavier bodied mucilage—works evenly and smoothly; spreads a thin film of quick-sticking mucilage on the surface to be pasted—what's more, Carter's Mucilage *stays* stuck!

●

The new Oval Bottle is handier to use. Its "chisel-edge" spreader "feeds" easier, too.

CARTER'S MUCILAGE

Also Makers of Fine Inks—Carbon Paper—Adhesives—Typewriter Ribbons—Cube-Wells



"I'll take him," whispered Dr. Rappaport. With the woman's help, he half carried the hurt figure across the garden behind the house.

I MARRIED A NAZI

READING TIME
29 MINUTES 6 SECONDS

Love faces new ordeals, compassion brings new perils, in a compelling story of today—founded on fact!

BY OSCAR SCHISGALL

ILLUSTRATED BY A. N. SIMPKIN

BECAUSE his father has become an invalid and unable to go on with his toy business in Berlin, Eric Traub goes to Germany for three months, taking with him his young wife Carol and their little boy Ricky. Before sailing, Carol promises her physician, Dr. Gerhardt, to look up his brother, a university professor who has been sent to a concentration camp. Eric doesn't like this mission of hers. He senses possible complications; for he himself is still a German, technically, not having taken out full-citizenship papers in the United States.

Against the warning of Eric's beautiful young stepmother, Freda, who is a violent Nazi, Carol, with the help of Kenneth Delane of the American Embassy, follows the trail of Hugo Gerhardt, and discovers that he is dead, under circumstances suggesting execution. Other things appall Carol, especially the persecution of the Jews on all sides. Even the lifelong neighbors of the Traubs, the Rappaports, are shunned by their oldest friends. Freda defends all the Nazi hatred and regimentation. And she makes up to Eric at every opportunity. It worries Carol. She wishes she could get her husband out of the country. An invisible wall is being built between them. The authorities go so far as to demand Carol's birth certificate. Eric assures her that it is all a mere matter of form.

The elder Traub is an old-fashioned German; but his nurse, Fräulein Uberholtz, is a Hitler fanatic. In honor of Eric, and to bring his old friends together, Freda gives a gala dinner, but it turns out disastrously. Two of her guests quarrel. Herr Felix Jung denounces the Nazi regime, and warns Carol that the "poison" is being poured into Eric. Jung's opponent, Franz Reiner, fumes, threatens, and finally punches him in the mouth! When the outspoken enemy leaves the house, Reiner telephones the powers that be.

PART FIVE—TRAGEDY IN THE NIGHT

FREDA TRAUB'S dinner party ended in collapse. True, a few of the guests made pathetic efforts to revive it. Felix Jung, they said, had been too drunk to realize what he had prattled; he had always been a queer one, anyway, and was not to be taken too seriously. But the words were too nervous to be convincing. The knowledge that before morning, because of Franz Reiner's telephone call, Felix would be either a prisoner or a fugitive defeated every attempt to minimize the importance of his conduct.

By eleven the guests were gone—scurrying out as hastily, Carol thought, as if they feared a *Schutzstaffel* raid—and Freda began her lamentations.

"Why does a man have to come into my home and make my evening a Bolshevist meeting?" she wailed. "Why was he such an idiot? If only I'd known what kind of person he was!"

"I didn't know, either," Eric stammered in distress. "It's ten years since I last saw Felix Jung. I'm terribly sorry, Freda. I didn't suspect—"

"Oh, it's not your fault. But one of those others could have told me!"

Carol, still numbed by the impact of Felix Jung's warning, was about to put in a word when Ricky's call floated from upstairs. She hurried into the hall. Ricky, in pajamas, stood at the top of the steps, rubbing his eyes. It must have been the farewells of the guests that had wakened him.

So she went up to tuck him in bed; and Eric, left alone with his father's wife, combed unsteady fingers through his hair.

"It's a shame to have it end this way," he muttered. "It began so beautifully."

"Eric, I was *so* anxious to make it a—a successful evening!"

"I know—"

"I wanted you to remember it . . ." She had to stop. She was like a plaintive child. Her head sank until it almost touched his chest. In dismay he looked down into her golden curls and found himself talking without quite knowing what he said—stammering anything to reassure her, anything to bring back her smile.

"You couldn't help what happened, Freda. It was grand of you to do it for me, to ask them all. And you looked so lovely tonight. So exquisite!"

She gazed up at him then with a wan but grateful smile. Her eyes were moist. "Thank you, Eric."

"Freda." Suddenly he caught her arms. "*Freda*—"

The huskiness of his voice didn't startle her. She came closer to him, her gaze full of understanding. For a while she studied his face. Then she raised her lips.

"Kiss me, Eric."

He kissed her full upon the mouth. He held her fiercely. He knew it was a mad thing to do. Maybe he was drunk. But he didn't care now; he didn't care—

When he released her he was breathless. He stared in a kind of trance. Freda was flushed, but she managed to laugh, a low and reassuring laugh, and patted his cheek.

"I—I've been wanting to kiss you like that ever since I came!" he said savagely.

"I know, Eric. I—was hoping you would."

He would have seized her again, but she pressed her hands to his mouth and withdrew. She shook her head so that the curls danced.

"No, no. We mustn't."

"Freda—"

"We must be careful, Eric. Please. Not here."

Not here! . . . The words held a promise that was glorious—and terrifying. He gripped her arms. He searched her eyes, while his emotions raced into the weeks ahead. She was right. Not here. Not now. This was not the end. This was but the beginning . . . the beginning of something wonderful and incredible. . . .

He let her go.

When Freda had run upstairs, leaving behind a soft trickle of laughter, he remained in the living room, smoking cigarettes. He walked restlessly. He had to get this blazing heat out of his face.

When at last he did go upstairs, many minutes later, Carol stood at an open window, gazing into the sky. Her dressing gown glimmered under moonbeams.

Without speaking, he went to a chair, crossed his legs, and began pulling at a shoelace.

Carol turned, bringing speculative eyes to his big figure hunched over the shoe. She was silent a long time before she spoke.

"Eric."

"Well?"

"I know it may sound silly. But I wish we could—go home."

That jolted him.

"Look," he reasoned. "I came here to do a job. It may take another two months. What's the use of becoming impatient? We can't leave till I sell the factory."

"No-o, I suppose not. Still—"

"As for Felix, the man was drooling," he said in disgust. "He's embittered."

"Possibly. And yet, there was a great deal in what he said. I mean about *you*." She frowned. "The way your

"TO SHAVE FAST, WITH COMFORT—
DO AS BARBERS
DO...
USE
COLGATE
LATHER"

2 OUT OF 3
BARBERS USE
COLGATE
LATHER... THE
FAST FRIENDLY
SHAVE!

Signed
Rocco Scavetta
Head Barber, Hotel
Weylin, New York City

1. QUICK
because you don't have to prepare your beard before using Colgate Rapid-Shave Cream.

2. SMOOTH
because its rich, small-bubble lather melts the beard soft at the base, so your razor cuts clean.

3. ECONOMICAL
because you get 200 clean, friendly shaves in every 40¢ tube of Colgate Rapid-Shave Cream.

BARBERS KNOW from long experience that lather gives a smooth, easy shave, because it wilts whiskers soft and fast. And 2 out of 3 barbers use Colgate lather. For shaving at home, use Colgate Rapid-Shave Cream. It whisks up into rich moist creamy lather . . . loosens the film of oil on each hair of your beard . . . soaks it soft and limp, easy to cut off smooth and clean. Buy Colgate Rapid-Shave Cream today. Large size 25c. Giant size holding twice as much, only 40c. And you get 200 clean, friendly shaves in every 40c tube.

COLGATE
RAPID-SHAVE CREAM

attitude toward things has been changing since we came—"

"My attitude is something you'll probably never understand," he declared, rising. "You've got the American point of view, Carol. Mine is German."

He couldn't have realized how deeply that hurt her. He began to pace the room, his hands in his pockets, his head lowered. If only he could get Freda out of his thoughts . . . if only he could stop seeing her blue eyes . . .

Carol let herself sink to the edge of the bed.

She said in a low tone, "We used to be rather proud, in New York, of seeing eye to eye on things. It made living fun."

"We also thought of ourselves as being fairly intelligent people, didn't we?" he demanded. "As intelligent people, we shouldn't be frightened now by the fact that we hold opposite political views."

"I shouldn't mind your disagreeing with me on anything in the world, Eric," she whispered. "But when you change so that you uphold brutality—the kind of brutality that makes a man like Franz Reiner turn an old friend over to the police—no, I can't understand that!"

He was tired of the dispute. He pulled off his jacket and undid his tie.

"Lord knows," he sighed, "why you've suddenly become a militant anti-Nazi."

"I'm afraid of what it may do to you."

He scoffed at her fear. He didn't want to continue this discussion. He wanted to get to bed and shut his eyes and savor again, in retrospect, the sweetness of Freda's lips. And it was while he undressed that he had the first staggering thought of what a glorious place Berlin might be if Carol were to go home before him.

KENNETH DELANE, having finished his routine desk work by noon, lit a pipe, swung swivel chair around, and frowned through drifting tobacco smoke at an etching of the White House. He was in a strained mood today. He should not, he realized, be thinking of Carol Traub so persistently.

And yet—his glance turned to four tickets propped against the tobacco jar on the desk.

Even those tickets attested to the thought he had given her. He took the pipe from his mouth and scowled into its bowl. Was he allowing himself the luxury of feelings which were ridiculous?

For the past two hours he had been intending to telephone Carol. Why he had put it off time after time, he didn't know. So he picked up the telephone and called the Traub home. When Carol replied, he told her: "I've been worried about you. That fellow's outburst last night seemed to hit you pretty hard. How are you today? Recovering?"

He expected to hear an echo of his own tension in her voice. To his amazement, however, Carol answered cheerfully:

"It's awfully nice of you to ask. It did bother me. But I've just had news that counteracts it very nicely. We'll probably be sailing for home in two weeks."

"*In two weeks!*" Wholly unprepared for that, Kenneth Delane could not crush his dismay. "What's happened? I mean—I was under the impression you planned to remain—"

"Eric's firm has just had an excellent offer. If everything's in order—and it is—they're ready to close in ten days. After that, of course, we'll sail immediately. I—I've had quite enough."

"Oh," said Kenneth, and the word had a limp sound. He picked up a pencil and watched it thoughtfully as it pattered on the desk. Two weeks. In two weeks she'd be gone. . . .

"But I do hope," she was saying warmly, "we're going to see you before then."

"Thanks. Of course. I—" His gaze fell again on the tickets. Abruptly he said, "Look—how would you like a glimpse of Hitler before you leave?"

That startled her. "Hitler?"

"Next Thursday. You can help him review a few thousand troops."

"At the parade for Admiral Horthy?"

"That's right. So, if you and your husband and Frau Traub will join me—"

She thanked him with enthusiasm. "I'm sure Eric will be delighted, too. It's awfully good of you."

(Two weeks, Kenneth thought with a touch of desperation he could not quell. And Thursday is six full days off. . . .)

Yet his tones were pleasant enough when he suggested, "Another thing for Americans to see in Berlin is their Embassy. Why don't you drop around to step on American soil?"

"I'd love to!"

"Tomorrow would be a perfect day. Say about one o'clock?"

"Well—" She hesitated. He could not guess she was wondering if Eric would take Ricky to the toy factory tomorrow, as he had so frequently promised.

"One," he explained, "will give me a splendid excuse to take you to lunch. So say yes, won't you? I want to write mother how gracious you've been to her son."

She agreed quite merrily: "Very well, then. I couldn't dream of disappointing your mother."

When he had put down the telephone, Kenneth sat frowning at his pipe.

"I'm a fool," he muttered.

OVER lunch at the Adlon, where they had a small corner table, Kenneth told himself that he had never before known any one who stimulated him as did Carol Traub. And now that she was going home, her eyes held new lights; there was an eager, buoyant quality in her smile.

When, over dessert, she spoke of returning to Grünewald after lunch, he protested, "Oh, please, not *yet!* There are thousands of things we could do."

"Such as—?" she mocked.

"I don't know. I haven't given it a thought. But, really, I get so few opportunities, in my peculiar line of business, to discuss life with fashion editors from New York. . . . Suppose we drive out to the park for coffee. I know a place you'll love. Unless, of course," he added, "you're anxious to get back to Ricky?"

"Ricky," she assured him, "is having a field day at the toy factory."

"Then it's coffee in the park?"

"Coffee in the park—how romantic you make it sound!"

Kenneth was grateful for that whole afternoon with her. After it he didn't see her again until Thursday—Thursday, the 25th of August, one of the most spectacular days that Berlin, the stage of spectacles, had presented in months.

That day they stood in a reviewing stand within a hundred feet of der Führer. At the beginning Carol found herself watching Hitler more often than the massed troops who marched by, bands blaring, cannons and trucks dividing their ranks. But after a time her eyes turned, with a trace of wonder, to Eric and Freda.

They were flushed, proud. Every time a flag or a swastika passed, they lifted their arms in enthusiastic salute. Eric's hat was in his hand, and the breeze disarrayed his yellow hair. Occasionally he glanced down into Freda's face, and they smiled at each other as if to say, "This is ours!" He seemed more the viking than ever. . . . Yes, it hurt to see him so completely abandoned to pride in this display. It made him alien.

A NEW cannon was exhibited to the world that day—a huge mobile ten-inch gun drawn past in five units. When it came, Freda seized Eric's arm. She whispered something, and they gazed at the gun in awe.

Carol's gaze went back to Hitler, whom she found a rather unprepossessing figure; hardly the man she would have selected as being a dictator of human destinies. Certainly Admiral Nicholas Horthy, Regent of Hungary, who stood beside der Führer, had a more imposing personality.

But one thing about Hitler made her marvel. Though he responded endlessly to roared *Heils* and *Siegs*, though he greeted every flag with a brisk salute, he never tired. His smile remained fresh to the end. His manner remained crisp.

It was in a café, an hour after the parade, that Eric shook his head in amazement. "What a show of strength that was! There's no country in the world that can match it."

Freda's eyes at once shone up into his. "It grows better every year, Eric! I have seen it grow since the beginning!"

The way they looked at each other,

His HAIR went down the drainpipe
DON'T LET THIS HAPPEN TO YOU*

WATER is no hair tonic. Too much water is bad for hair. It washes out natural oils. Dries the scalp. Encourages dandruff.

If you want glossy, attractive hair that will stay "put" all day long, use Kreml.

Kreml is a dressing-tonic.

It contains beneficial oils that impart a lustre to the hair; makes it obedient to brush and comb.

It helps keep the scalp clean, free from dandruff scales.

It checks excessive falling hair.

Stop letting your hair vanish down the drainpipe.

Start today using Kreml in place of water for dressing your hair. See how soon you notice a big improvement.

Use Kreml at home.

Ask for it at the barber's.

Kreml Shampoo is a splendid ally of Kreml Hair Tonic. It is made from an 80% olive oil base, cleanses hair and scalp thoroughly and leaves hair easy to manage.

*** Kreml is effective in checking excessive falling hair—except, of course, in cases where the trouble is caused by the comparatively rare disease alopecia areata, a condition which requires medical treatment.**

KREML

Tested and Approved 4741 Good Housekeeping Bureau Good Housekeeping Magazine

REMOVES DANDRUFF SCALES—CHECKS EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR

NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

Even gents in the heavy Money, Vote Ingram's thrifty cream a Honey!

Give your face that soothing, bracing Ingram's coolness!

WHAT a soothing, cooling, luxurious difference you discover with your first INGRAM'S SHAVE! For Ingram's is a unique formula—acts like a shaving cream and lotion in one! Its billowing lather softens whiskers in double-quick time. And you feel that bracing, *soothing*, Ingram's COOLNESS. Get tube or jar at your druggist's today—both are concentrated to save money.

A SPEED LATHER! Ingram's lather works amazingly fast! It wilts the fight out of the most stubborn whiskers in jig time.

FEEL THAT KICK! With each and every stroke of your razor, Ingram's "wet-inside" lather gives a cool and bracing kick to your skin.

COOLING—SOOTHING—COMFORTING Smooth, easy shaving and a cool, more attractive-looking skin are the rewards of thrifty Ingram's.

INGRAM'S *Concentrated* SHAVING CREAM
A little goes a longer way

as though acknowledging a bond, made Carol glance away with a feeling of shock. She had an absurd sense of having pried into something not intended for her to see. She tried to fix her attention on Kenneth, but somehow her eyes kept roving back to Eric and Freda. . . .

The stringed orchestra sang a Viennese waltz. Freda at once sprang up, her smile vivid.

"Come, Eric! Let's dance!"

Eric sent a hesitant glance at Carol; but Freda was already on the floor, her foot tapping, her hand swaying. He rose, somewhat cumbersomely, and they danced. Carol watched them awhile. Now that they were out on the floor, spinning in that mad whirl, they no longer looked back at the table. They looked only at each other.

A queer pang caught her. She tried to fight it off, to deride its significance. She even jerked her eyes away, in anger at herself, and forced herself to face Kenneth Delane.

"How did it strike you?" he asked.

"The parade? Oh, it was impressive enough."

He smiled twistedly. "Spectacles like that are the best way of blinding people to other occurrences."

(I mustn't keep glancing at Eric and Freda! she snapped to herself. I'm imagining things. . . .)

"While those troops were marching here in Berlin," Kenneth went on, his voice low, "Bishop Ludwig Sproll, a Catholic in Rottenburg, was expelled from Württemburg Province today. We got the news this morning. They drove him out because he hadn't voted for the Anschluss with Austria. He hadn't voted at all." He dropped a brief mirthless laugh. "Straws in the wind. After the Jews, the Catholics. But they're going to have a harder time with the Holy See. That's why they're slower in starting their campaign. There are only sixteen million scattered Jews in the world—nothing much to worry about, numerically. But there are over three hundred million organized Catholics."

(No, I won't stare at them again! The idea is fantastic. Not Eric! . . .)

I ENVY you going home," Kenneth sighed. "It will be good to relax in a country where things like this don't happen." He paused. "And yet, I'll be sorry to see you go, Carol. Knowing you has been—fun."

She looked at him quickly. If there was confusion in her eyes, it was because he had never before spoken with such earnestness. She wanted to reply, but for the first time she could find no adequate answer to make to Kenneth Delane. His mood caught her, held her inarticulate.

Then Freda and Eric returned. They sat down, laughing and hot and flushed, and Eric called to the *Kellner* for another drink. He ran a finger under his moist collar.

"It keeps you moving, that music!"

"Make the most of it," Kenneth told him wryly. "You won't be dancing waltzes like that in New York. . . . Have you decided, by the way, when you're sailing?"

The question sobered Eric. Vaguely it annoyed him, too, for his smile began to fade. Turning his glass in its saucer, he answered, "No. There's no definite day."

Eric cleared his throat. His sudden change of humor—the very manner in which he now avoided Carol's eyes—gave her a wild start of misgiving.

He said, frowning at the glass, "Of course, we've got an offer, and auditors are examining our books this week. But—" And then, without glancing at her, he stabbed Carol's hopes. He left her devastated, her mind confounded, her heart full of turmoil and terror. He said: "I told them over the phone this morning that their price was ridiculous. Unless they increase it considerably. I told them that, at their figure, the deal is off. Definitely. I can wait."

THAT night Carol could not sleep. She lay staring at the ceiling, with a feeling close to horror. It was as if she had heard a terrifying sound in the dark and was waiting for it to be repeated.

Sometimes she moved her head to look at Eric. He slept, and there was a faint smile on his lips. It seemed to assure her that all her fears were unfounded; that he was still the same Eric to whom she had been married for six years.

But, when she gazed at the ceiling again, she knew it wasn't true. Throughout the evening she had pleaded with him—almost in desperation—to accept the offer his father considered so satisfactory. And Eric had obdurately shaken his head. "I tell you, I can get at least twenty-five per cent more than Herr Müller is offering us."

How could she make him understand that it would be worth any price to her to get him out of Berlin now—at once?

She had for a time struggled not to confuse her thoughts with the dread of Freda; to limit her fears to what Germany might do to Eric. Now, however, she knew she could no longer delude herself. She *had* to think of Freda. Freda had supported Eric's decision; had applauded it. Freda had known about it even before he had mentioned it to Carol. Why not? He was with her so much these days. She drove him to the factory; she called to drive him home; she lunched with him. . . .

In exasperation Carol flung herself to her side. She simply had to drive the thing out of her thoughts. She couldn't go on living in this house, chatting with Freda, eating with her, laughing with her, and thinking every second that she and Eric . . .

Still the suspicion grew, despite her. As the night dragged on, it became steadily more agonizing. She found herself recalling a hundred secret glances, eloquent of intimate understanding, that had passed between Eric and Freda.

It went on until after two in the morning. It might have continued throughout the night if she hadn't been startled by sounds that rose from outside the house.

Though they jolted her, even frightened her a little, as might the stealthy steps of a burglar, she almost welcomed them. Anything was better than this sleepless nightmare full of self-torture.

What she heard was the cautious creak of a door, the whispers of a deep voice, the door again. . . .

Carol jerked up her head. Her hair spilled to her shoulder. She lay listening, her body tense. The sounds, she decided, came from Dr. Rappaport's house.

She sent a startled glance at Eric, but he still slept. They used to jest, in New York, that nothing short of an earthquake could wake him. As she turned away she heard the whisperings again. They held a definite note of panic now. She drew on a dressing gown that swirled out behind her as she went to the window.

A GAUNT figure stood pressed against the wall of the house next door. In the brilliant moonlight she recognized Dr. Rappaport himself. He clutched the collar of his jacket to his throat. His stare was fixed on the street. Moonlight, falling upon his face, revealed terror in its deep lines. It was, tonight, a shocking face, all its gentleness lost.

As Carol watched, in an incomprehending spell, a dark-haired woman —the doctor's daughter-in-law—appeared at the open window over his shoulder. She said something indistinguishable. The doctor waved her away with a jerky hand.

"*Ja,*" he whispered; "*aber schnell, schnell!*"

The woman vanished. Dr. Rappaport ran to the sidewalk and looked from left to right along Havelstrasse. He sent rigid fingers through his hair. When he swung back, the moonlight found his face again. It was more harassed than ever.

The side door of his house opened as he reached it. His daughter-in-law came out, supporting a man who hung on her, his head dangling, his legs bent. His right arm hung limp, but the left was thrown across her shoulders.

"I'll take him," whispered Dr. Rappaport.

Carol stared, unable to move. What all this might mean, she couldn't guess. It was unreal. It wasn't life. It was like a fantastic moonlit scene on a stage. . . .

Dr. Rappaport held the other man now—a much younger man. With the woman's help, he half carried the hurt figure across the garden behind the house. They went to the farthest corner, where rosebushes grew in rich profusion near a high hedge.

There, between the bushes and the hedge, in black shadows, Dr. Rappaport lowered the limp figure. He, too,

MORE THAN 2,000,000 MEN AHEAD OF YOU

But "You're Next"

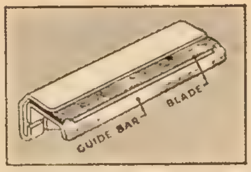
FOR A "CLOSE-UP" SHAVE!

If you'll take a tip from more than 2,000,000 men, you'll start shaving with the Schick Injector Razor tomorrow morning!

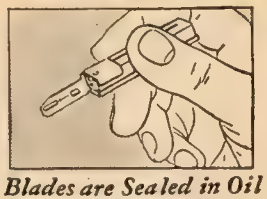
These men have switched to the Schick Injector Razor because they've found that it gives the smoothest, most COMFORTABLE shave they've ever had—either by a barber or by themselves. They get a really "close-up" shave, too, without scratching and bleeding, because the Schick Injector Razor is *designed* to give that kind of a shave.

Let this fast-growing popularity be your guide . . . get the new $1.00 "Popularity" Kit—and a new kind of shaving pleasure!

FOUR GOOD REASONS WHY IT'S AMERICA'S FASTEST GROWING RAZOR

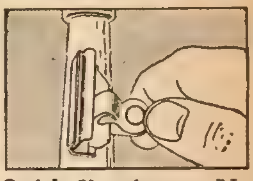


Solid Guide Bar . . . Designed to flatten and s-t-r-e-t-c-h the skin taut ahead of the blade edge. No "teeth" to rake ridges that often get nicked and scraped.



Blades are Sealed in Oil . . . Blade edges are actually suspended in space . . . sealed in a bath of oil in metal Injector cartridge. No paper covering to dull their edges.

Instant Blade Change . . . A pull and push on the Injector shoots out the old blade, slides in a fresh one *automatically!* Nothing to take apart. Nothing to reassemble.



Quick Cleaning . . . No need to take this razor apart for cleaning. A swish under the faucet does the trick. No "teeth" to clog up. No wiping necessary.

SCHICK
Injector
RAZOR
12 BLADES

look! THE "POPULARITY" KIT $1.00 now only

Including a Cartridge of 12 Schick Blades

A reduced price made possible by the fast growing popularity of the Schick Injector Razor. The same razor that previously sold in the De Luxe Kit for $2.00. Includes Schick Injector Razor in handsome pigskin grain case and an Injector cartridge of 12 Schick Blades. Each box is stamped with a 20-year guarantee.

TWENTY YEAR GUARANTEE (1939) This Schick Injector Razor is intended to give at least 20 years shaving service to the purchaser. If it gets out of order within that time, no matter what the cause may be, it will be reconditioned or replaced free of charge when returned to:

MAGAZINE REPEATING RAZOR COMPANY, Bridgeport, Conn. and NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.

(Same prices now prevail in Canada)

When you buy Schick Blades you get a whole magazine of blades . . . 20 or 12 at a time. No running out of blades every few days. Cost per blade is less than other brands.

20 Schick Injector 20
12 Schick Injector 12

DO THEY TITTER AT YOUR TATTERS?

WINGS shirts won't make you a social success overnight, mister. But if you've ever been red-faced and embarrassed in a frayed collar, you're ready for the poise-creating smoothness of WINGS.

WINGS collars and cuffs NEVER fray, mister. They're made of GENUINE AEROPLANE CLOTH (the kind specified for aeroplane wings) and guaranteed to outwear the shirt—itself guaranteed for a year.

And SMART? They're all custom-made and tailored to please the most discriminating—in whites, solid colors and fancy patterns. Look for the identifying red stitch in the collar band. They're easy on the pocket, too, at only...............$1.65

An Exclusive Product of The Piedmont Shirt Company, Greenville, S. C.

WINGS

AT MOST MEN'S AND DEPT. STORES

GIVE YOUR HAIR A FIGHTING CHANCE

TRY Lucky Tiger

Made to do a real job of removing loose dandruff—To check excessive falling hair—To allay that annoying scalp itching—To relieve scalp irritations and—To groom and beautify the hair.

Get a bottle at your druggist or 10¢ store, or professional applications at your barber's.

LUCKY TIGER
DANDRUFF
MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Free!

A NEW LUCKY TIGER *WITH OIL*

A New Lucky Tiger With Oil is Now being made for excessive dry hair and scalp. A 35¢ bottle will be sent upon receipt of 12¢ in stamps to pay for pkg. and postage.
LUCKY TIGER MFG. CO.
Dept. 14, Kansas City, Mo.

sank to his knees, the woman beside him.

Presently he rose. As he turned, he closed his eyes and staggered. He had to seize the hedge for support. When he gaped about again, it was in the dazed manner of one who couldn't decide what to do next. He looked at the Traub house.

And that was when he saw Carol.

Dr. Rappaport stiffened. A change crept over his moonlit features; an expression of downright horror. He said something to his daughter-in-law. Leaving her there, he came running across the garden, a finger pressed to his lips in a plea for silence. Under Carol's window he halted, breathing heavily. He looked up at her with a prayer in his eyes. His arms gestured to her, begged her to come down. Clearly he dared not speak so close to the windows.

Carol's nerves were pounding. Never before had she seen such despair in a face.

She hesitated just long enough to look at Eric. Wake him? Eric, who hadn't cared to argue " over a Jew "? No. On her toes she hurried downstairs. When she opened the side door, Dr. Rappaport was waiting for her, his eyes wild with anguish.

" Frau Traub," he whispered hoarsely, " I beg you—I beg you with all my heart, with all my soul—to say nothing of what you have seen! "

" What happened? "

Dr. Rappaport drew a shaking hand across his forehead. " My—my son. He came home tonight. He is hurt. He has been shot."

CAROL stared toward the distant dark corner of the garden where the woman still knelt.

" In a little while," the doctor said, " they will come to look for him. They shot down one of his friends, he says, and the friend is delirious. If the man talks—"

" And you're hiding him back *there?* " Carol gasped.

" I—I don't know what else to do. I don't know which way to turn! "

" But they're sure to find him there! "

" We—we can only pray that they won't search the garden. I can think of nothing else. Tomorrow perhaps his friends will come — to move him—"

From somewhere in the stillness of Grünewald floated the drone of an approaching automobile. The sound made Dr. Rappaport catch his breath. He turned dazedly, started toward his son, but checked himself to fix those anguished eyes once more on Carol.

" I beg of you not to tell them, Frau Traub! "

A single word of reassurance escaped her in a rush of sympathy. She watched Dr. Rappaport hurry to his daughter-in-law. The automobile was much closer now. Already its headlights were illuminating Havelstrasse. Dr. Rappaport seized the woman's arm. He had to pull her away, to force her into the house. They shut the door. . . .

Carol regained her wits. She couldn't see the oncoming car, but it was very near now. She stepped back, more tensely excited than she had ever been in her life, and closed her own door.

In her room, she didn't dare go to the window. She stood far back, gripping the foot of the bed, and stared down into the street.

Yes, a car had stopped in front of Dr. Rappaport's home. Four men in black sprang out of it and ran across the doctor's lawn to his front door. They banged upon it. One kicked it.

" *Geöffnet, Jude!* " he shouted. " Open, Jew! "

Two of them ran to the side door, kicked it noisily.

" Open, Jew! "

THAT was when Eric awoke. He sat up with a violent start, staring at Carol in amazement.

" What on earth—" he began.

Carol had no opportunity to answer. At that instant something happened that shocked her into utter speechlessness. She heard a woman's voice, and it came from the Traub house—from a window at the rear. It was the voice of stern Fräulein Uberholtz, the nurse. And Fräulein Uberholtz called through the moonlight:

" In the rose bed, *Herren!* The Jews hid him in the rose bed! I saw them." . . .

In less than five minutes Havelstrasse was silent again.

It was all done with a minimum of excitement. The men in uniform appeared to be performing a routine task. They found the sprawling figure in the rosebushes and carried him to the automobile. One waved a hand of acknowledgement to a window of the Traub house. The fact that the neighborhood had been roused, that lights were showing in every home and heads at every window, in no way disconcerted them. They went about their job like stage hands setting a new scene.

Even the wife of the man they had caught could not delay them. Hysterical, she ran out of the Rappaport house to hurl herself at the nearest Blackshirt. She beat his chest wildly and sobbed, " *Mörder!* " and wept. When she continued her outcries even after her husband lay in the automobile, losing herself to the extent of struggling to get in with him, the four men finally became impatient. If that was what she wanted, they said, then, *zum Teufel,* she could have it. They pushed her in, slammed the door, and the car raced off as swiftly as it had come.

Havelstrasse was silent.

Not until then did Carol recover from the shock of the thing. When she did shake off her stupor, it was to find herself obsessed by fury. She was pale and her eyes blazed. She looked at Eric, hanging over the windowsill like a gargoyle. Then she turned abruptly and went to Fräulein Uberholtz's room.

What she intended to say to Fräulein Uberholtz she didn't know. But the bitterness in her demanded expression.

Freda was already there, her curls carefully preserved under a net, her lovely body discernible through a diaphanous gown. And the statuesque Fräulein Uberholtz, arms hugging the folds of a voluminous wrap, was explaining what had happened. She spoke with the grim satisfaction of one who has performed her duty well.

"I went in to look at Herr Traub—he had been very restless—and when I returned to my bed I heard those sounds. *Natürlich,* I looked out, so I saw everything that went on." She stopped, her brows rising when she saw Carol at the door.

And Carol suddenly recognized the futility of speaking to this woman. She knew Fräulein Uberholtz's kind. Berlin was full of them—"two-hundred-per-cent Nazis," they were called. Stern, implacable, fanatic.

She turned, went blindly back to her own room. In the door she collided with Eric. He pressed her shoulders briefly between his great hands and hurried on along the corridor.

Carol dressed. She dressed swiftly, as though in speed she could find an opiate for her aching mind. She caught Eric's voice, and Heinrich's too; they were all in the invalid's room. What they said she didn't hear. She didn't even try to listen.

☆ THE BOOK OF THE WEEK ☆

by Oliver Swift

★ ★ ★ ★ THE TREE OF LIBERTY
by Elizabeth Page. Farrar & Rinehart.

Here is an amazingly stirring first novel with its materials drawn from the very soul of the American character. The characters are not symbols, but living people, yet they symbolize the best that our country stands for. A must.

Yet one phrase did come to her in the broken tones of Heinrich Traub. He said, "You shouldn't have done it, Fräulein — you shouldn't!" . . . And Carol remembered the single glimpse she had had of Heinrich's face when she passed his door. It had been twisted by pain. The face of a man helpless against something that tore at his heart. . . .

When she was dressed, she ran to the stairs. Freda saw her as she went by Heinrich's door. She called in alarm: "Carol! Where are you going?"

Halfway down the steps, Carol halted to look back. She said, "I'm going to Dr. Rappaport."

Eric came then, and Freda leaned over the banister, eyes stupefied. "Are you insane? You can't do a thing like that! Especially now, with everybody on Havelstrasse *watching* the Rappaport house!"

"When an old man is alone, with nobody but a child to share his misery," Carol answered with bitter sarcasm, "it *would* be pretty awful

OFFER TO YOUNG MEN
Who Hanker to Smoke a Pipe

MECHANICALLY PRE-SMOKED Already "broken in"
HAND-SELECTED BRIAR
YOUR OWN SIGNATURE ENGRAVED HERE
EDGEWORTH EXTRA HIGH GRADE READY-RUBBED
EDGEWORTH Junior TOBACCO
T. L. Nolan

MEN: Complete smoking pleasure comes only from smoking fine tobacco, and starting under ideal conditions. Through this unusual offer we are introducing to you pipe smoking at its best.

Here's Our Offer

FIRST: Trial Packets of each of the three styles of world-famous Edgeworth, wrapped in heavy foil. Edgeworth, famous for more than 35 years, has always contained only the finest tobacco leaf on the market. We know that you cannot make good tobacco from cheap tobacco leaf any more than you can get the pleasure of choicest porterhouse steak for a rump steak price. We gladly pay premium prices to give you a finer smoke. This costly leaf is then manufactured to the high Edgeworth standard—better tobacco, made to smoke cooler, means *no tongue bite* and permits you to enjoy fully its enhanced flavor, greater mildness and richer aroma.

SECOND: A handsome *Signature* Pipe (made by Linkman) that has been mechanically pre-smoked (already "Broken-In") with genuine Edgeworth. It's sweet and gentle from the start. Then to give you an added interest in this pipe, we engrave your *own personal signature* in gold color on the stem. No pipe so personal.

EDGEWORTH *Smoking* TOBACCO

TO GET YOUR EDGEWORTH SAMPLER KIT—JUST MAIL COUPON WITH $1.00
(In Canada $1.50 Duty Paid)

LARUS & BRO. Co., Dept. K
Richmond, Va.
Enclosed please find $1.00 (In Canada $1.50 Duty Paid) for your Edgeworth Sampler Kit . . . Opposite is my signature to *engrave* on the stem of the pipe. (Please *print* clearly your name and address below.)

SIGNATURE L. B.
Please write your normal signature clearly within exact space allotted

Name.................................... *Address*....................................
City.................................... *State*....................................

PLEASE SEND US YOUR DEALER'S NAME AND ADDRESS
Dealer's Name.................................... *Address*....................................
City.................................... *State*....................................

TRADE A LAW MARK

There ought to be a law against people who cough in public. Don't do it. Carry Smith Brothers Cough Drops with you. Just 5¢ a box.

Smith Bros. Cough Drops are the only drops containing VITAMIN A

This is the vitamin that raises the resistance of the mucous membranes of the nose and throat to cold infections.

to try to offer him some comfort." Then she turned away. Eric ran down the stairs to stand beside her.

"Carol," he said, "this is a poor time for sentiment."

"Poor? Have—have you lost all sense of *decency?*"

Before he could reply, Freda demanded, "Do you know why Rappaport's son was arrested?"

"It doesn't matter."

"He was suspected of being mixed up in the underground movement! Men who work like rats, gnawing away at the foundations of the country. Traitors—every last one of them!"

Carol insisted: "But that old man needs somebody in there. I wouldn't blame him if he refused to let me in, after the way we—betrayed him. But if he'll let me help him, I'll—"

"What can you possibly do?" Eric flung out.

"I don't know. I'll have to see."

She was descending the stairs while she spoke. He remained at her side, protesting with great vehemence at every step. When she persistently shook her head, he seized her arm. He was angry now. His eyes held bright lights.

"Carol, I don't want you to do it!"

She met his fiery gaze with searching intensity of her own.

"What have you let them do to you?" she whispered. "What's *happened* to you?"

"I'm trying to be sensible."

"You—you're letting them kill something in you that was warm and human and fine."

"Ridiculous!"

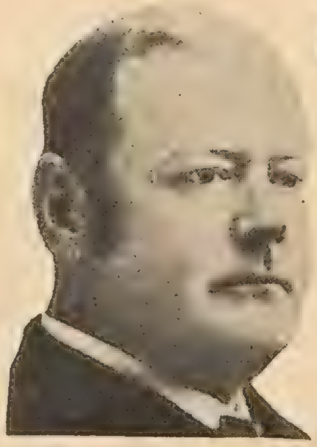
"I'm sorry, Eric. But I've got to follow my own instincts."

She pulled the door open. As she stepped out of the house, she knew a bond between herself and Eric was being broken. And it hurt. It hurt dreadfully. . . . But when she remembered Dr. Rappaport's anguished eyes, when she thought of him alone and beaten in that great house, she knew, too, that Eric was wrong and she was right. She had to be human.

She crossed the lawns boldly. All Havelstrasse with its lighted windows, she felt, must be holding its breath in horror as she mounted the few steps to the Rappaport door. By this time, Freda, no doubt, was beyond speech. Eric, petrified. And despite her tense nerves and the tears that threatened, she experienced a sense of satisfaction when she knocked at the Rappaport door.

Is Carol's action foolhardy or of the highest courage? Will the Nazis dare punish an American girl for her sympathy with the Rappaports? What effect will it have upon her husband? Upon Freda? Tense moments are ahead for you in next week's Liberty.

20 QUESTIONS



1—This week's early photo (above) is of a Southerner, a Democrat, and a Catholic. Bill Taft was called broad-minded and liberal when he appointed this son of Louisiana's seventh governor Chief Justice of the U. S. Who?

2—There are 360 degrees in a what?

3—Where was the Spirit of St. Louis constructed?

4—Does a tobacco plant have flowers?

5—Who was starred in the picture Sweethearts?

6—What precedes: "When first we practice to deceive"?

7—Who originated toboggans?

8—If Lillian Russell was the reigning blonde beauty, who was her brunette rival of that period?

9—And is a termite blond or brunet?

10—Who is matched to fight Max Baer this June?

11—If port is opposite starboard aboard a ship, where is larboard?

12—Who was Anne Hathaway? Kate Greenaway?

13—Which island in the South Pacific was colonized by mutineers from the Bounty?

14—At about what rates of speed do heavy freight trains travel?

15—The lemon tree is a native of which country?

16—The first what was drilled in Titusville, Pennsylvania?

17—Which month is the first of the Roman year?

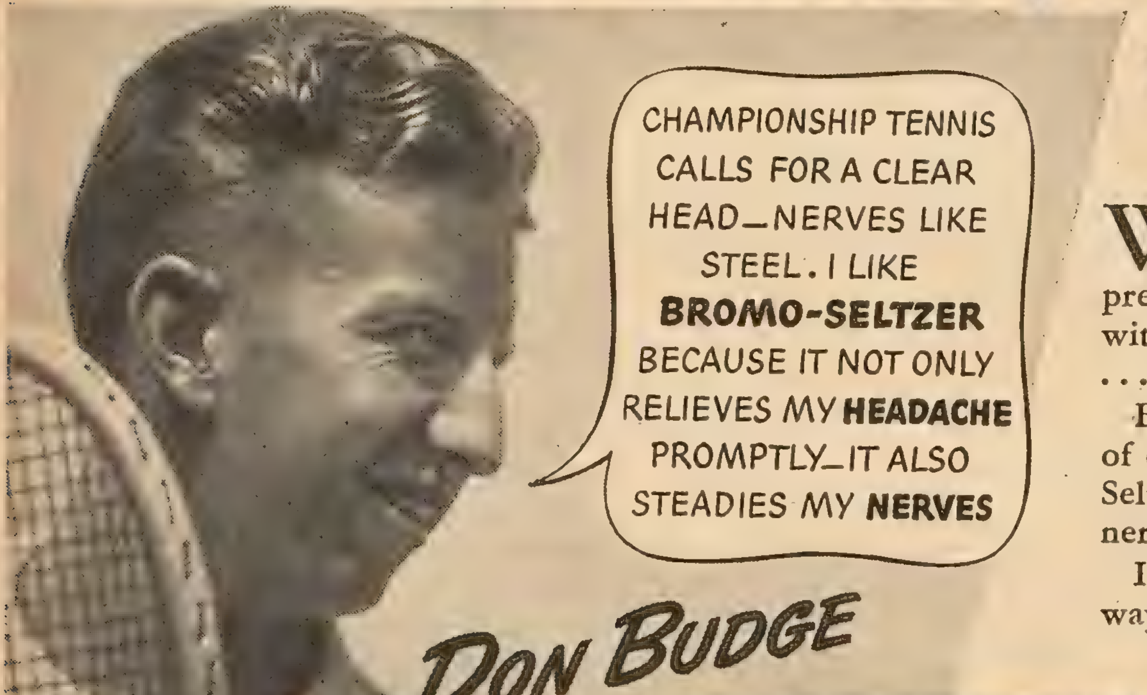
18—If we eat the fruit of a tomato plant, what part of the asparagus plant is employed as food?

19—Suicide by two abdominal sword wounds is called what in Japan?

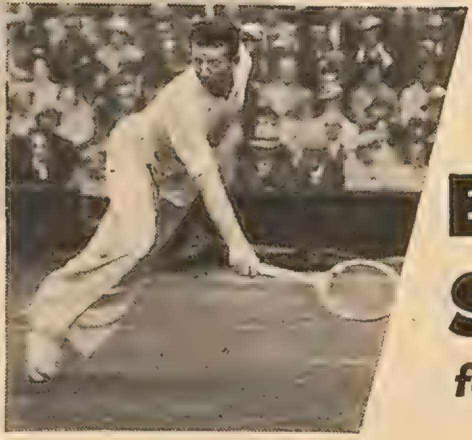
20—Which Canadian-born actress portrays Irene in the moving picture Idiot's Delight?

(Answers will be found on page 52)

HEADACHE strains your NERVES


CHAMPIONSHIP TENNIS CALLS FOR A CLEAR HEAD—NERVES LIKE STEEL. I LIKE BROMO-SELTZER BECAUSE IT NOT ONLY RELIEVES MY HEADACHE PROMPTLY—IT ALSO STEADIES MY NERVES
DON BUDGE

LEADING TENNIS PLAYER in the world, Donald Budge won the four major titles—American, French, English, Australian—in 1938. "Bromo-Seltzer clears away headache; helps restore co-ordination," he says.



Take Bromo-Seltzer—Millions Do!

WITH a headache, your nervous system is disturbed. You feel irritable, depressed. That's why headache is best treated with a remedy made to do at least 2 things . . . relieve *pain* and steady your *nerves.*

Bromo-Seltzer does both. Tests by a group of doctors have proved this. Take Bromo-Seltzer* See how fast it relieves headache and nerve strain. Leaves you steadier, more alert!

It's wise to keep Bromo-Seltzer at home always. Get it at any drugstore—soda fountain.

**For frequently recurring or persistent headache, see your doctor. For the ordinary headache, take Bromo-Seltzer.*

BROMO-SELTZER for HEADACHES

EMERSON'S
BROMO-SELTZER

Comedy on Thin Ice

The movies bring wit and good acting to a hazardous theme involving stolen sweets—Mr. Autry rides again

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY

3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD

1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★ YES, MY DARLING DAUGHTER

THE PLAYERS: Priscilla Lane, Jeffrey Lynn, Roland Young, Fay Bainter, May Robson, Genevieve Tobin, Ian Hunter, Robert Homans, Edward Gargan, Spencer Charters, Lottie Williams. Screen play by Casey Robinson from the stage comedy by Mark Reed. Directed by William Keighley. Produced by Warner Brothers. Running time, 92 minutes.

MOVIE czar Will Hays has been considerably exercised by this film version of Mark Reed's play of young love stealing happiness in an automobile cabin camp. Is it—or isn't it—the thing for susceptible movie fans to observe in their neighborhood theaters?

You see, it's this way. Boy loves girl, but he's poor and is going away to take a job in Belgium. There are just two days for stolen sweets. So Ellen and Doug plan to slip away to their Eden—but the family learns of the contemplated escapade.

The reactions are varied. Mama, who once was a radical in the old days of Greenwich Village, is torn between liberalism and mother love, but she sends daughter on her way with a doubtful blessing. It's quite another thing to father, who is a conservative banker and hunts up the family shotgun.

The comedy is wise but too talky, pleasantly acted by a competent cast. The scene between mother and daughter will stick in your movie recollections. You'll like Priscilla Lane and Jeffrey Lynn as the girl and the boy, but most of all you'll like Fay Bainter as the mother, Roland Young as the once passionate poet of Greenwich Village now turned sedate literary agent, and May Robson as the understanding grandmother of the household.

Not for little Willie.

Jeffrey Lynn and Priscilla Lane. With Fay Bainter, Roland Young, and May Robson they lead the cast of Yes, My Darling Daughter.

VITAL STATISTICS: Priscilla Lane—called Pat by her family—is only nineteen, but she started warbling with the Fred Waring band five years ago. With sister Rosemary she was trying out a song in a Manhattan music publisher's office when Waring happened in. The radio made the Lanes into names, and when Fred went to Warners to do Varsity Show, the sisters were signed on to stick. Now they're set, own a house in Laurel Canyon—that is, Priscilla is there unless she's married Oren Haglund, assistant director. Anyway there's a romance. . . . Jeffrey Lynn's real moniker is Ragnar Godfrey Lind. His father and grandfather were expert stonecutters in Sweden, migrated to Auburn, Massachusetts. The neighbors worried a lot about 'em. They casually carried bottles of nitroglycerin around in their pockets; used it to crack stones. "Rags" Lind went to Bates College. Came the depression and Rags went to work for a phone company. Saved his money and invaded New York. First job: doorman at Embassy Newsreel Theater. Small roles in Broadway shows, stock, and finally a part in Pacific company of Brother Rat. Presto! Discovery by Hollywood! . . . Ian Hunter got bored drinking cocktails in one sequence of this film. Film Manhattans are cold tea with a toothpick, cherry, and the rest. Looks all right but tastes like—er—tea. Hunter is the actor who names his four pet aversions as the radio, civilization, new shoes, and progress. . . . Lewis Seiler was to have directed this picture, but William Keighley did most of it. Genevieve Tobin is Bill's bride. . . . The scenes where Priscilla and Jeffrey fall in the lake were done at Lancaster Lake, just north of the Hollywood hills. . . . Most of the picture was shot on a big Pasadena estate.

★ ★ HOME ON THE PRAIRIE

THE PLAYERS: Gene Autry, Smiley Burnette, June Storey, George Cleveland, Jack Mulhall, Walter Miller, Gordon Hart, Hal Price, Earl Hodgins, Ethan Laidlaw, John Beach, Jack Ingram, Bob Woodward, Sherven Brothers Rodeoliers. Screen play by Charles Arthur Powell and Paul Franklin. Directed by Jack Townley. Produced by Republic. Running time, 58 minutes.

PROBABLY you've noted how the big studios are going cowboy. There's Tyrone Power's Jesse James, Jimmie Cagney's Oklahoma Kid, and Walter Wanger's Stagecoach. Ride 'em, cowboy!

In brief, the big boys have taken a leaf from the notebooks of the smaller studios making Westerns. These films cost little, make fortunes. Chief among the money-makers is Gene Autry.

Autry, still movieland's No. 1 cowboy, rides again, strums his guitar, outwits a band of wicked cattle raisers trying to ship diseased animals to market. He is assisted by the hefty, redoubtable Smiley Burnette and—of all things—an elephant. It seems that the animal takes a fancy to Smiley when his master, an itinerant medicine showman, is thrown into the village hoosegow.

You'd think Gene had a cinch, what with an elephant on his side, but the cattlemen are ornery critters. It takes four songs and three fist fights to bring the right folks to justice, to prove that the hoof-and-mouth disease belongs to the scoundrel's cows and not those of the little cutie who manages Bar Z Ranch for her daddy.

Your Bev Hills has a weakness for Autry. Besides, this has pleasant scenery, action, and Anna May. Anna is the elephant. Whatta personality!

VITAL STATISTICS: They originally intended to call this Ridin' the Range. . . . Gene Autry has written over 200 songs. This idol of the hinterland gets only $1,250 a film, they say. He's led the horse-opera stars in pop. favor for over two years. . . . Heroine June Storey can really shoot with accuracy. Her dad taught her. . . . Watch Jack Mulhall in one of the roles. He was once one of Hollywood's favorite leading men. Played opposite the Talmadges, Colleen Moore, Corinne Griffith, and the other silent lovelies. . . . Smiley Burnette, who was christened Lester Alvin Burnette, really was born in a place called Summum, Illinois. . . . Besides being the kindly cowboy comic of all the Autry operas, he's a pal of Gene's. When Gene was m. c. of the National Barn Dance program, aired from WCS, Chicago, he gave Burnette a job. When Gene landed a film contract two years later, he took Smiley along. Before that, Smiley had left high school in Astoria, Illinois, to work in a canning factory; has been a department-store motorcycle delivery boy, had driven a taxi in Urbana, had shoveled snow, and had become the " one-man radio station " of Tuscola. He was operator, janitor, manager, and the one announcer. Smiley can't read music, but he can—and does—play 52 instruments; has composed 165 songs; played on a musical saw at 11, entertaining at a Y. M. C. A. banquet. He's married to a newspaperwoman and his dad is minister of a church in North Hollywood. His one weakness: touring in a trailer. His one hobby: collecting hotel stationery. If you have any samples, send 'em to Smiley.

★ ★ BEAUTY FOR THE ASKING

THE PLAYERS: Lucille Ball, Patric Knowles, Donald Woods, Frieda Inescort, Leona Maricle, Inez Courtney, Frances Mercer, Whitney Bourne, Ann Evers. Screen play by Doris Anderson and Paul Jarrico from a story by Edmund Hartmann based on an idea by Grace Norton and Adele Buffington. Directed by Glenn Tryon. Produced by RKO-Radio. Running time, 65 minutes.

THE inside of the beauty business. That's the background of this so-so yarn of a beauty-parlor operator who loses her sweetie to a wealthy woman. The gal who gives clay baths finds her hero has feet of the same material. But the girl goes on, perfects a new astringent cream, gets backing for it. All the time she hopes to win the luxury lad back.

The background—the interesting part anyway—shows a beauty salon in full swing, from reception room to steam chambers. Lovelies are getting facials, their hair dressed, their hips rolled off, enduring paraffin bakes, and partaking of sun-ray treatments. Here, boys, you can get the lowdown on lure in the making.

The recent jazzy Annabel of two films, Lucille Ball, is the beautician heroine. The rest of the cast, mostly selected for ability to stand sun-suit revelations, is adequate enough.

VITAL STATISTICS: This is Glenn Tryon's fifth directorial effort. Glenn used to be a comedy star, remember? . . . Patric Knowles plays the salesman who seeks the easiest way, a rich widow. Patric hails from Yorkshire, in the jolly pudding zone of ol' England. Played on the English and Irish stage, landed in British films, came over to do Errol Flynn's brother in The Charge of the Light Brigade. Was christened Reginald Laurence but Patric rebelled. Knowles is married to a former London actress, Enid Percival. No children. Patric collects little ivory and ebony elephants. . . . The press agent says Lucille Ball has a novel way of approaching a fervid love scene. Crawford has tender love songs played on a victrola, Garbo walks the lonely beach for nights and nights, Bette Davis reads French novels. But Lucille takes a smidgin of garlic. Maybe that lets her steal the close-up from the surprised leading man. . . . Beauty for the Asking has Hollywood's most famous film butler. He's Charles Colman. His impeccable dignity has graced screen drawing rooms for ten years. Started back in 1929.

The weekly $10 prize for reviews covered in the February 4 issue of Liberty has been awarded to Donald Reiland, 730 Baker Street, Wisconsin Rapids, Wis., for a review of Honolulu.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 50

1—Edward Douglass White.
2—A circle.
3—At San Diego, California.
4—Yes; pink, white, and red in color.
5—Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy.
6—" Oh, what a tangled web we weave," from Marmion, by Sir Walter Scott.
7—American Indians, who used the sleds for hauling packs.
8—Maxine Elliott (who is now sixty-eight).
9—Blond, since a termite is a white ant.
10—Lou Nova.
11—Opposite starboard, for the term " larboard " was replaced by " port "—both refer to a ship's left side.
12—Shakespeare's wife. An English illustrator of children's books.
13—Pitcairn.
14—Eight to fourteen miles an hour.
15—India.
16—Flowing oil well (1859).
17—March.
18—The stalk.
19—Hara-kiri.
20— Norma Shearer

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Idiot's Delight, Made for Each Other, That Certain Age, The Sisters, You Can't Take It with You.

★★★½—Ice Follies of 1939, Jesse James, Gunga Din, Walt Disney's Shorts, Sweethearts, If I Were King, The Great Waltz, Men with Wings, Spawn of the North, Angels with Dirty Faces, The Lady Vanishes, Four Daughters.

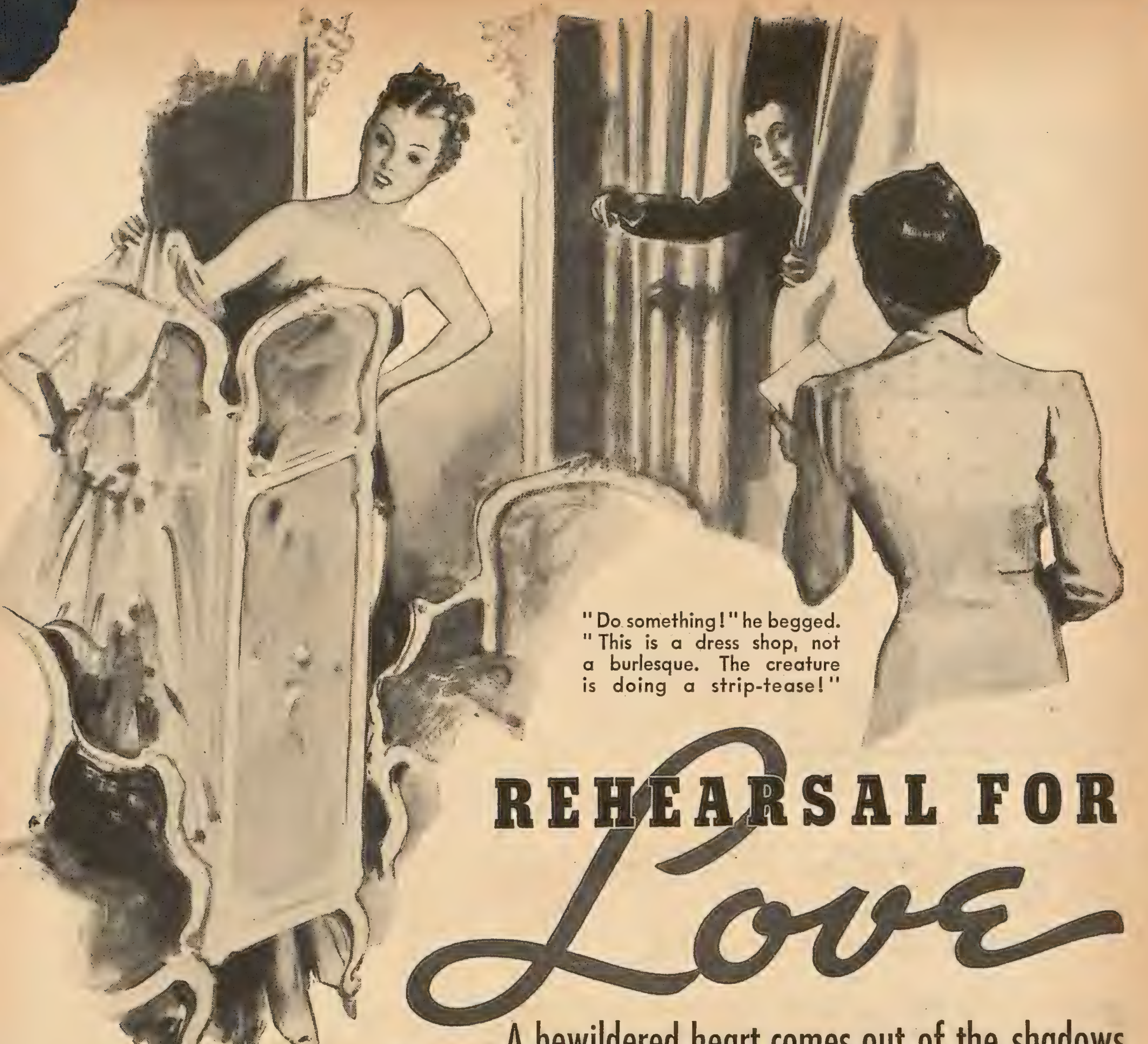
★★★—Love Affair, The Three Musketeers, The Mikado, Café Society, Huckleberry Finn, Wings of the Navy, Persons in Hiding, They Made Me a Criminal, Honolulu, You Can't Cheat an Honest Man, The Beachcomber, Pacific Liner, Zaza, Tail Spin, Kentucky, Stand Up and Fight, Pygmalion, The Great Man Votes, Christmas Carol, Trade Winds, Dawn Patrol, Out West with the Hardys, Submarine Patrol, Dramatic School, Just Around the Corner, The Shining Hour, Sixty Glorious Years, The Cowboy and the Lady, Gangster's Boy, Brother Rat, Suez, The Arkansas Traveler, Mr. Wong Detective, There Goes My Heart, Service de Luxe, Room Service, Garden of the Moon, Carefree, Boy Meets Girl, The Road to Reno, Sing You Sinners.

"Swing-master". . . ARTIE SHAW
Modern
AS A JITTER BUG
Old Gold
CIGARETTES
Old Gold
FOR YOUR ADDED PLEASURE
extra choice, extra long-aged tobaccos give extra rich flavor . . . extra Cellophane wrapper assures extra freshness.
TRY THE 1939
Double·Mellow
Old Gold

ALWAYS FRESH! Doubly protected by not one but two jackets of Cellophane. OUTER jacket opens at BOTTOM of pack.

Copyright, 1939, by P. Lorillard Co., Inc.

TUNE IN on "Melody and Madness" with ROBERT BENCHLEY and ARTIE SHAW'S Orchestra, Sunday nights, Columbia Network



"Do something!" he begged. "This is a dress shop, not a burlesque. The creature is doing a strip-tease!"

REHEARSAL FOR Love

A bewildered heart comes out of the shadows at last—and a brilliant novel nears its end

BY FAITH BALDWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY ROY SPRETER

READING TIME • 25 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

WHEN Kathleen Roberts breaks her engagement to Patrick Bell, the handsome young contractor whose secretary she has been, she is still in love with him. Although she despises his dishonest business dealings and suspects that he has lied to her about his relations with Sandra, a night-club entertainer, she is not sure that she can hold to her decision not to marry him. Then she goes with Jim Haines, Bell's right-hand man, to visit Jim's wife who is in an insane asylum. The madwoman, Francesca, reveals that Bell has been her lover, and Haines, fitting together certain events in the past, knows that it is true. Kathleen, too, is convinced.

On the way home Jim has several drinks and finally passes out in a roadhouse. Kathleen, distracted, drives him to a shack on Long Island where Paul McClure, a playwright who is in love with her, is living while he writes a new play. She is afraid to take Jim home and leave him, for fear he will carry out his threat to kill Bell. A storm comes up and Jim and Kathleen spend the night at the shack. In the morning Paul offers to take Jim to a sanatorium where he can get over his shock, and Kathleen goes back to New York to face Pat.

Pat does not deny Francesca's story, but makes excuses for himself. Kathleen leaves him with a feeling of shame in her heart that, even now, what she really wanted to do was to forget everything and stay in his arms.

Hannah Arnold, the dress designer whose apartment Kathleen is sharing while her parents are away on a cruise, is aghast at the news that her friend has broken with Pat. For she realizes that, desperately in love with Paul McClure as she is, she can never hope to win him now that Kathleen is free.

PART NINE—A TOAST TO FREEDOM

KATHLEEN never forgot her interview with Pat's mother. She went up to the Riverside Drive apartment one early morning and sat with Molly Bell in the overcrowded living room. All the way there she had

GET WISE, GUY!
Poisonous
FATIGUE ACIDS
make Muscles SORE!

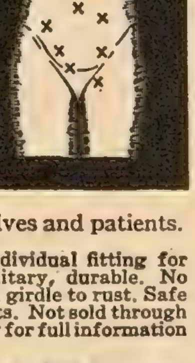
For Quick Relief:
-Flush them out!

NOTHING SMART about putting up with sore, aching muscles. Just get after those poisonous fatigue acids that settle in muscles after strenuous exercise—make them swell and ache. Absorbine Jr.'s the ticket! Accepted laboratory tests proved it speeds the blood through muscles to flush out the acids. **Works *fast*** to get you feeling limber—fit again. **Splash it on after exercise** and 2 or 3 times a day. At all druggists, $1.25.
Free sample—Write W. F. Young, Inc., 360 Lyman St., Springfield, Mass.

ABSORBINE JR.
FAMOUS also for Athlete's Foot—Sprains—Bruises

YOU'LL ALWAYS BE CONSTIPATED UNLESS—

You correct faulty living habits—unless liver bile flows freely *every day* into your intestines to help digest fatty foods. SO USE COMMON SENSE! Drink more water, eat more fruit and vegetables. And if assistance is needed, take Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. They not only assure *gentle* yet *thorough* bowel movements but ALSO stimulate liver bile to help digest fatty foods and tone up intestinal muscular action.
Olive Tablets, being *purely vegetable*, are harmless. Used successfully for years by Dr. F. M. Edwards in treating patients for constipation and sluggish liver bile. Test their goodness TONIGHT! 15¢, 30¢ and 60¢.



Is Your Rupture HERE?

Why continue to suffer with rupture? Stop your worries and fears. Send for the facts about my perfected truss invention—the Brooks Appliance for reducible rupture—with the automatic AIR-CUSHION support **that gives Nature a chance to close the opening.** Thousands bought by doctors for themselves and patients.

Sent on Trial—Made-to-measure, individual fitting for man, woman or child. Low-priced, sanitary, durable. No obnoxious springs or hard pads; no metal girdle to rust. Safe and comfortable. Helps Nature get results. Not sold through stores—beware of imitations. Write today for full information sent free in plain sealed envelope.

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO. 508-D State St. Marshall, Mich.

rehearsed what she must say, but Molly helped her through the preliminaries.

"What's wrong between you and Pat? . . . Oh, don't look so astonished, girl! He's been like a bear with a sore head. Snaps mine off when I ask him about it. Stays out nights. Not with you, I know that. You never left lipstick on his coat lapel, you don't use the kind of perfume— Well, no matter. And you aren't at the office."

"I'm not going back, Molly."

"So that's it. You've quarreled. Well, that's all right," said Molly, watching the younger woman with bright blue eyes. "It takes a knock-down fight to make a good marriage."

Kathleen said, "I'm afraid not."

"You've broken with the boy, then?"

Kathleen looked straight into Molly's eyes. "Yes, dear," she said. "I—"

But that was all. Suddenly she was in tears. She put her hands over her face and wept. Molly let her cry. After a while Kathleen fumbled for her handkerchief, mopped her eyes and blew her nose. She apologized, with a diluted smile.

"I'm so sorry—so ashamed."

Mrs. Bell nodded. "Good cry's what you need. This is your own affair, Kathleen. The boy's my son, but that's not the point. Only think carefully—if it's a silly thing, something that looks big and isn't . . .? Is it jealous you are?"

Kathleen shook her head. "Call it incompatibility. Pat and I don't see things alike. That wouldn't matter if the things were unimportant—like" —she tried to smile again—"roast beef on Sundays, or opera as against musical comedy."

I SEE," said Molly. "Well, I tried to warn you." She looked old suddenly, and unhappy. "I told you he was a good son. So he is. I don't lack for anything. There are things I don't like; he was always headstrong and perhaps I gave in to him. Still," she added musingly, "I doubt I could have changed him. . . . I thought, Kathleen will. But maybe I was wrong." She broke off. "You don't care to tell me about it?" she suggested.

"I'd give my right hand to tell you," said Kathleen somberly. But she could not. She had thought, It would be impossible to tell Pat's mother that his way of doing business was not that of an honest man. How much more impossible to tell her about Francesca Haines!

"I can't," she said; "it involves other people." She looked at the other woman and said slowly, "Even after I broke with him, Molly, I went on loving him."

The older woman whitened. She said, "Then it *was*—something important."

"To me, yes," said Kathleen.

She opened her handbag and took out two little boxes, the bracelet, the ring. She put them on a table. "I'll leave them here," she said, "for him."

She rose and Molly rose with he

"I could beg you," said Moll thoughtfully, "to give him another chance. It will go hard with him now, Kathleen."

Kathleen shook her head.

"I know," she said, "but I can't, Molly, I can't!"

"Perhaps," said Molly, "you'll come see me sometimes? Drink a cup of tea. . . . We won't speak of Pat."

"I'll come," Kathleen promised, choked.

"You're not going away then?"

"No, I'm going to be secretary to the woman who runs Eloise, Inc., the dress shop where Hannah works."

"That's good. It's hard to be idle and unhappy."

Pat's mother reached up and kissed Kathleen's cool cheek. "I can't hold it against you," she added, "but I'm sorry for Pat and for myself. You were a daughter I wanted for my own."

"I won't forget that," said Kathleen, "nor you—"

SHE did not forget her during the weeks which followed, as winter melted into early spring, as early spring blew itself out in gusty winds under a wild blue sky. She kept busy, but did not forget.

She liked working for Rosa Davenport, a slave driver if ever there was one, and she had become an adept in framing the courteous, friendly letters which stopped just short of dunning. She grew fond of Sammy, admiring his genius, tolerant of his high rages, his hysterics.

Kathleen's work was backstage with Rosa. She went through the workrooms with her every day, took notes as Rosa dictated. She wrote her business and most of her personal letters. Now and then, when Rosa had special appointments with the great and near great, she received the customers and talked to them until Rosa was ready to make her grand entrance. When Sammy designed the evening, and Hannah the sports, clothes for a new play, Rosa and Kathleen, with her notebook, went to rehearsals.

She was seeing Paul. When first she saw him again after that crazy stormy night on Long Island, he came to the apartment to report on Jim Haines, safely harbored in Virginia . . . "If he'll stay there. Write him now and again, Kate, will you? He's worth saving. . . ."

In May, heavier by several pounds, clear-eyed, and with a look of fortitude and peace about him, Jim Haines returned to New York. He came to see Kathleen and told her of his experiences in the Virginian place.

"Hell," he reported, "a good deal of the time. Oh, not the treatments, not the—thirst. But the other kind of hell, not physical. Thinking, remembering. Twice I tried to get away, back to town, to break his neck. . . ." He looked at his hands; they were brown now and strong from outdoor work. "That's over now. I'd e you to know that. He's safe ough from me."

"I'm glad, Jim," she said.

"I know. I'm off to Pennsylvania tomorrow, to take that job. I'll keep it too. No—layoffs. I owe it to you and to Paul McClure. Did you know he drove down to see me three times, sent me books, wrote me?"

"Yes, I knew. . . ."

"That's a regular guy," said Haines.

She hesitated. "Have you been to see Francesca?" she asked finally.

"Yes. She didn't know me at first. It's been so long. She's better again. Quiet, like a child." He rose awkwardly. "I won't keep you," he said. "I just wanted to tell you how things were. I'll drop you a line from Easton. . . . I—" He looked at her with shame and appeal. "How is he?" he asked.

Her heart constricted. It was not right, nor fair, that a man should have the power to enslave those who had loved him beyond hatred, beyond justice. She said, after a minute, "I don't know, Jim. I haven't seen him, of course. I see Mrs. Bell every once in a while, but we don't talk about Pat."

"He's been in the papers," said Jim.

"I saw them."

She remembered the first time she had seen Pat's name in the columns, "Pat Bell, Big Ditch Boss, is being seen around town again with Sandra, one of the prettier reasons to visit the Jungle."

At the door she took his hand and held it firmly. She said, "Let me hear from you, Jim . . . and—keep your chin up."

She couldn't wish him good luck. His luck was out long ago. It wasn't luck he needed.

PAUL'S play had been rewritten for the last time. It would be produced in the autumn. He came to see Kathleen and Hannah, took them out, found an extra man. Sometimes Kathleen saw him alone. On the first occasion he said abruptly, "You know how I feel about you. I'm not going to talk about it. I want you to remember it when you want to remember it. Otherwise, forget it."

He had made no mention of the subject since then, and she was grateful to him. Love was the last thing she wanted from any one now. Friendship, yes, a casual companionship. But never love again.

Hannah had acquired a new beau. A very pleasant one this time, a banker. He was about forty and a widower. A quiet man with a sense of humor and the most beautiful unobtrusive manners. "Joel makes me feel like the wrong side of the tracks in a nice way," said Hannah. "I find myself living up to him."

"You like him, don't you?"

"Well," said Hannah, "he's different. He thinks I'm young and foolish and believes that he was created to look after me. When I get off one of my specially elegant wise-

"Dad was right! Universal credit is the best way to buy a Ford!"

THERE'S NO NEED to hold back on buying that new Ford now—for Universal has a plan to fit every budget need. The liberal terms, courteous treatment and nation-wide credit service of Universal have made Universal Plans the most generally accepted way of buying a Ford built car.

But Universal does more than make it easy for you to buy a car. Over 4,000,000 customers have used Universal Plans because they are designed for customers of Ford dealers exclusively, and include:

Nation-Wide Service. Your credit with Universal, once established, is good at any Ford dealer's on the purchase of a new or used car. Special service, when needed, is as close as any of the Universal offices located in 150 leading cities or the nearest Ford dealer who is familiar with Universal plans and procedure.

Broad Insurance Coverage. Universal Plan buyers receive standard insurance policy covering fire, theft, collision and other hazards as outlined in the policy.

Low Cost. Despite their many advantages, Universal Plans cost no more, yet provide liberal terms and nation-wide service.

Convenience. Only one man—your Ford dealer—arranges your complete Universal Plan. With many other time-payment methods you see at least three different people. But your Ford dealer simplifies the transaction in one place, at one time, with practically one stroke of the pen!

Personalized. Universal Plans are offered with enough variety to enable you to pick the one that suits your convenience.

Continued Cooperation. Universal and your Ford dealer want you for a repeat customer. Continuous friendly relationships and courteous service are assured.

UNIVERSAL CREDIT COMPANY

Send for these free booklets before you buy your car!

○ UNIVERSAL CREDIT COMPANY, Detroit, Michigan

Please send me:

☐ "The Easy Way to Own a Car", *or*

☐ "How to Pick a Good Used Car"

Name

Address

2 City State

Financing Ford Dealers Exclusively

UC

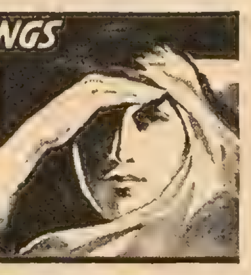
See your Ford dealer first

Ask for "Universal" credit

No rush about lunch!
Serve this delicious macaroni-and-cheese ready in 9 minutes

KRAFT DINNER
A MEAL
In this THE SPECIAL MACARONI package AND THE GRATED CHEESE

GUARANTEED:
Buy with confidence anything advertised in Liberty



THOUGHTS HAVE WINGS
YOU CAN influence others with your thinking! Learn to impress others favorably—*get across your ideas.* Let the Rosicrucians show you how to use the power of mind. For *free book* write Scribe E.P.G.
The ROSICRUCIANS (AMORC)
San Jose, California

BECOME AN EXPERT
ACCOUNTANT
Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn $2,000 to $10,000 a year. Thousands of firms need them. Only 17,000 Certified Public Accountants in the U. S. We train you thoroly at home in spare time for C.P.A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous experience unnecessary. Personal training under supervision of staff of C.P.A.'s, including members of the American Institute of Accountants. Write for free book, "Accountancy, the Profession That Pays."
LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 331-HA, Chicago
A Correspondence Institution

DANDRUFF Costs Many Their Hair!
Regular use of Glover's Mange Medicine with Massage is an effective aid for relieving dandruff. Also helps check Excessive Falling Hair.
Shampoo with Glover's Medicated Soap — specially compounded to blend with the Medicine and thoroughly cleanse.
Ask your Barber about Glover's
FREE—New Scalp and Hair Booklet. Write Glover's, Dept. S, 468 Fourth Ave., New York
GLOVER'S MANGE MEDICINE

cracks, he looks at me as if I were a bright child who has said something clever but doesn't understand what. It's disconcerting. He even wants me to meet the children."

"Children!" repeated Kathleen, laughing. "Oh, Hannah!"

"It's absurd," said Hannah gloomily. "I've met all kinds of people in my time, but when I think of the children of the late Mrs. Ransom, I could shriek. Two, you know, a boy eight, and a girl ten. They have governesses and such. Joel says they're nice kids. That's as may be, but I don't know how to talk to children under twenty."

Hannah liked Joel Ransom. She didn't have to be witty and brilliant, or hard and on her guard with him. Such a quiet, decent man. "A stuffed shirt," she had said of him the first time she met him. All right. But stuffed, she found, with a very superior stuffing.

BUT one nail didn't always drive out the other, not even a golden nail like Joel Ransom. There was still Paul and the way her heart behaved when she saw him. But ever since the night when she had read and laid aside his incomprehensible play, she had tried to ignore her heart—ignorant organ, it lacked logic and common sense. Had Paul said a serious word to her, ever? No, not even when he believed himself in love with her. Their relationship was purely surface; she amused him, he liked being with her, he could be as much himself with her as he cared to be . . . but she had never been herself with him. Always trying to keep up, always trying to hold his attention, sharpening her tongue and her wits. With Ransom she need not . . . she could be tired, she could be bored, she could be discouraged.

Perhaps, she thought, the first time Ransom proposed to her, and she refused him—perhaps a carpet-slipper marriage was better than a marriage represented by a pair of high-heeled toeless sandals. Carpet slippers weren't exciting but they didn't pinch, they didn't hurt.

One bright day toward the middle of May, Hannah was in Rosa Davenport's office. So was Sammy. They were quarreling happily over something which appeared very important at the time, and Kathleen, sitting at her desk in the little cubicle assigned to her, was listening, smiling. Rosa, sitting very erect in her utilitarian chair, was refereeing. All this excitement over a bolt of material! "It isn't your province," Sammy was telling Hannah, when one of the girls in the reception room came in and spoke to Rosa. "She says she has an appointment," she concluded.

"Sandra?" repeated Rosa. "Sandra . . . what else?"

"That's all. 'Tell her Sandra's here,' she said," the girl answered, shrugging.

"Never heard of her," said Rosa. . . . She looked at Kathleen. "Did you make an appointment for me?"

"No," said Kathleen, "I didn't. But I can tell you who she is. She's singing at the Jungle. Or was, until it closed, last week."

"Sounds unlikely," said Rosa. "Well, see her, do, there's a good girl, and find out what it's all about."

Kathleen got up and left the room, and Hannah, looking after her, whistled.

"What's that for?" demanded Rosa crossly.

"Nothing. Only," said Hannah, "Sandra's Pat Bell's current heart interest, if you're to believe the papers."

Kathleen walked into the quiet lovely room. Sandra was standing there, smoking, her heels beating an impatient tattoo. It was a warm day, but she wore over her black dress a bolero of silver fox. She tossed her cigarette into an ash tray and turned.

Kathleen smiled. She said, "We've met before, I think. I'm Miss Roberts, Mrs. Davenport's secretary."

Sandra held out her hand. There was a bracelet on her wrist which Kathleen recognized. She said, "Of course. I met you with Pat." Her shallow blue eyes were filled with malice and pleasure. "I heard you were here," she added.

Kathleen said, "I'm afraid you were mistaken, as Mrs. Davenport remembers no appointment. She is very busy at present. But I'll have some one show you the clothes, if you wish."

"Pat," said Sandra carelessly, "says this is the best place in town. All right." She sat down on a couch. She asked, "Would you show them to me?"

"I'm sorry," said Kathleen, a little white. "Mrs. Davenport needs me. But I'll see that you're well taken care of . . . Miss—Sandra." She beckoned one of the unobtrusive young women. Mentioned her name. Sandra's eyes widened. She thought, A princess! Wait till Pat hears this!

Kathleen went back to her office.

"Well?" asked Rosa.

"She wants clothes," said Kathleen. "She knew she had no appointment. Olga's doing the honors."

"Who's paying for them?" demanded Rosa.

Kathleen said carefully, "I think you needn't worry on that score."

SANDRA had come and gone like summer lightning. She ordered three linen suits and matching hats, innumerable summer evening frocks, and several prints for daytime. She ordered Hannah's traveling suit and topcoat and the latest Hannah extravaganzas in shorts, sweaters, one-piece tennis dresses, and three bathing suits.

She was exigent at the fittings. The fitter assigned to her, clever and temperamental, threatened to leave a dozen times before the clothes were completed and delivered to the lady's hotel. Once Kathleen had had to intervene when Sandra, storming through the rooms in a negligible costume of lace and silk, demanded to see Rosa, who was not there. Sammy rushed out and, in horror, rushed back. "Do something!" he begged. "This is a dress shop, not a burlesque. The creature is doing a strip-tease!"

"The fitter's insolent," complained Sandra when Kathleen had herded her safely back into the dressing room.

The fitter, with tears of rage in her eyes and pins in her mouth, could only shake her head silently. Kathleen soothed, comforted, pleaded. "Well," said Sandra, relenting, "I do like the clothes."

The fitting went on and Kathleen went out. She had schooled herself not to think of Pat every time she was forced to think of Sandra. Now she did think of him, wondering how he stood these childish rages, the speech which was vulgar without the force and honesty for which vulgarity may be excused.

Hannah was in the office when Kathleen came back and sat down at her desk.

"Agatha will stick pins in her if she can," Kathleen said. "It will get out. 'Sandra Stages Scene at Eloise, Inc.'"

"We can stand it, and she'll love it. You forget she's opening at the Elsmore Roof next week. We can't forget it, seeing we're dressing her. I think I'll go. I dare you to, Kate."

Kathleen looked at her. "Why should I?" she asked.

"You've been in mourning long enough. Always going to quiet places so that you won't run into Pat. Coward, aren't you?"

Kathleen flushed. "Make up your party," she said with spirit.

JOEL and Hannah, Paul and Kathleen. . . . Paul said, when he met her at the apartment, "Sure you want to attend this shindig?" And she answered, her head high, "Of course I'm sure."

It was Joel's party. A good table, near the dance floor, after the theater. They came in a little late, just before Sandra made her entrance. Pat was already at his table with half a dozen men and women. Kathleen saw him as she followed the head waiter.

They sat down and ordered, and Pat, looking up from his highball, saw them. He rose and came over, standing there, very big and smiling, in the way she remembered. "Hello, Kathleen," he said. "You're looking marvelous." He spoke to Hannah and to Paul, was presented to Joel. "Mind if I sit down a minute?" he asked.

Sandra came on, to prolonged applause. She wore one of the most effective of the Eloise frocks. She looked like a child in it. Some one had been clever with her hair, toning it down. It was a pale daffodil yellow now, and the dress was white and disarmingly young. She clasped her hands in front of her and turned her big blue eyes on her audience. She sang, in her husky unimportant voice, the song which one of the cleverest men of his day had written for her. A naughty song but not too naughty.

Said little Red Riding Hood-

"How handsome you look, grandpa, since you got a Barbasol Face"

Why not resolve right now to break with old-fashioned shaving methods that tend to dry, tighten and wrinkle the skin?

Why not get yourself a smoother, softer, younger-looking Barbasol Face?

For Barbasol is a lot more than a wonderful beard-softener that gives the quickest, cleanest shave you ever had. Barbasol also contains certain beneficial oils that protect the skin from irritation *while* you shave—that soothe the skin *after* you've shaved.

Try Barbasol for just ten days and we promise, you'll be pleased as Punch with the improvement in your skin—free from roughness and irritation, no half-cut stubble—a smoother, younger-looking face. Your druggist carries Barbasol in three sizes. Large tube, 25¢. Giant tube, 50¢. Family-size jar, 75¢. Scalpel-sharp Barbasol Blades, 5 for 15¢.

For modern shaving . . . No Brush—No Lather—No Rub in

LOOK
NO OTHER REFRIGERATOR HAS THIS ADVANTAGE
CROSLEY
SHELVADOR

"I like my Shelvador because:
. . . with the Shelvador and the storage bin there's always more than enough room for everything."—MRS. ROBERT PERKINS, RICHMOND, VA.

GUARANTEED: Buy with confidence anything advertised in Liberty.

Easy to Beautify Skin with MERCOLIZED *Wax* CREAM

Make your skin young looking. Flake off the stale, surface skin. Reveal the clear, beautiful underskin by using Mercolized Wax Cream regularly. Give your skin the combined benefits of cleansing, clearing, softening, smoothing and beautifying in every application of this single cream. Mercolized Wax Cream brings out the hidden beauty of the skin.

Try Phelactine Depilatory
For quickly removing superfluous hair from face.
Sold at cosmetic counters everywhere.

MONEY FOR YOU IN PRIZE CONTESTS

Contests are on the level, you CAN win, but you must know HOW. CONTEST MAGAZINE has helped thousands; it will help YOU. Biggest, best and most widely circulated contest medium in the field today.

SEND US ONE DOLLAR, NOW, TODAY

We will send you the next five, big issues and give you our big, valuable thirty six page book of WINNING SECRETS FREE and postpaid.

FREESE PUBLICATIONS, P.O. Drawer L. UPLAND, INDIANA

The contrast of the words, the yellow head, the white frock was enchanting. The audience applauded, demanded more.

"Clever, isn't she?" Pat asked Kathleen.

"Very," said Kathleen, smiling.

If he had expected something—a flash of the gray eyes, a tightening of the serene red mouth—he was disappointed. But he stayed where he was, enjoying the situation, confident that Sandra, at least, was not enjoying it. He didn't know about Kathleen. She made no sign. He said, "You've been sweet—going to see mom. . . . She appreciates it."

"I appreciate the opportunity," Kathleen said. "I'm very fond of her, Pat—"

Sandra was singing again. Pat ignored the outraged glances from near-by tables and went on talking. He asked, "Don't jump down my throat . . . but have you heard from Jim?"

"Yes," she said. "He's working in Pennsylvania. He's doing—very well."

Their eyes met and clashed, like rapiers.

Hannah whispered, "Will you two kindly shut up?"

At the conclusion of Sandra's second song Pat returned to his table. Sandra, stepping down from the stage, followed him there. She sat there for perhaps ten minutes, drinking a glass of champagne and talking exclusively to Pat. She was very angry. Kathleen could see her color rise under the make-up, could see how her hands twitched, could hear her voice, sharp and definite, but no words.

PAUL said lazily, "Looks as if Mr. Bell had made a bad break."

Kathleen said, "Paul, I'm tired. Do you suppose Hannah and Joel would mind—?"

"Stick it out," advised Paul in an undertone. "Where's your pride?"

She whitened and looked at him without gratitude. "All right," she said, "I'll stick it out."

They left after Sandra's last number was sung. Outside, waiting for the men to collect their hats, Kathleen felt a touch on her arm. It was Pat, drawing her aside, to say urgently:

"Kathleen . . . look. Will you let me come to see you?"

She shook her head. It was strange and cruel, she thought, that even now, feeling as she did, seeing him, feeling his most casual touch, her pulses pounded and she felt sick and lightheaded with excitement. She said, "Better not, Pat. There really isn't any reason. . . ."

"But I want to talk to you. I promise I won't say anything to offend you. I've got to talk to you, Kathleen. You never gave me a chance to explain. . . ."

"I'm sorry, Pat," she said. "It's no use."

The gardenias came next day, in a heart-shaped box. They reminded her of those he had sent her after the automobile accident, when she was ill at his mother's apartment. She gave them to Amelia.

"Kate, you're still in pretty much of a dither about Pat, aren't you?" said Hannah.

Kathleen moved restlessly. She said slowly, "When I told Pat I wouldn't marry him I was still in love with him—as much as ever. I couldn't respect him, but I loved him. Something else happened—afterward. . . . I can't tell you what that was."

"It had something to do with Jim Haines," deduced Hannah.

Kathleen nodded. "After that," she said, "I—couldn't love him. I mean, it was out of all reason. I should have stopped instantly. I should have felt nothing. I should have despised him. I did despise him. Yet . . . oh, Hannah," she said miserably, "when I saw him last night it was like dying, and it was like coming to life."

"You poor devil," said Hannah.

"I know. It's a physical thing. It makes me sick to think about it." She tried to smile. "I'll get over it," she promised.

"It isn't easy," said Hannah. "I know. . . ."

The bell rang. "Joel!" she cried. "Take care of him for me while I get my bonnet."

AFTER Hannah and Joel had gone, Kathleen had her dinner on a tray. She put on the hostess gown Hannah had given her on her recent birthday . . . pleated chiffon, simple, a pale clear green like the young leaves on the springtime trees. She was reading in the living room when Pat rang the bell. Amelia had left and she opened the door.

She said, "I told you not to come—"

"I know. Just for a moment, Kathleen. I had to see you again."

"Very well," she said despairingly. "Come in. . . . Say what you have to say, and go—quickly."

"Last night," he told her, "Sandra gave me hell. She saw me at your table—"

"She came to Eloise because of me," said Kathleen, smiling faintly, "which was good business for the firm—I hope."

Pat looked at her sharply. "You've changed. You're a little hard. More like Hannah."

"That's good," Kathleen told him indifferently.

Strange to be sitting here with him, only an arm's length away. Strange to be talking about things that didn't matter, and trying not to remember. . . .

"Kathleen, we loved each other so much. I haven't gotten over it."

"And Sandra?" she asked involuntarily.

"That doesn't matter." He shrugged slightly. "Some one to take out, some one to amuse you, to amuse. At first—well, I thought you'd hear about her; thought it would matter to you."

"It didn't," said Kathleen. "But

you're not being very fair to her, are you? You aren't fair to any one, really."

"I was to you."

"No," she said, "never to me." She looked at him and laughed. "I fell in love with you," she said, "because you were different from the men I knew. Honest and open—rough diamond if you like, nature's nobleman." She laughed again on a higher note. "Some time or other in an impressionable childhood I must have read a book, and made up my mind that nature's nobleman was always the hero, and the smooth sophisticate the villain. It was the wrong book, Pat. . . ."

He said, "That has all the earmarks of a dirty crack. I suppose you're thinking of McClure."

"No, I'm not thinking of any one but myself. I'm thinking of my abysmal ignorance—or was it innocence?—and my naïveté."

He moved closer to her. He stated, very firmly, "But you're still in love with me."

She moved away definitely. "No," she said. "I'm not in love with you, thank God—"

"You can't be with me alone like this and deny it." He put out his arm, pulled her against him. "You can't let me hold you like this and deny it! There is something between us, something important. It's real and it's lasting. Don't be a fool, Kathleen."

She said, "I don't care what's between us. I don't want any part of it . . ."

The doorbell rang sharply. He said, "Sit still. I'll attend to that."

SHE sat as he had left her, not moving, her heart beating thickly. She was faint, dizzy. A messenger boy, a special-delivery letter—she didn't care. It was rescue, whatever, whoever it was. She thought, If you could only teach women this—that because they want to be in a man's arms, because his kiss gives them pleasure, because, in short, they want him, it isn't always love. Not always. If they could learn this without having to experience it for themselves. . . .

"Oh, it's you, McClure," said Pat flatly, when he had opened the door.

"In person." Paul came in, and looked across the room. He said, "I'll go if you want me to, Kate."

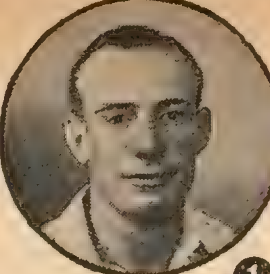
"Of course she wants you to," said Pat lightly. "Don't you, darling?"

"No," said Kathleen, "I don't." She smiled at Paul. "Come over here," she said, "and sit down."

"I can sit down too," said Pat.

It was an absurd situation. Paul laughed, offered Pat his cigarette case. He said, "You remember the story of the boy who was sitting on the front porch with his best girl when another lad came along. They both sat, as we are sitting. It was two in the morning before the second one went home. 'Well,' said the first in triumph, 'he set and I set, but I outset him.'"

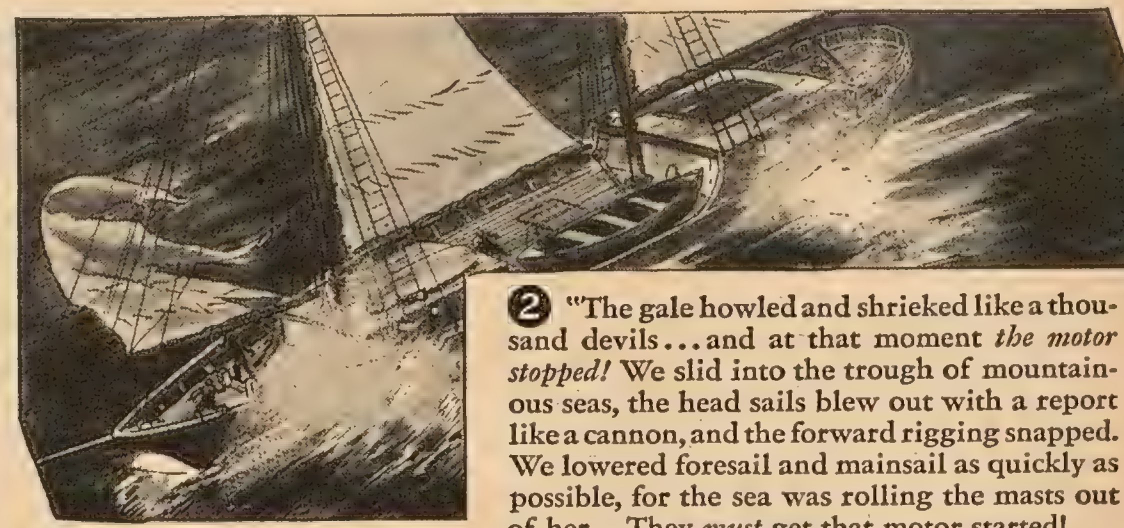
Pat said, "I've a lot of patience."



NO CAMERAS TURN, AS FILM-SHIP FIGHTS FOR LIFE

GRANDSON OF "BOUNTY" MUTINEER BRINGS SOUTH SEA TRADER THROUGH REAL "HURRICANE" TO MAKE MOVIE VERSION

① "At two a. m. I decided to take in all sails," writes Captain George H. Simpson, technical advisor, acting as second mate of the power schooner "Lanikai" bound from Seattle to San Pedro for service in the South Seas movie "Hurricane."



② "The gale howled and shrieked like a thousand devils...and at that moment *the motor stopped!* We slid into the trough of mountainous seas, the head sails blew out with a report like a cannon, and the forward rigging snapped. We lowered foresail and mainsail as quickly as possible, for the sea was rolling the masts out of her...They *must* get that motor started!

③ "As I stuck my head in the engine-room hatch to urge the engineers to hurry with repairs, a seam opened in the ship's side flooding the generators and adding darkness to our troubles. I darted on deck to get the four 'Eveready' flashlights in my cabin just as the main boom split with the crack of a pistol shot. And as I returned with the lights, there came a splintering crash from forward...the jib boom carried away, hurling a sailor the length of the foredeck as green seas broke over us. But, thanks to the flashlight, we got him.

④ "Lashing two of the lights in the engine room and begging the engineers to hurry, I went back on deck to play the other two lights on the crew as they lashed down the writhing, murderous wire rigging and rigged jury stays.

"Yes, those *fresh* DATED 'Eveready' batteries stood by us though soaked and battered. At last the engine coughed...then took hold. The poor old 'Lanikai' lifted herself out of the trough...she and her crew were saved ...*saved by the light from 'EVEREADY' batteries!*

(Signed)

George H. Simpson"

JUNE 1939
FOR BEST RESULTS PUT IN SERVICE BEFORE
Nº 950
EVEREADY
EXTRA LONG LIFE BATTERY
A NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY PRODUCT

FRESH BATTERIES LAST LONGER...*Look for the* DATE-LINE

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC., 30 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.
Unit of Union Carbide UCC *and Carbon Corporation*

NATIONAL SALESMEN'S CRUSADE
SALES MEAN JOBS

You put people to work—not Washington or Wall Street, but you! Every new purchase you make affects hundreds of people in jobs! Every refrigerator sold means 6 men at work for 5 days! So buy that new refrigerator now—and make *your* job and hundreds of others secure!

He leaned forward, smiling. "Look here, McClure. You're a wise guy but tactless. I saw Kathleen last night for the first time since our—our disagreement. I came here to talk it over with her. Be a good egg and run along, will you?"

"Did you ask him to come?" Paul demanded of Kathleen.

"No."

"Do you want him to stay?" asked Paul.

"No," said Kathleen again, "I don't."

"Well," said Paul, "you heard the lady. Get going."

Pat's face darkened, a vein swelled on his forehead. He asked, "By what right—"

"Oh, don't be melodramatic," said Paul. "No right at all. But you heard her. . . ."

"She doesn't mean it," said Pat, not moving.

"I think she does." Paul put his cigarette in the ash tray and rose. He walked over and stood by Pat. He was as tall as he but much less heavy. He asked gently, "Are you going or must I throw you out?"

"Paul—please!" cried Kathleen. "Please—"

"I won't hurt him," said Pat infuriatingly.

Kathleen got to her feet. She said, "This is ludicrous; it's—indecent." She turned on Paul with sudden anger. "I can handle my own affairs," she said. She looked at Pat. She said, "You'll go now—I think—"

"O. K.," said Pat. "I'll go. But I'll come back. He can't always 'outset' me. . . ."

He went to the door without haste, and spoke again. "Good night, Kathleen. It's been fun seein' you."

The door shut. Paul was white. "Had rather the best of it, didn't he?" he said. "Remember how he said, 'I won't hurt him'? If I'd hit him then, he would have knocked me out. I'm no hero and no athlete. But he wanted hitting badly. No sense, I think, in my staying. Sorry I barged in, Kate. Always doing something like that."

She said, "Paul, please be sensible. I didn't know he was coming. Now that he's gone"—she drew a deep breath—"it doesn't matter that he did come. I'm over it," she told him, flushing. "What's left . . . well, I know it by its right name; it can't worry me any more."

"Good," said Paul. His eyes were very bright but his face did not change. "Feel like celebrating?"

"I think perhaps I do."

He went out into the kitchen, mixed two drinks and brought them back. He toasted gravely.

"To your freedom," he said, "and, I may add, your happiness."

"Thank you," she said, smiling. She drank a little, and put the glass down. Paul, finishing his, looked at her thoughtfully.

"You look tired," he commented. "I'll clear out now. . . ." He came around behind her, dropped his hand on her shoulder. "Good night," he said, "and good luck."

She went to the door with him and held out her hand. "Thanks for coming, Paul."

"I was not," he said ruefully, "a very heroic figure. Well, perhaps I was cut out for the author of the piece and never the hero. Good night, my dear."

Poor Paul. "I won't hurt him," Pat had said. No, never a hero, she thought, returning to her book.

But her mind was not on it. She was free, having seen clearly for what it was the emotion Pat aroused in her. Or was it the shadow of an emotion—an emotional hangover, perhaps, after long intoxication?

She would not see him again, she thought. But if she did, not even her traitor pulse could frighten her.

But the next afternoon she heard of him. The late newspaper editions were on the street when she came out of Eloise's. She bought one, and the headlines leaped out at her, struck her across her eyes, left her sick with horror. The subway job, Pat's job . . . a wall collapsing, and then fire. And men dead and dying.

What will happen to Pat now? And to Kathleen? Will the love she once felt for him send her to his side? Don't miss next week's final installment, in which this vibrant novel of a girl's heart crashes to an unexpected climax.

DANDRUFF can't be MASTERED? *Hear the people!*

DAY after day they come . . . a steady stream of letters, from every part of the country . . . unsolicited corroboration of a *fact* demonstrated in laboratory and clinic—dandruff *can* be mastered with Listerine Antiseptic!

Sensational new disclosures definitely prove that dandruff is really a *germ disease!* . . . caused by the stubborn bacillus Pityrosporum ovale!

A wealth of scientific data now clearly points to *germicidal* treatment of dandruff. And clinics have proved that Listerine Antiseptic, famous for more than 25 years as a germicidal mouthwash and gargle, *does* master dandruff . . . *does* kill the dandruff germ!

In one clinic, 76% of the patients who used Listerine Antiseptic twice a day showed either complete disappearance of, or marked improvement in, the symptoms of dandruff within a month.

Now comes this overwhelming corroboration in countless enthusiastic letters. Read these few typical examples, and start your own delightful Listerine Antiseptic treatments today. Even after dandruff has disappeared it is a wise policy to take an occasional treatment to guard against re-infection. Lambert Pharmacal Company, *St. Louis, Missouri.*

"After the first treatment my hair stopped falling out, and dandruff was practically gone. Since that time I have used nothing except Listerine Antiseptic on my scalp."

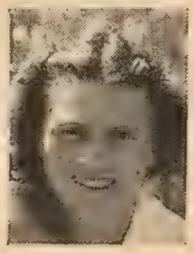
MRS. PAUL NESBITT
Chama, New Mexico

"Since using Listerine as a preventive for dandruff, I really feel safe as to my appearance in public."

HENRY W. SCHLETER
Oshkosh, Wis.

"The most effective treatment for dandruff I ever tried."

MRS. S. C. SLOAN
West Palm Beach, Florida



"After the first application the intense itching stopped."

MR. JOHN KEESER
Walden, N. Y.

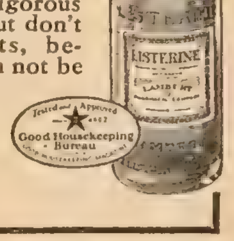
THE TREATMENT

MEN: Douse Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp *at least once a day.*

WOMEN: Part the hair at various places, and apply Listerine Antiseptic right along the part with a medicine dropper, to avoid wetting the hair excessively.

Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage. But don't expect overnight results, because germ conditions can not be cleared up that fast.

Genuine Listerine Antiseptic is guaranteed not to bleach the hair or affect texture.



LISTERINE THE *PROVED* TREATMENT FOR **DANDRUFF**

THE HATCHET MAN OF ROCKPORT

BY ASPINWALL HILL

A vivid, haunting true story of sudden death and a stalking horror. Will it strike again?

READING TIME ● 6 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

SIX years have passed since hate prowled with a hatchet in the little fishing village of Rockport, which drowses in the Massachusetts sun out on the tip of Cape Ann. Six years have not been enough to end the shudders of the villagers. Who was that hatchet killer? Why did he kill? Will he ever do it again?

These questions, to this day, cannot be answered. The people of Rockport can be sure of only one disquieting fact: Whoever he was, he is still at large among them—because *he must have been one of themselves.*

Once Rockport's granite quarries paved the streets of great cities. Today, granite being out of favor, they are abandoned and full of water. But there is still the fishing, and in summer artists come, eager to paint the picturesque harbor.

Rockport seems so bright and happy a place! It seems no place for murder. Its 4,000 people are hard-working, upright, and devout. There are as many as nine churches. One of these, on Granite Street, overlooking Pigeon Cove and the Atlantic, is the Swedish Congregational church. The few score communicants who make up its congregation have more reason than others to be concerned about the terrifying things that happened six years ago. For the hatchet killer's first victim was their lay pastor and president, Arthur F. Oker by name.

In his tailor shop on Rockport's Main Street, Oker seems to have been very busy the morning of Saturday, May 21, 1932. A summer cottager, Melvin C. Linder, brought in a suit he had bought in Gloucester. He asked Oker to make it fit him better.

Oker got his tape and chalk. Linder had been standing there five minutes, when he heard some one come down the stairs from a washroom above. The man came through the shop doorway, and Linder saw that he wore a brown coat and a new straw hat. He didn't say anything either to Linder or to Oker, but walked to the end of the counter and sat down in a chair, his back to them. Linder had never seen this man before.

A Miss Margaret Allen came in about half an hour later, at ten thirty, to get some clothing left for repairs. At that time Linder was trying on his coat before the mirror. She talked to Oker, who gave her the clothes he had repaired. And she barely noticed a man in a brown coat and straw hat sitting quietly in a chair.

Two hours later, Policeman Andrew Stevens, waiting outside the shop for a bus, noticed that the shade on the door was pulled down. At noon on a Saturday, that was so unusual that Stevens peered through the strip of glass at the edge of the shade.

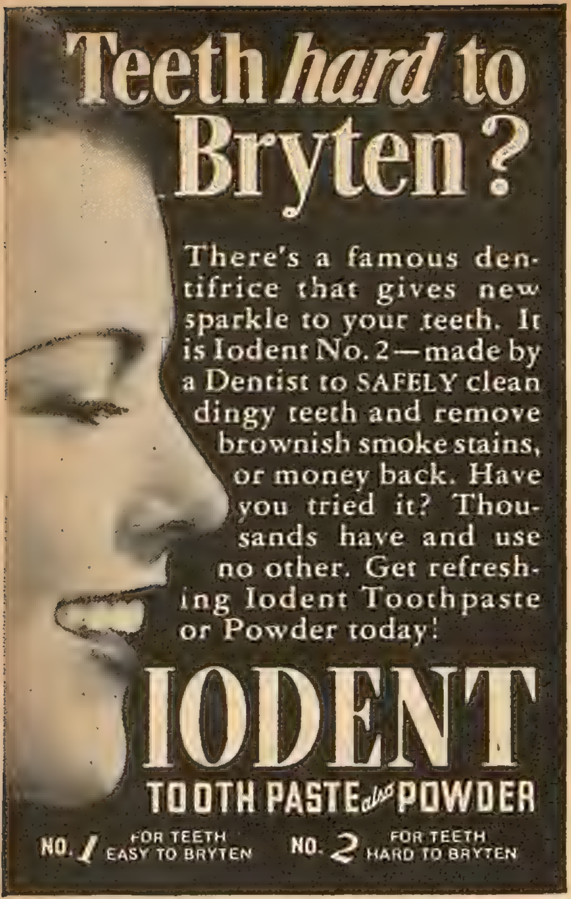
He didn't see anything to alarm him. He saw Oker talking at the counter to a man who wore a brown coat and a straw hat, and whose back was toward the door. Stevens' bus came along and he went away on it.

These two were the human victims of the hatchet man of Rockport: Arthur F. Oker and Mrs. Augusta P. Johnson.

At twelve forty-five Oker's son Rudolph went to the shop to see why his father hadn't been home for lunch. He found the door locked. That was strange. And then he noticed something even stranger: every blind was drawn.

He decided his father must have left for home. But when he got there, his father still had not arrived. He got a duplicate key to the shop and went back.

He found his father lying in back of the counter, groaning. Some one



Teeth *hard* to Bryten?

There's a famous dentifrice that gives new sparkle to your teeth. It is Iodent No. 2—made by a Dentist to SAFELY clean dingy teeth and remove brownish smoke stains, or money back. Have you tried it? Thousands have and use no other. Get refreshing Iodent Toothpaste or Powder today!

IODENT
TOOTH PASTE *also* POWDER
NO. 1 FOR TEETH EASY TO BRYTEN NO. 2 FOR TEETH HARD TO BRYTEN

Many Never SUSPECT Cause of Backaches

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning shows there may be something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

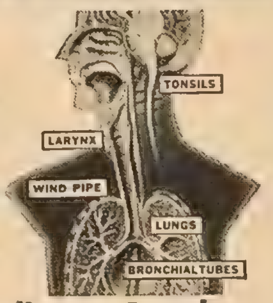
An excess of acids or poisons in your blood, when due to functional kidney disorders, may be the cause of nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

COUGHS...

Here's Why You Cough...
WHEN YOU CATCH COLD

1 Congestion results and the tiny glands in your throat and windpipe cease to work properly.
2 The secretions of these glands often turn to heavy, clinging phlegm.
3 This sticky phlegm irritates your throat and you cough.



How PERTUSSIN Relieves Coughs—

1 Pertussin, an herbal syrup, stimulates the glands in your throat to pour out their natural moisture.
2 Then that sticky, irritating phlegm is loosened, and easily "raised" and expelled.
3 Your throat is soothed and your cough relieved quickly and safely by the Pertussin "Moist-Throat" Method.

PLEASANT AND QUICK FOR YOUNG AND OLD AS PROVED BY MILLIONS OF BOTTLES USED

PERTUSSIN
PRESCRIBED BY MANY DOCTORS FOR 30 YEARS

had used a hatchet on Arthur Oker's head. There were fifteen ugly open wounds. Three of them evidently had been inflicted after the fifty-seven-year-old tailor fell to the floor. The hatchet used by the murderer had been a sharp one, for in Oker's efforts to defend himself, two of his fingers had been almost cut off.

He died before reaching the hospital and without saying who had done all this to him, or why—if he knew.

No hatchet nor any other weapon was found in the shop. The safe was open, but whether any money had been taken was purely a guess. There were no fingerprints.

A topcoat was missing, presumably taken by the killer to cover bloodstains on his own clothing.

No one ever came forward to identify himself as the man in the brown suit and straw hat. If he was the killer, no one saw him leave or lock the door.

The murdered man was without known enemies. He was a Finn, and there was some talk that his murder might have grown out of a feud begun in Finland. It was just talk. Then a story circulated that he had won $1,200 in a lottery the week before, but no one could be found who had sold him a ticket or paid him winnings.

ROCKPORT, of course, was in a ferment for months. Every one talked and guessed about the murderer and his motive. Apparently some one talked too much or guessed too closely. At any rate, a second hatchet murder followed.

Mrs. Augusta Palson Johnson was a widow. She had been in her fifties when she had got married to Adolph Johnson, a Rockport stoneworker. He died (they had been married scarcely more than a year) nine days after Arthur Oker was butchered in his tailor shop.

Johnson left his widow a nice two-story home in the Pigeon Hill section of Rockport. Like Arthur Oker, she had no known enemies and she attended the Swedish Congregational church. On the night of October 31, 1933, she came home from a Halloween party at the church. On that night, when spirits walk, a particularly evil one visited her. The poor woman saw, though she didn't live to tell of it, the hatchet man.

They found her body, covered only with a kimono, stretched across the bed in her upstairs bedroom, her hands reaching out piteously above her head.

A fire was the first sign that something was wrong. At eight thirty on the morning of November 1, flames billowed out of the bedroom window, charring the white clapboard above. A neighbor broke a downstairs window, put a wet towel over his face, and rushed up the stairs. He trod through a pool of blood on the landing, hurried into the room, and beat out the flames from the bed. The house was saved; its owner long beyond saving.

Doctors found that her head had been hacked seven times. The weapon was nowhere in the house. But they did not need it. Exactly as Oker had died, so had she.

The hatchet man had stalked again.

Again state and local police sought motive. Again they discarded robbery. A strongbox was in the house, a pocketbook in the bedroom, silverware downstairs—all had been left untouched. Only an electric iron was missing.

The light in her bedroom had been on when she was found. The hands of a clock, stopped apparently by heat from the burning bed, stood at five forty.

Two clues appeared. The murderer was tall; he had to be, to have reached the catch of the pantry window through which he had entered. And it was plain that he was bold as he was vicious.

He had smashed the glass of the window, knocked bottles off the window sill, disdainful of the fact that he would be likely to be heard. It was probably these noises that had brought the widow from her bed to the stairway landing, where he chopped her down.

But why had he killed her?

Police dug into her past; found nothing. She had been murdered under approximately the same circumstances as Oker. Except that both had been communicants of the Swedish church, nothing linked them. Their houses were two miles apart. That she might have come into possession of some evidence against Oker's slayer seemed the only logical theory, and the circumstances of her slaying made it seem plausible.

Authorities offered a reward of $1,000. It drew no claimants. But a curious thing happened:

WITHIN a hundred yards of the Widow Johnson's house lived Lawrence A. Swan. His housekeeper was Mrs. Albertina Johnson, an aged relative of Mrs. Johnson who had planned to spend the night of the murder with her, and had at the last minute changed her plans, escaping death. One year to the day after Mrs. Johnson had been hacked to death, Swan came out of his house to find his flock of ducks brutally maimed or slaughtered. Some one had used a hatchet on them.

Even yet, the best efforts of the police have not uncovered the identity of the hatchet man. That one and the same man committed both murders seems clear enough. That he is a Rockport villager seems equally clear, for Mrs. Johnson died at the beginning of November, by which time most summer visitors have gone home.

State troopers hired a native guide who knew every foot of peaceful Rockport, and questioned each and every resident. They asked for—and received—alibis. So far, they have discovered no weakness in any one of these.

THE END

$2,000 Crossword Contest

FINAL WEEK!

Get Your Entry in on Time
Avoid Elaboration
Include Statement of Preference

HERE is Contest Puzzle No. 10 to complete your set of solutions in Liberty's $2,000 prize series. As you prepare your solutions for the judges there are several things to keep in mind. Aside from rechecking each solution for accuracy, we suggest that you plan a simple, unornamented presentation. Fancywork will not increase your rating in this contest, and experience in judging hundreds of thousands of entries indicates that frequently accuracy is sacrificed for appearance where elaboration is attempted. And do not overlook the statement of preference required by Rule 2. Minus this statement no entry will be considered complete. Make sure yours is attached before you seal your envelope. As instructed in an earlier issue, for the purposes of this contest you may consider as a feature any contents of the magazine not definitely a story or article. This will embrace the editorials, Vox Pop, To the Ladies, Twenty Questions, the contest, and movie reviews.

PLEASE MAKE THESE ADJUSTMENTS ON PUZZLE NO. 3

Adjustments made in the final preparation of Contest Puzzle No. 3 in the January 28 issue resulted in inaccuracies in two of the vertical definitions. While the horizontal definitions made the intent of the construction self-evident, we publish this official change as a definite instruction to all contestants. Please change vertical 35, now appearing as "Assumed a reclining position," to "Prevaricated." Please change vertical 46, now appearing as "To pay divine honors to," to "Pays divine honors to." With these changes made, all misunderstanding as to the puzzle maker's intent is removed.

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish a contest crossword puzzle.

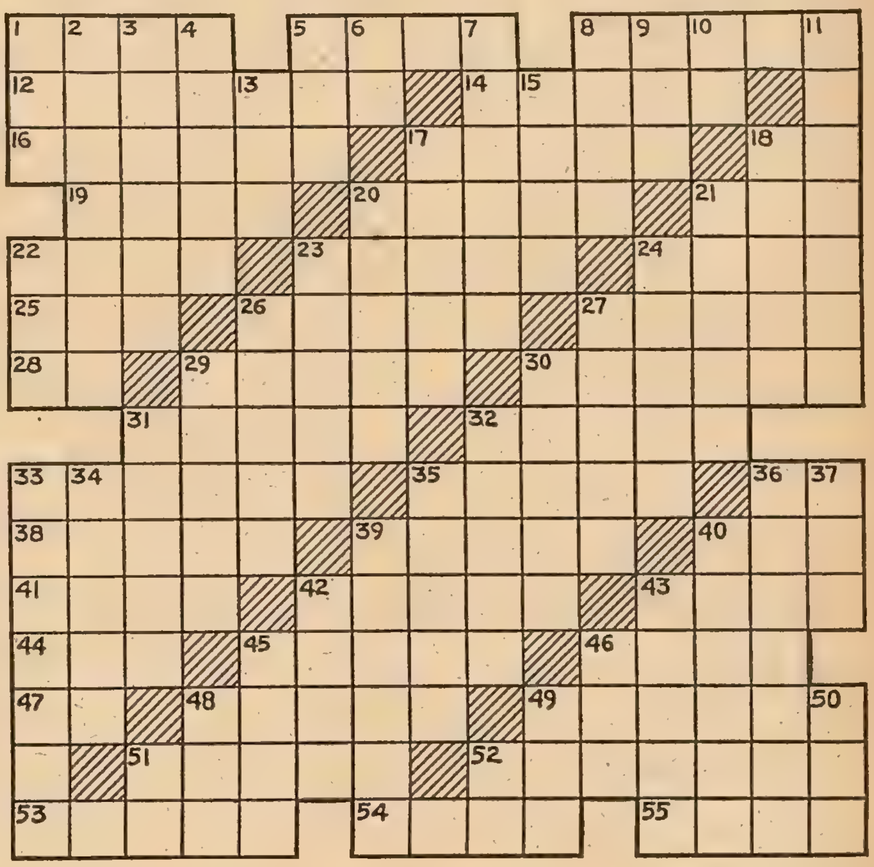
2. When you have solved all ten puzzles, enter them as a unit, accompanied by a statement of not more than fifty words on the subject, "The Story, Article, or Feature I Have Enjoyed Most in Liberty During This Contest, and Why."

3. The most nearly correct set of ten solutions accompanied by the clearest, most convincing statement of preference will be adjudged the best and will be awarded the $500 First Prize. The next best will receive the $200 Second Prize, and the next best, the $100 Third Prize. In the order of their excellence the next twenty will be awarded $10 each and the next 200 will receive $5 each. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

4. At the close of the contest mail all entries to CROSSWORDS EDITOR, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

5. All entries must be received on or before Thursday, March 30, 1939, the closing date of this contest.

6. No correspondence can be entered into with any contestant. No entries will be returned. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Liberty and members of their families.



CONTEST PUZZLE No. 10

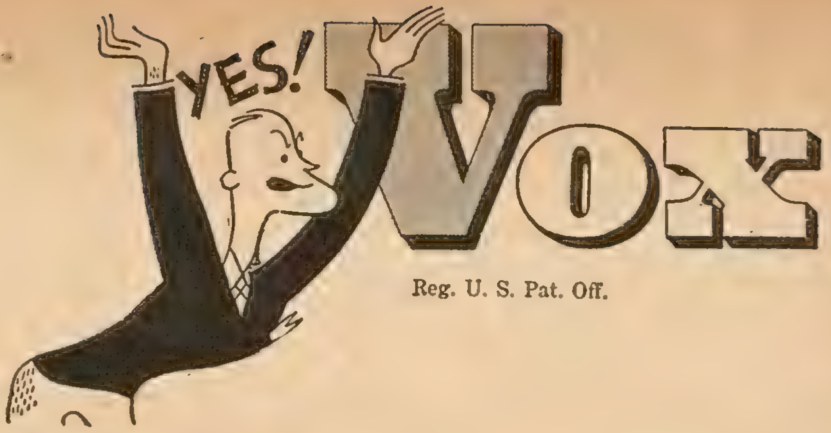
By LEE PASQUIN

HORIZONTAL

1 Heavenly body
5 Kind of fish
8 Organ of the body
12 Something apparently absurd, yet may be true in fact
14 An Indian tribe (pl.)
16 The positive pole (elec.; pl.)
17 To acquire knowledge of
18 Pronoun
19 An African antelope
20 The end
21 Obscure
22 A Spanish or Mexican dollar
23 A section of a canal from one lock to another
24 City in Nevada
25 Compass point
26 Ship's officer (pl.)
27 A certain kind of bird
28 Preposition
29 Auriculate
30 Part of a cap (pl.)
31 Exchanges of commodities for an agreed price
32 Female fox
33 Combs, as wool or flax
35 Product of pine
36 Negative
38 Price fixed or stated (pl.)
39 Hindu queen or princess
40 Male offspring
41 Seed covering
42 The Roman god of doors and gates
43 At this place
44 Hostelry
45 Attends
46 Paper measure
47 Canadian province (abbr.)
48 Begins to grow light
49 A short narrative poem
51 Domestic animal
52 To meet together
53 Lees
54 An ingredient used in medicine
55 Language of the Scotch Highlanders

VERTICAL

1 Watering place
2 Touching
3 Wake up
4 Communication by air waves
5 Genus of ruminant quadrupeds
6 Cutting implement (var.)
7 Part of a play (pl.)
8 Possessive pronoun
9 Even (poetic)
10 Conjunction
11 An involuntary trembling
13 Young girl making first society appearance (colloq.)
15 A wading bird
17 Inhabited
18 One who excavates in the earth
20 Gala occasion (pl.)
21 An English county
22 A vegetable
23 Ancestral spirits (Rom.)
24 Ascended
26 Men
27 Girl's name
29 A wooden frame for supporting a canvas
30 Official endorsements on passports
31 Kind of cloth
32 A certain planet
33 Schooled
34 Gains as just recompense
35 Raves
36 French invaders
37 Cardinal number
39 Showered
40 Hunter
42 Part of the face (pl.)
43 Handle of an ax
45 Armed conflicts
46 Sped
48 Domestic animal
49 Quagmire
50 River in Scotland
51 Pronoun
52 Cumulus (abbr.)


YES!
VOX
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

A BABY AT FORTY? NO!

BUZZARDS BAY, MASS.—As a wife and mother, I was very interested in Having a Baby at Forty, by Mehitable Poole (January 21 Liberty). It was very human and her reactions were thoroughly understandable, but I must confess I think she has great courage.

I do not mean physical courage in facing the actual birth—after all, that is soon over. I mean that this decision of hers and its fruition will bring with it far-reaching and problematical results which I hope she has realized.

I thought over what Mrs. Poole told us, and it is not too much to say that not for a million dollars in American money would I bring a child into the world at that age. My ultimatum is partly selfish, I admit, but also partly for the good of the child. When her daughter is a vital twenty, Mr. and Mrs. Poole will be sixty years old.

I do not for a minute wish to spoil Mrs. Poole's happiness, but I think she looked at this thing from a selfish viewpoint at the time. I am glad if results prove that it was the best thing all around. Her baby is only a baby now. I hope she will feel the same way when the child is a girl of fifteen.

I am, I hope, a normal mother. My little girl is two years old. Her brother lacks two months of his first year of life. They love each other and I adore them, but there are times when I look forward with much pleasure to being forty. I am now twenty-five years old.

Can Mrs. Poole honestly say that her life now is just as satisfactory as before, and in addition has been enriched by her new baby? I am speaking of her life only, not her relations with her husband or the rest of her family.

No, Mrs. Poole; I cannot see your point. When I am forty my children will be in school or out on their own. They will not be very dependent on me any more. I will be free to give my husband my time and companionship; we can enjoy travel; I will again have the leisure to take care of myself and improve my looks; I can devote myself to reading again. I will have a peaceful, well ordered home. My house will not look like a barn, as it does now, because a baby has no respect for decorative treasures. I can have flowers in my rooms again.

If, with all this—and it looks very good to me right now—I find that I miss having youngsters around, I will look forward to the time when I may hold my children's children in my arms.

If that seems impossible, or they should consider me a meddlesome busybody, and I feel as Mrs. Poole did, do you know what I would do? I would take into my home its capacity of deserving orphans, not too young, and try to make up to them for the lack of parents, home, and family life. But I would not for a moment think of putting upon another child the burden of the fact that when he or she is twenty and ready for life, her father and mother will be ready for the fireside with their memories. That does not seem fair to me.—*Marcia.*

RIGHT TO SASS BACK

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—The United Spanish War Veterans' definition of Americanism in January 28 Liberty is classical, all right. However, I wish to pass on to Liberty the snappier and more timely one of Shamus O'Slattery, California's epigrammatist laureate. Quips Mr. O'Slattery: "Americanism: The right to sass back public officials without being dragged before the firing squad." That is real Americanism — today. (Aside: Newspapers of dictator-ridden countries of Europe better not try to copy Mr. O'Slattery's definition.)—*Florence Grant.*

MOUNTING EDDICATION

MISERY GULCH, N. C.—We folk over hur in North C'liney Mountings ain't never heared of the Bad Man of Happy Valley, Tennesy, ontil you done writ that plumb true to goddermighty story by May Dixon Thacker in your paper of January 28.

I hain't never been to jail but onct for hog steelin, so I hain't got much eddication yit. Maybe I kin git in Atlanta prison come next term Federal Court at Asheville. I mought graduate Pie Baker Cracker down thur like that Bad Man uv Happy Valley May tells about. You see, we hain't got no good jail academies hur in North C'liney Mountings. We hain't got no shoes nuther, so I reckin Miss Perkins gonner send us a par come next lection time.—*The Good Man of Misery Gulch.*

100% RIGHT

WASHINGTON D C

ENDORSE YOUR EDITORIAL IN REFERENCE TO THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION I THINK THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES IS ONE HUNDRED PER CENT RIGHT IN HIS HEALTH CRUSADE—ARTHUR CLARENDON SMITH FOUNDER OF THE FEDERATION OF BUSINESS MENS ASSOCIATIONS

HITLER ANOTHER LINCOLN?

HENAGAR, ALA.—This censuring of Lindbergh because he accepted a medal from the German government is uncalled-for. Even if he accepted the medal from Hitler direct, is not Hitler the head of the German nation? And aren't we, as a government, on friendly terms with Germany?

Hitler has something that his critics do not have. Otherwise he could not have risen from obscurity to the leadership of eighty millions of people. He is to Germany what Abraham Lincoln was to America.

It is high time that we give up the idea of telling Lindbergh what to do. He has shown his independence time and again. If he should choose to become a private in the German army and goose-step for Hitler, it would be his business, not ours. — *John Bunyan Atkins.*

"MURDERED BY THE STATE"

JERSEY CITY, N. J.—Mr. Fulton Oursler, in his January 7 Liberty résumé referring to the Becker matter, says:

"In New York there is a sidewalk legend that she planned a tombstone over the grave, bearing the inscription, 'Murdered by the State,' but I have never met any one who has seen it."

The incident is not a legend. It is a fact. But its relation has come to Mr. Oursler somewhat twisted. What occurred was this: After Becker was electrocuted and his body sent home in its casket, there was the usual plate on it with the lieutenant's name, etc., and the wording: "Murdered by the State," or "Murdered by New York State," or "Murdered by the Governor of New York State" (who refused a pardon). Recollection of the exact wording, after so many years, is naturally not perfectly clear. The papers at the time had articles quoting the inscription.

Mrs. Becker, who steadfastly protested the lieutenant's innocence (and I really believe she thought him innocent), made a marvelous fight for his life, and naturally was very bitter at the time. Some of her best friends, however, thought such an inscription improper and counseled with her. There was some intimation that official counsel had been given her also.

At any rate, a day or so later an entirely new plate was substituted, with the

"murder" inscription eliminated. So far as putting the inscription on the tombstone, if she actually had that in mind, she did not give any intimation of it.

As for the plate. It was there; then taken off. I saw it myself.—*An Old-Timer.*

HALL, HAIL, HEIL, HELL

EAU CLAIRE, WIS.—Anders Applequist and Mrs. Lundgren, popping in December 10 and January 28 Liberty, should have carried "hell" to its logical conclusion.

If Hell in Norway equals Häll and Hell in Sweden equals Hail, then surely Hell in Germany equals Heil.—*Art E. Slasting.*

HOW MUCH IS NOT SO!

CERES, CALIF.—Like thousands of other busy people, I read Liberty each week for the information it contains on subjects vital to each of us. Of course the editorial comes first, and then the Voice of the People.

Personally, I have been laboring for years under the handicap of my favorite witticism. Not copyrighted, you have my permission to use it—in blackface caps—as a heading for Vox Pop. If you use it on the editorial page, set it in 3-point, so as not to dull the points of Mac's (Mr. Macfadden's to you) shafts. Here it is:

Is it not wonderful how much we all know that *absolutely* is not so?—*C. C. Remington.*

MATH TICKLER RETURNS

RED WING, MINN.—When the Twenty Questions editor says in January 28 Vox Pop, "Six times seven times two minus four times *nothing* equals nothing more than nothing," he gets his foot into a bad place by taking too long a step.

Evidently he obtained his solution to the problem $6\times7\times2-4\times0\times2-60\times.5$ as equaling "nothing" on the idea that there are four fundamental operations in arithmetic: addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division.

But that idea is wrong. There are only two fundamental operations in arithmetic: addition and subtraction. (See Ray's Higher Arithmetic.) Multiplication is just another method of addition, and division is another method of subtraction.

When the signs × and ÷ occur in succession, they are to have their particular effects in the exact order of their occurrence.

In problems of this kind, wherein there are no bracketed expressions, multiplications and divisions are performed in order before any additions or subtractions. (See Cook and Cropsey.) Hence, $6\times7\times2-4\times0\times2-60\times.5$ equals $84-0-30=54$.—*M. C. Olson.*

GENEVA, ILL.—Noting the Twenty Questions Editor's statement, "One may . . . subtract from nothing . . . and the answer is still nothing"—may I rise to say that he must never have heard of an overdrawn bank account, lucky guy!

Negative numbers are well known in mathematics, so that if the tickler was intended for a mathematical problem the answer is obviously minus 30. *C. A. C.*

[We are grateful to a host of others—too many to find room to name here — who sent in similar mathematical proofs on this example. Our Twenty Questions Editor is now digesting a pile of documents from men, women, high-school boys, and astronomers!—VOX POP EDITOR.]

WITHOUT CRABBING

NEW HARTFORD, N. Y.—I vote "*Great!*" for Mr. Oursler's summary on the last page of Liberty every week.

As for suiting everybody with every story, that's not necessary. I find plenty to suit me without crabbing about those I do not care for, and so should everybody.

The only thing that "gets" me are the liquor ads. Thousands of young people will see them and think it is the all-important thing to drink so-and-so. Of course, perhaps it is; but I have seen what whisky can do to people.—*Mrs. M. Aldinger.*

STANDARD OIL FINE

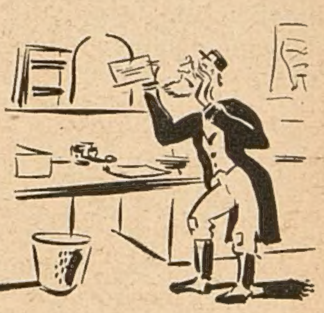
WHITING, IND.—*Re* Edgar Forest Wolfe's article Winter's Baseball Battleground (January 28 Liberty). Judge Landis fined the Standard Oil Company $29,000,000, not $1,000,000 — which fine was later rescinded by the Appellate Court.—*E. C. Grady.*

O'BRIEN BELT?

WEST ROXBURY, MASS.—Why all this hue and cry about Sam Browne belts? Why *should* they be called Sam Browne belts at all in the good old U. S. A.?

The officers of the 48th Massachusetts Infantry, United States Volunteers, 1861-65, were wearing them before Sam Browne was ever heard of.

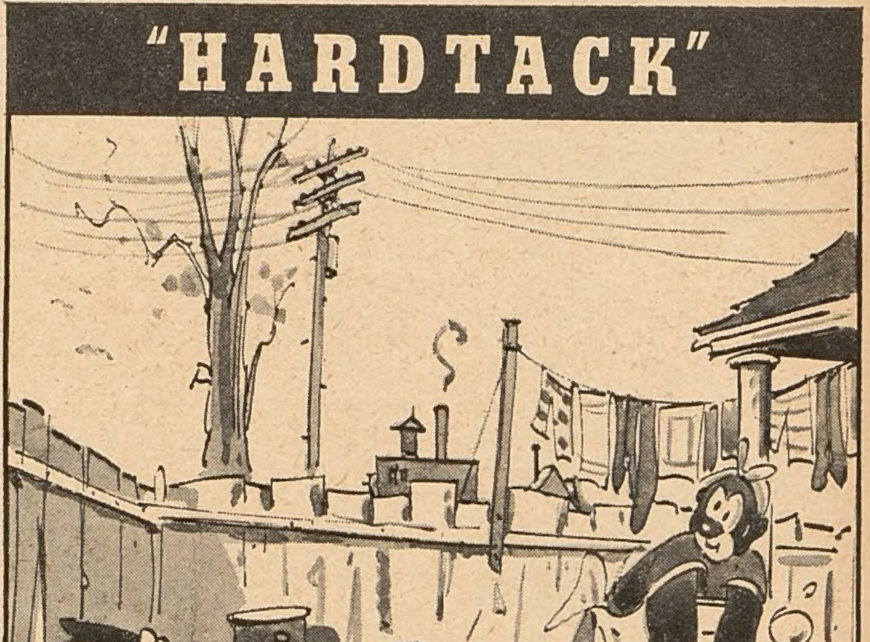
I have a picture of Lieutenant Colonel James O'Brien of that regiment (who was killed at Port Hudson on May 23, 1863), and he is wearing that very kind of belt, so why not call it the "O'Brien belt"?—*Thomas L. Sullivan, Capt. U. S. Army.*



DEVICES OF THE DEVIL

AKRON, OHIO—The average job doesn't pay enough to balance the budget of a modest home. It only pays enough to keep a bachelor in overalls in a cheap roominghouse and dining at the Dirty Fork Café.

Mr. Macfadden never hits high interest rates. Let me say, high interest and cheap wages are devices of the devil; they have filled more graves and wrecked more homes than booze and war.—*Fred Hawk.*



"I got a job, ma—Hardtack's givin' me a nickel a week to eat his spinach!"

Mussolini Writes for Liberty Again

I THINK the whole world of intelligent, thoughtful people will be interested in what Il Duce has to say in these pages next week. The ruler of Italy, who once told me that he was not a dictator, wrote an article for Liberty back in 1931. That, as modern history marches, is a long time ago. Today, an article by Benito Mussolini is a much more dramatic event than in those formative years of his government. We have changed the title of his new contribution in order to emphasize one point of especial interest to Americans. Mussolini titled his piece THE PAST, THE PRESENT, AND THE FUTURE. It will appear in Liberty under the heading ROOSEVELT DICTATES TOO! This title derives from an extraordinary accusation which Mussolini levels at our President. Il Duce says in so many words that parliamentary government has long since ceased to function in the United States, that President Roosevelt functions as a dictator, and that democracy has demonstrably broken down in the United States. I don't agree with Il Duce. In fact I am forced to wonder if he has followed recent Congressional action or the votes in the last election. Nevertheless, what he has to say is full of meaning and challenge. Probably, in Mussolini's mind, the wish is father to the thought. But if that keen brain of his can see in our mutations a drift toward the sort of ideology for which he stands, then it is time for every American to stop short and think. It is an editorial distinction to be able to print anything written by Benito Mussolini; but in this instance we think it is more than that. It is a patriotic opportunity to put America on guard. . . . WHEN I TALKED with Mussolini almost a year ago in his great office in the Palazzo di Venézia, there was with me a lady who, to me, is always the most enchanting of American novelists — Grace Perkins. And next week Grace Perkins will be in Liberty too, with her new novel, called TWILIGHT CHEATS, a story of what the French call "the little five to seven," the hours in a man's life between the time when he leaves his office and his arrival at home. Here is not only modern New York, the metropolis of the World's Fair, the clanging, thunderous capital of commerce, but also the New York of men and women, of stolen passions, intrigue, and heartbreak. On this colorful stage Miss Perkins brings a group of characters whom you will come to know as friends, facing a problem of love among the skyscrapers, of dalliance at dusk. Twilight Cheats is a story of today, and one that we feel you will never forget; a story for wife, husband, and any one else. . . . THESE TWO FEATURES would be enough to mark an issue of Liberty with distinction, but there are many others as well. We especially recommend a piece by Frederick L. Collins, called AMERICA'S RICHEST ACTOR. Do you know who he is? Clark Gable? Gary Cooper? Bing Crosby? Sorry, but Mr. Collins says it would not be fair of me to tell. He wants that pleasure for himself. . . . Other features which we especially recommend are a thoughtful article by Paul Hoffman called SAFETY ISN'T SISSY!; another installment of HOLLYWOOD JOBS, by the talent scout, I. I. Altman; two exciting short stories, NEVER AGAIN ALONE, by Ruth Hamilton, and THE TEN-GRAND GESTURE, by Alec Rackowe; as well as thrilling installments of LADY WITH WINGS, the life story of Amelia Earhart, by her husband, George Palmer Putnam; I MARRIED A NAZI, by Oscar Schisgall; and REHEARSAL FOR LOVE, by Faith Baldwin. . . . FROM TACOMA, Washington, Holmes Eastwood, Commissioner of Public Safety, writes a letter in comment on POLICE AND PRESS, in which he tells the story of what happened that caused his department to readjust its relations with reporters. Says Mr. Eastwood: "The writer had information about two murderers who planned to meet each other in our city. One of them was being trailed by police from another city. The officials who were trailing this man asked me that, if any of our men recognized him and picked him up, we refrain from any publication of his arrest until the following Monday, in order that they might have the opportunity of arresting the other man whom he was to meet. The man whom these other men were trailing was picked up by one of our officials after the issuance of an order providing that no news of the arrest was to be made public. The next morning, newspapers were full of the news of his arrest, with the result that the second man never appeared in Tacoma and has not been apprehended to date." This is a perfect example of what we were talking about.

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty-*for Liberals with Common Sense*

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL

Who Are the Real Friends of Labor? .... Bernarr Macfadden 4

SHORT STORIES

Another Breed of Cats .... Louise D. Rich 8
Strategy—Liberty's Short Short .... Karl Detzer 17
Ring in the Soup .... Lyon Mearson 36

SERIALS

Lady with Wings—Part II .... George Palmer Putnam 25
I Married a Nazi—Part V .... Oscar Schisgall 42
Rehearsal for Love—Part IX .... Faith Baldwin 53

ARTICLES

Why Stalin Kills and Keeps Quiet .... Boris Souvarine 6
Hollywood Jobs: The Confessions of a Talent Scout — I. I. ("Al") Altman as told to Kenneth L. Watt 12
Does Hitler Want America Next? .... Walter Karig 15
How and Why We Want to Change the Wagner Act — William Green 18
I Am a Psychic Detective .... Horace Leaf, F. R. G. S. 20
Is Our Press to Remain Free? .... George E. Sokolsky 23
The Hatchet Man of Rockport .... Aspinwall Hill 61

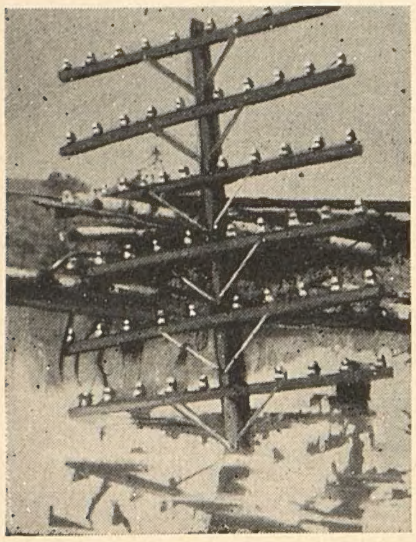
FEATURES

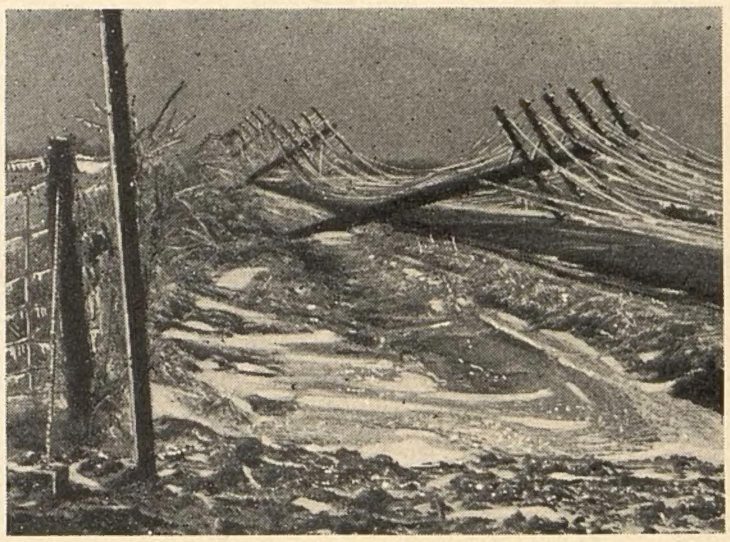
To the Ladies by Princess Alexandra Kropotkin, 32; Twenty Questions, 50; Movie Reviews by Beverly Hills, 51; $2,000 Crossword Contest, 63; Vox Pop, 64.

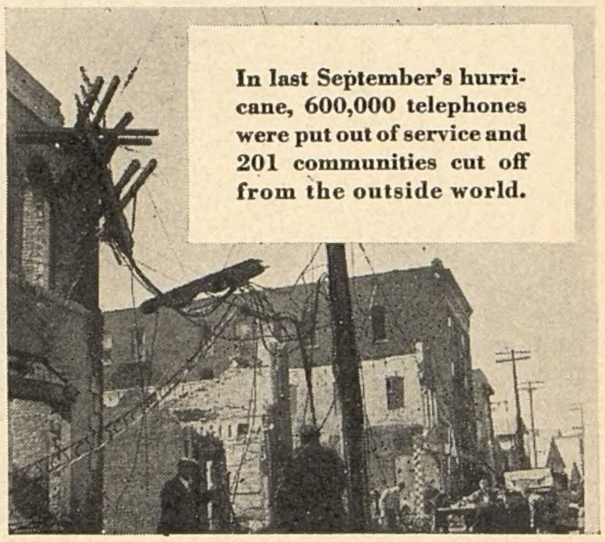
The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY JAN H. HOGENBYL

Flood! Sleet! Hurricane!



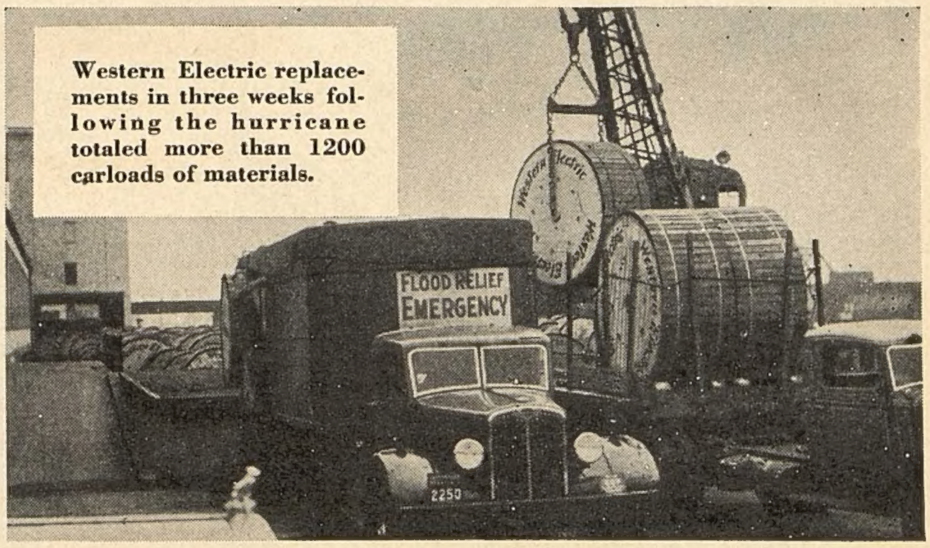




In last September's hurricane, 600,000 telephones were put out of service and 201 communities cut off from the outside world.

"*Call* WESTERN ELECTRIC"

EMERGENCY
STORM RESTORATION
NEW ENGLAND TEL. & TEL. CO



Western Electric replacements in three weeks following the hurricane totaled more than 1200 carloads of materials.

...and the Service of Supply is ready

Construction crews were supplied with 25,000 poles, thousands of miles of cable and wire.

Any day—perhaps tomorrow—in any part of the country, turbulent nature may strike down the telephone lines.

Then hurry calls will pour in to Western Electric for telephones, cable, switchboards, poles and all other supplies.

And immediately materials will begin to move by rail, water, highway and air—and factories go on a 24-hour basis. So Western Electric backs up your telephone company in the quick restoration of service.

In such severe tests and in the day-by-day job, this organization meets its responsibility to the Bell System and to you.

Western Electric

...made your
BELL TELEPHONE

THE RIGHT COMBINATION FOR MORE SMOKING PLEASURE

Chesterfield
CIGARETTES

Chesterfield

THE BLEND THAT CAN'T BE COPIED

THE RIGHT COMBINATION OF THE WORLD'S BEST CIGARETTE TOBACCOS

Copyright 1939, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.